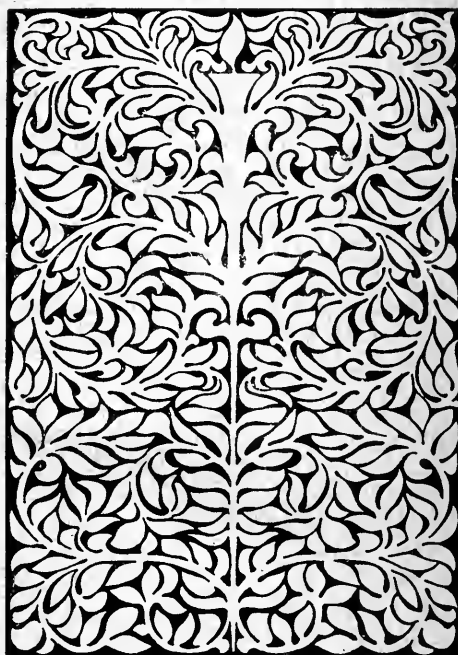


Hymns, Psalms, and Gospel Songs



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JAMES McGRANAHAN

J. M. GRAY D.D.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN D.D.

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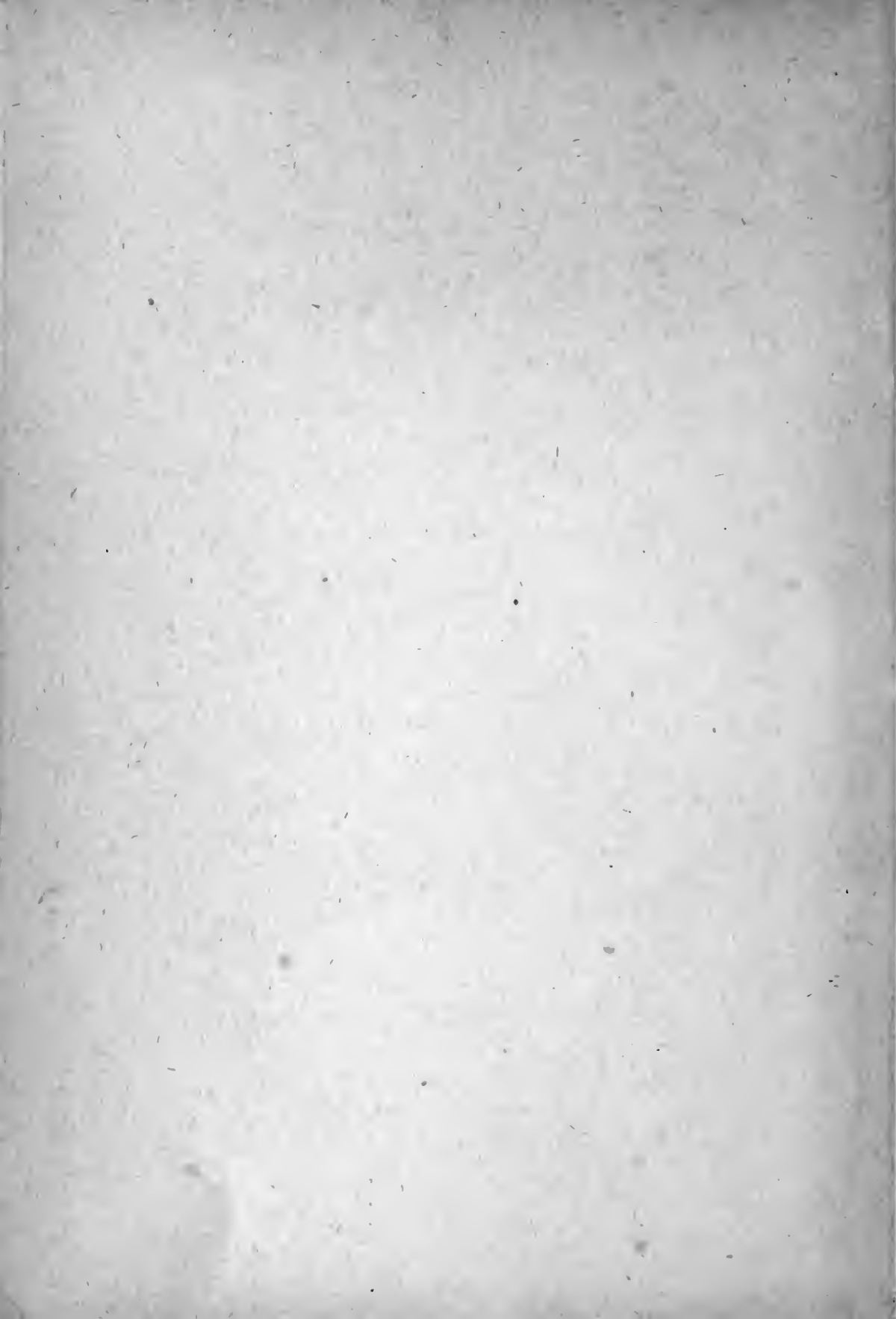
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Hymns, Psalms and Gospel Songs

WITH RESPONSIVE READINGS

✓
JAMES McGRANAHAN

Editor

✓
JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

Associate Editors



1904

THE WINONA PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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THE WINONA PUBLISHING COMPANY

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

Hymns, Psalms and Gospel Songs is issued in the belief that notwithstanding the many and excellent praise-books in the hands of the Christian public it is without a duplicate. Its title indicates three features, any one of which may be common to several books, and any two of which common to some, but all three of which it is believed are found in combination nowhere else.

It was a happy suggestion to our musical editor from the distinguished president of an interdenominational college, that a praise-book was desired for such institutions as his own, for example, whose students in many instances represented churches where public praise is limited to the singing of the psalms. The value of the suggestion was further impressed upon both editors and publishers during the great Pittsburg revival, where again and again hundreds of lips remained closed from conscientious principle while others were singing hymns and gospel songs.

This book contains as many and as large a variety of old and standard hymns as is usually necessary for the purposes of any church; as extended and select a repertory of gospel songs as could be required in any series of evangelistic services, or for ordinary prayer or young people's meetings or the Sunday school; and a large collection of psalms in meter and whose words have been set to the lighter strains of sacred music.

This collection of psalms has, in turn, enriched the hymnody of the book to a surprising degree, adding a class of hymns and songs of the highest grade and that are almost entirely new to a large constituency in the church. They will be found classified chiefly under "Worship," "Praise," "Patriotic," "Israel," "Christ's Reign," etc.

No expenditure has been spared to make this book the best of its kind up to the present date. The work of James McGranahan, musical editor, is appreciated by musicians of the higher grade, while his name is known and blessed the world over wherever the same can be said of a gospel song. Beginning his career as a teacher and conductor of music in his native State of Pennsylvania, he continued there until the sudden and widely-lamented death of his friend, and that prince of gospel singers and song-writers, P. P. Bliss, in 1876, when he succeeded to his place in the great evangelistic campaigns in this country and Great Britain under the leadership of the never-to-be-forgotten D. L. Moody, Major Whittle, and Ira D. Sankey. While the part taken by Mr. McGranahan in the gospel-

song music of that period was a dominant one, it is, as compared with his present and maturer work, but as the bud to the flower. In addition to the large number of Mr. McGranahan's own hymns, it will be found that we have secured the copyrights on many others of the choicest of his contemporaries.

The name of Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., of Boston, the literary editor, is a guaranty of the evangelical soundness of the book; while in addition to his services as a theologian and Bible expositor we have had the advantage of his experience as a hymn-writer in matters of accent and cadence. The "Index of Subjects" received his personal attention, and many of the numbers are indexed under three and some under four heads, thus multiplying their usefulness and bringing out old songs in new light.

The "Responsive Readings," as well as a large proportion of the "Hymns," were carefully selected by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., the large horizon of whose career as pastor, evangelist, author and administrator of Bible conferences and evangelistic campaigns has rendered his advice and encouragement invaluable in many directions.

Sincere thanks are due to Prof. H. H. McGranahan for expert work in correcting proofs of the musical score, editing the exhaustive indexes other than that of subjects, and for other patient toil in getting the book successfully through the press.

We now send it forth on its mission of praise in the hope that it may be long and graciously used to glorify God and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as it sings its way around the globe.

THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.

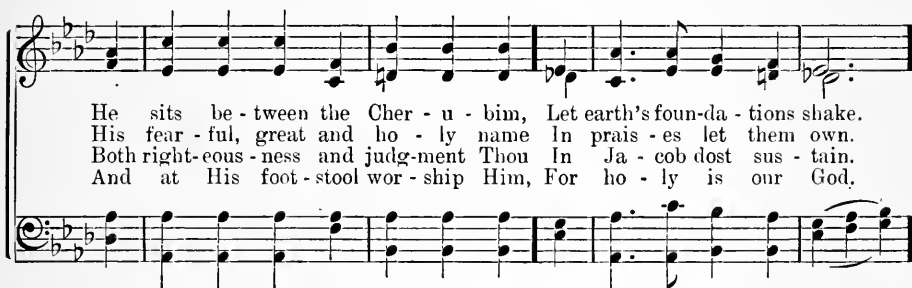
Hymns, Psalms, and Gospel Songs

I EXALT YE THE LORD Psalm 99 S. M.

JAMES McGRANAHAN



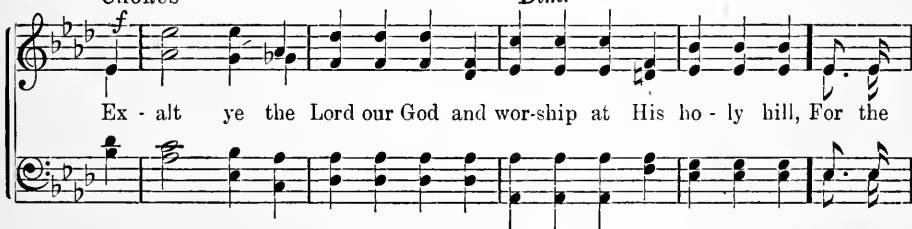
1. Je - ho - vah reigns su - preme, Let all the peo - ple quake;
 2. In Zi - on God is great; O'er na - tions high His throne;
 3. The King's strength judgment loves; Thou jus - tice dost main - tain;
 4. Do ye ex - alt the Lord, Our God in prais - es laud.



He sits be - tween the Cher - u - bim, Let earth's foun - da - tions shake.
 His fear - ful, great and ho - ly name In prais - es let them own.
 Both right - eous - ness and judg - ment Thou In Ja - cob dost sus - tain.
 And at His foot - stool wor - ship Him, For ho - ly is our God,

CHORUS

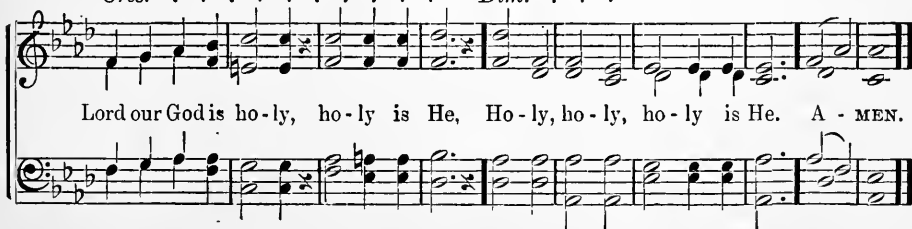
Dim.



Ex - alt ye the Lord our God and wor - ship at His ho - ly hill, For the

Cres.

Dim.



Lord our God is ho - ly, ho - ly is He, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is He. A - MEN.

Worship

"After this manner therefore pray ye." Matt. 6: 9-13

2 THE LORD'S PRAYER

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

mp

Our Fa-ther, which art in hea-ven, Hal-low-ed be Thy name.

p *m* *mf*

Thy king-dom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in hea-ven.

mf *Dim.* *mf*

Give us this day our dai-ly bread. And for-give us our debts,

Dim. *m*

as we for-give our debt-ors. And lead us not in-to temp-ta-tion,

p *p* *Cres* *- - - cen - -*

but de-liv-er us from e-vil: For Thine is the king-dom,

do. *f*

and the power, and the glo-ry, for-ev-er. A-men. A-MEN.

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Worship

3 OLD HUNDRED L. M. Psalm 100

LOUIS BOURGEOIS

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice:

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice. A-MEN.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He did us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETHE

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4

DOXOLOGY

Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;

5

WHITTLE

EL. NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. To Him who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dy-ing pain.
2. To Him, the Lamb, our sac-ri-fice, Who gave His life, the ran-som price.
3. To Him who died that we might die To sin and live with Him on high.
4. To Him who rose that we might rise, And reign with Him be-yond the skies.
5. To Him who now for us doth plead, And help-eth us in all our need.
6. To Him who doth pre-pare on high, Our home in im-mor-tal-i-ty.
7. To Him be glo-ry ev-er-more! Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord a-dore!

REFRAIN

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to His name! A-MEN.

Worship

6

MARY J. CARTWRIGHT

THEE WE WORSHIP

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry to the Son, Glo - ry to the
 2. Thee we wor-ship, Thee a - dore, Matchless Three in One! By our heavenly
 3. Thee we wor-ship, Thee a - dore, Matchless Three in One! Oh, ac - cept our

Ho - ly Ghost, Matchless Three in One! Who in the be - gin - ning were,
 Fa - ther loved, Ransomed by His Son, By the Spir - it pu - ri - fied,
 hum - ble praise, Fa - ther, Spir - it, Son; May the ho - ly Com - fort - er

In the pres - ent be; Who shall reign world without end, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
 And from day to day Guard - ed, oh, so watch - ful - ly, Lest we go a - stray.
 Be our constant Guide; Then with Thee, in earth and heaven, Truly we'll a - bide. A - MEN.

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7

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER

H. W. GREATOREX

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

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Worship

8

LUCY E. G. WHITMORE

ELLERS

E. J. HOPKINS

1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in
 2. Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy cease - less care, And all Thy
 3. A - las! un - wor - thy of Thy bound - less love, Too oft with
 4. Oh, by that name in which all ful - ness dwells, Oh, by that

pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voi - ces
 work from day to day de - clare! Is not our life with hour - ly mer - cies
 care - less feet from Thee we rove; But now, en - cour - aged by Thy voice, we
 love which ev - 'ry love ex - cels, Oh, by that blood so free - ly shed for

raise, To sue for mer - cy and to sing Thy praise.
 crowned? Does not Thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round?
 come, Re - turn - ing sin - ners, to a Fa - ther's home.
 sin, O - pen blest Mer - cy's gate, and take us in! A - MEN.

9

GLORIA PATRI

Anon.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - MEN.
 is now, and

Worship

10 MILES LANE C. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God, 3 For Thou, Jehovah, by Thy work,
Who from His altar call; Hast made my heart right glad;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod, And I will triumph in the works
And crown Him Lord of all. Which by Thy hands were made.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, 4 To show that upright is the Lord;
Ye ransomed from the fall; He is a rock to me;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And He from all unrighteousness
And crown Him Lord of all. Is altogether free.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget 12
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET, alt.

11 PSALM 92 C. M.

1 To render thanks unto the Lord
It is a comely thing,
And to Thy name, O Thou Most High,
Due praise aloud to sing.

2 Thy loving-kindness to show forth
When shines the morning light;
And to declare Thy faithfulness
With pleasure every night.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour
crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 When in His earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And with their voice to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

5 Oh for the day, the glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured
lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

ANNE STEELE

Worship

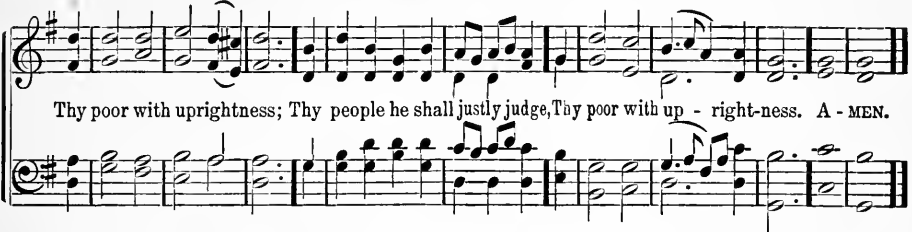
13 · CORONATION C. M.

Psalm 72

OLIVER HOLDEN



1. O Lord, Thy judgments give the king, His son Thy righteousness; Thy people he shall justly judge,



Thy poor with uprightness; Thy people he shall justly judge, Thy poor with up - right-ness. A - MEN.

2 The lofty mountains shall bring forth
To all the people peace;
The little hills shall also yield
The same by righteousness.

3 His large and great dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
It from the river shall reach forth
To earth's remotest end.

3 Jesus! the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 His name forever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall;
Men shall be blest in him, and blest
All nations shall him call.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY

5 Now blessed be Jehovah, God,
The God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

6 And blessed be His glorious name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let His glory fill.
Amen, So let it be.

15 PSALM 93 C. M.

1 Jehovah reigns, and clothed is He
With majesty most bright;
Himself Jehovah clothes with strength,
And girds about with might.

2 The world is also firmly fixed,
That it cannot depart,
Thy throne is fixed of old, and Thou
From everlasting art.

3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.

14

1 Oh,*for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,
Is mightier by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

5 Thy testimonies every one
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness forever, Lord,
Thy house becometh well.

Worship

16 SABBATH 7s. 6 l.

LOWELL MASON

1. Safely through an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to - day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest;
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest. A - MEN.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
||:From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in Thee.:||

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
||:Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.:||

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
||:Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.:||

JOHN NEWTON

Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and fains
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly,
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

HENRY F. LYTE

17

1 Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;

Worship

18 MENDEBRAS 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On thee, the high and low-ly,
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; }

Bend-ing before the throne, Sing, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, To the Great Three in One. A - MEN.

2 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

2 Blest he whom Thou hast chosen,
 And unto Thee brought nigh;
 Who hath for habitation
 The courts of God Most High.
 We shall in rich abundance
 Be satisfied with grace,
 And filled with all the goodness
 Of Thy most holy place.

3 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

3 O God of our salvation,
 We plead with Thee in prayer;
 Thy righteousness makes answer
 By things which fearful are.
 Of earth the ends remotest,
 And those afar at sea,
 These all, O Lord, are placing
 Their confidence in Thee.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

19 PSALM 65 7s, 6s. D.

1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion,
 To Thee vows paid shall be;
 O Thou of prayer the hearer,
 All flesh shall come to Thee.
 Iniquities against me
 Prevail from day to day;
 But as for our transgressions,
 Them shalt Thou purge away.

4 His strength sets fast the mountains,
 He's girt about with power,
 He calms the angry people,
 And stills the ocean's roar.
 Thy dreadful signs and wonders
 Make distant lands afraid;
 The morning and the evening
 By Thee are joyful made.

Worship

20 MORNINGTON S. M.

G. C. WELLESLEY

1. This is the day of light: Let there be light to - day;

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way. A-MEN.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

JOHN ELLERTON

21 WARE L. M.

Psalm 89

GEO. KINGSLEY

1. My song shall ev - er-more re - cord In praise the mer - cies of the Lord;

Thy faith-ful-ness my mouth shall show, While ceaseless a - ges on-ward flow. A-MEN.

2 The earth belongs to Thee alone,
The heavens, too, are all Thine own;
The world and all that it contains,
By Thee established, Thine remains.

3 How blest the realm with favor
crowned,
Who hear and know the joyful sound;
They in the light, O Lord, shall live,
The light Thy face and favor give.

4 They in Thy name shall joyful be,
Yea, all the day be glad in Thee;
And in Thy just and righteous ways
To honor great Thou wilt them raise.

5 Thou art the glory of their strength,
Thy grace will lift our horn at length;
For Israel's Holy One, who reigns
As Lord, our shield and King remains.

Worship

22 LYONS 10s, 11s.

FRANZ J. HAYDN

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-tor-ious of Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glo-rious: He rules o-ver all. A-MEN.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

CHARLES WESLEY

23 PSALM 9, L. M. Tune-WARE

- 1 Lord, Thee I'll praise with all my heart,
And all Thy wondrous works proclaim;
In Thee, O Thou Most High, I'll joy,
And sing the praise of Thy great name.
- 2 Jehovah shall a refuge prove,
A refuge strong for poor oppressed,
A safe retreat where weary souls
In troublous times may find a rest.
- 3 And they, O Lord, that know Thy name,
Their confidence in Thee will place;
For Thou, Jehovah, never hast
Forsaken them that seek Thy face.
- 4 Sing praises to the Lord most high,
To Him that doth in Zion dwell;
Declare His mighty deeds abroad,
His deeds among all people tell.

Morning

24 LISCHER H. M.

FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER

1. { Welcome, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest; }
 { I hail Thy kind return;—Lord, make these moments blest: } From the low train of mor-tal toys

I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys. A-MEN.

I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

- 2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill His throne of grace;
 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
 While saints address Thy face:
 Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless the sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

HAYWARD

25

- 1 O Zion! tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high;
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh;
 Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
 While rays divine stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
 With beams that cannot fade;
 His all-resplendent grace
 He pours around thy head;
 The nations round thy form shall view,
 With luster new, divinely crowned.
- 3 In honor to His name,
 Reflect that sacred light;
 And loud that grace proclaim.
 Which makes thy darkness bright;

Pursue His praise, till sovereign love,
 In worlds above, the glory raise.

- 4 There, on His holy hill,
 A brighter sun shall rise,
 And, with His radiance, fill
 Those fairer, purer skies;
 While, round His throne, ten thousand
 stars,
 In nobler spheres, His influence own.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

26

- 1 Now, to Thy sacred house,
 With joy I turn my feet,
 Where saints, with morning-vows,
 In full assembly meet:
 Thy power divine shall there be shown,
 And from Thy throne Thy mercy shine.

- 2 Oh, send Thy light abroad;
 Thy truth with heavenly ray
 Shall lead my soul to God,
 And guide my doubtful way;
 I'll hear Thy word with faith sincere,
 And learn to fear and praise the Lord.

- 3 Now in Thy holy hill,
 Before Thine altar, Lord!
 My harp and song shall sound
 The glories of Thy word:
 Henceforth, to Thee, O God of grace!
 A hymn of praise my life shall be.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

Morning

27 LAUDES DOMINI 6s. 6 l.

JOSEPH BARNBY



1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised:



A-like at work and prayer, To Je-sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised. AMEN.

2 To Thee, O God above,
I ery with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find;
May Jesus Christ be praised:

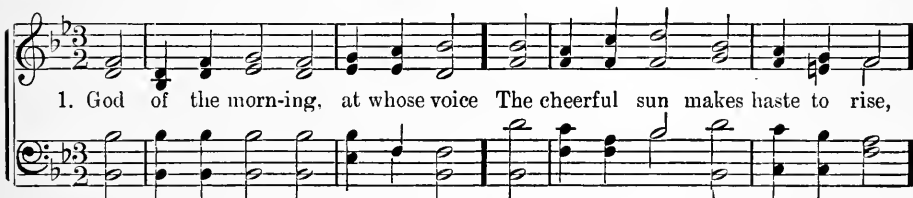
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

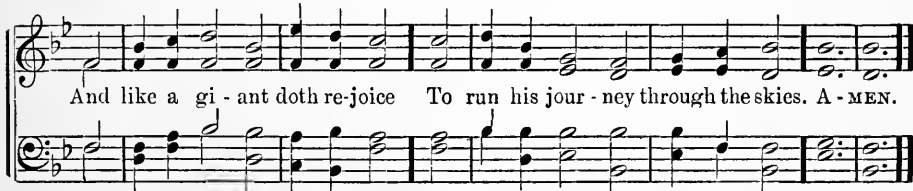
EDWARD CASWALL, tr.

28 HEBRON L. M.

LOWELL MASON



1. God of the morn-ing, at whose voice The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,



And like a gi - ant doth re-joyce To run his jour - ney through the skies. A - MEN.

2 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

3 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God my Sun should disappear,

And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.

4 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

ISAAC WATTS

Evening

29 STOCKWELL 8s, 7s.

DARIUS E. JONES



2 Oh, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

CHRISTOPHER C. COX

4 For the Lord my soul is waiting,
More than watchers in the night,
More than they for morning watch-
ing,
Watching for the morning light.

5 Israel, hope thou in Jehovah,
Mercies great are found with Him,
He abounding in redemption,
Israel will from sin redeem.

31

30 *PSALM 130* 8s, 7s.

1 From the depths do I invoke Thee,
O Jehovah, give an ear;
To my voice be Thou attentive,
And my supplication hear.

2 Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgres-
sions,
Who, before Thee, Lord, shall
stand?
But with Thee there is forgiveness,
That Thy name may fear command.

3 For Jehovah I am waiting,
And my hope is in His word;
In His word of promise given,
Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.

1 Yes, for me, for me He careth,
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth,
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

4 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyous song of morning,
Such the banquet song of even.

HORATIUS BONAR

Evening

32

JAMES EDMESTON

JOSLIN 8s, 7s. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal;
2. Though the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watcheth where Thy peo-ple be.

Though de- struc-tion walk a-round us, Though the ar-row near us fly,
Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be-come our tomb,

An-gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
May the morn in heav'n a-wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1894, by James McGranahan

33

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

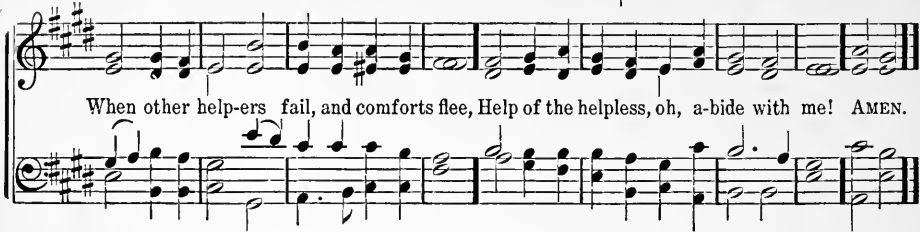
2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

THOMAS HASTINGS

Evening

34 EVENTIDE 10s.

WILLIAM H. MONK

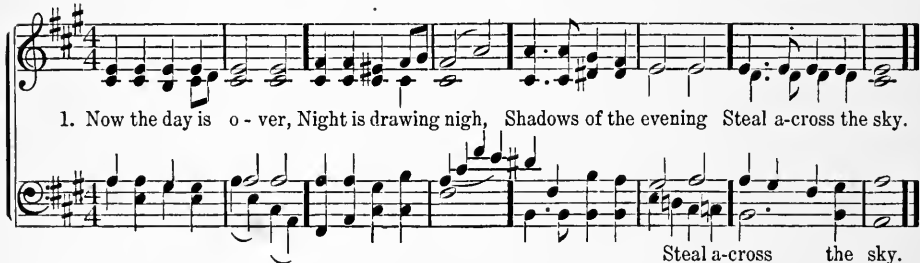


- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
- 4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE

35 NOW THE DAY IS OVER 6s, 5s.

JOSEPH BARNEY



- 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.
- 4 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

SABINE BARING-GOULD

Evening

36 HURSLEY L. M.

PETER RITTER, arr.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes! A-MEN.

38

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!</p> <p>3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.</p> <p>4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.</p> | <p>1 Great God! to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.</p> <p>2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.</p> <p>3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.</p> |
|--|--|

JOHN KEBLE

ANNE STEELE

37

39 PSALM 141 L. M.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 When shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, to Thee.</p> <p>2 Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, thou Saviour dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.</p> <p>3 Oh, come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.</p> <p>4 All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.</p> | <p>1 O Lord, my God, to Thee I cry;
Swift to my aid in mercy fly;
And when to Thee my cries ascend,
In pity to my voice attend.</p> <p>2 As fragrant incense on the air,
So mount to heaven my early prayer;
And let my hands uplifted be,
As evening sacrifice to Thee.</p> <p>3 Set, Lord, a watch my mouth before,
And of my lips keep Thou the door;
Nor leave my sinful heart to stray
Where evil footsteps lead the way.</p> <p>4 Let righteous lips my errors chide,
Like healing oil the accents glide;
If voice of faithful friend reprove,
Such smiting comes to me in love.</p> |
|--|--|

Tr. fr. C. COFFIN

The Nativity

40 HERALD ANGELS 7s. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" { Joyful, all ye na-tions, rise, } With the an-gel host proclaim,
{ Join the triumph of the skies; }

"Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!" With the angel host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" AMEN.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord;
In the manger born a king,
While adoring angels sing,
"Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
Bid the trembling soul be still,
Christ on earth has come to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Life and light to all He brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

CHARLES WESLEY

He has come! the Prince of peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease,
Come to scatter with His light
All the shadows of our night.

2 He, the mighty King, has come!
Making this poor earth His home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load;
Son of David, Son of God!
He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us His glad abode;
Son of Mary, Son of God!

3 Unto us a child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
'Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

HORATIUS BONAR

41

1 He has come! the Christ of God
Left for us His glad abode,
Stooping from His throne of bliss
To this darksome wilderness.

The Nativity

42 CAROL C. M. D.

RICHARD S. WILLIS

1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an - gels bending
near the earth, To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From
heav'n's all-gracious King:" The earth in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing. A-MEN.

43

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!
- 4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling, [song
And the whole world send back the
Which now the angels sing!
- 1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.
- 3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realms of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

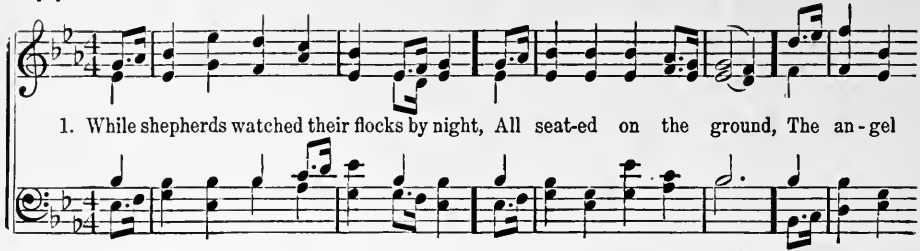
EDMUND H. SEARS

EDMUND H. SEARS

The Nativity

44 CHRISTMAS C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL



- 2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall
To human view displayed, [find
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!
- 3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich, abounding grace,
To save, and not destroy.
- 4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the
earth,
May know Thy saving might.

WILLIAM HURN

46

- 5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace; [men
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
Begin, and never cease!"
- 1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

NAHUM TATE

45

- 1 Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim His matchless worth.
- 2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent His only Son
- 3 Oh, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

HARRIET AUBER

The Nativity

47 ANTIOCH C. M.

Fr. GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; { Let ev-'ry heart } { pre-pare Him room, }

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing. AMEN.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

- 2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns; He comes to make His blessings flow
Let men their songs employ; [plains, Far as the curse is found.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, The glories of His righteousness,
Nor thorns infest the ground; And wonders of His love.

ISAAC WATTS

48 RATHBUN 8s, 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound-ing through the skies?

Lo! th'an-gel - ic host re-joic - es— Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. A - MEN.

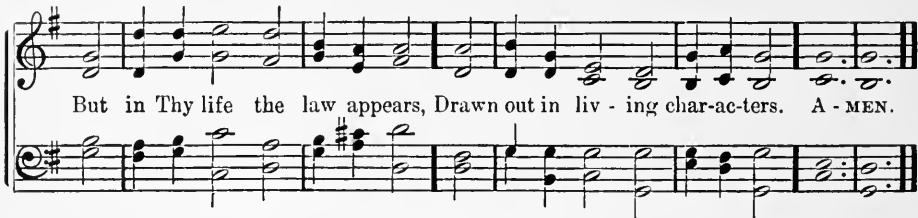
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;—
“Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 “Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing:
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 “Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,—
Glory be to God most high!”

JOHN CAWOOD

Christ's Life and Ministry

49 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

LOWELL MASON



2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy And smile as in a father's eye,
zeal, Upon Thy mild divinity.

Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine. 5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too. 6 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

ARTHUR C. COXE

ISAAC WATTS

50

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp Thy knee,

51

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He
spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's
home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

JOHN BOWRING

Christ's Life and Ministry

52 HEBRON L. M.

LOWELL MASON

1. To Thee be glo-ry, hon-or, praise, Je-sus, Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, King!

Inspired with joy at Thine ap-proach, Thy children loud ho-san-nas sing. A-MEN.

2 Hail, Israel's King! Hail, David's Son!
Hail, Thou that in Jehovah's name
Did'st come Thy people to redeem,
And comest now Thy crown to claim!

3 Then, in Thy way to Salem's courts,
They met Thee with triumphal palms;
Now, for Thy glad return we watch
With longing prayers, and vows, and
psalms.

4 Then, from the shouts of fickle joy
Thou passedst to Thy Cross, Thy grave;
Now, from the dawn of endless day,
We welcome Him that comes to save.

5 To Thee, Redeemer, Saviour, King,
To Thee be glory, honor, praise!
At Thine approach, with joy inspired,
Thy children loud hosannas raise.
THEODULPH, tr. by C. 1861

53 PSALM 98 L. M.

1 Come, let us sing unto the Lord,
New songs of praise with sweet accord;
For wonders great by Him are done;
His hand and arm have viet'ry won.

2 The great salvation of our God
Is seen through all the earth abroad;
Before the heathen's wondering sight,
He hath revealed His truth and right.

3 He called to mind His truth and grace
In promise made to Israel's race;
And unto earth's remotest bound,
Glad tidings of salvation sound.

4 All lands to God lift up your voice;
Sing praise to Him, with shouts rejoice;
With voice of joy and loud acclaim,
Let all unite and praise His name.

54

1 Oh, love, how deep! how broad! how
high!

It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form, for mortals' sake.

2 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,—
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking, not Himself, but us.

3 To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

JOHN M. NEALE, tr.

55

1 Oh, wondrous type, oh, vision fair,
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!

2 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

3 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

4 O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

JOHN M. NEALE, tr.

Christ's Life and Ministry

56 SERENITY C. M.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE

1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown. A - MEN.

By per. O. Nelson Co., owners of copyright

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are
Our lips of childhood frame; [said
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine!

JOHN G. WHITTIER

57

1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee!
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with Thee.

EDWARD DENNY

58

1 O Lord, we now the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man, Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God!

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

3 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, or loss,
Thy path uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

4 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess,
How little we, who bear Thy name,
Thy mind, Thy ways, express.

5 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with Thee.

JAMES G. DECK

Christ's Life and Ministry

59 EVAN C. M.

WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say,—“Come un-to me, and rest;
Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast!” A-MEN.

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He hath made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
“Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!”

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
“I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!”

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR

60

1 There is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear—
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this “little while,”
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe—
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

5 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a “still small voice,”
To trust, and not to fear.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD

61

1 A pilgrim through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth a resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn?

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still, [calm,
We homeward press through storm or
To Zion's blessed hill.

HORATIUS BONAR

Christ's Sufferings and Death

62 OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone:

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone. A - MEN.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN

63

1 Within the garden's whispering shade,
He knelt in anguish and alone;
And mid the gathering gloom He prayed,
While crushed by burdens not His own.

2 "My Father, if Thou wilt, remove
This cup of woe and wrath divine;
But if I must its anguish prove,
Then not my will be done, but Thine."

3 Alone He knelt, alone He wept;
Our cup He drank and for us prayed;
My soul, awake! for thou hast slept
While Christ thy Master was betrayed.

4 Lord, think upon that hour of gloom,
Thy tears, Thy blood, Thine agony;
The cross, the darkness and the tomb,
Then, O my Saviour, think on me!

HORACE L. HASTINGS

64

1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'Tis finished! Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

SAMUEL STENNETT

65

1 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enriched might be.

2 The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

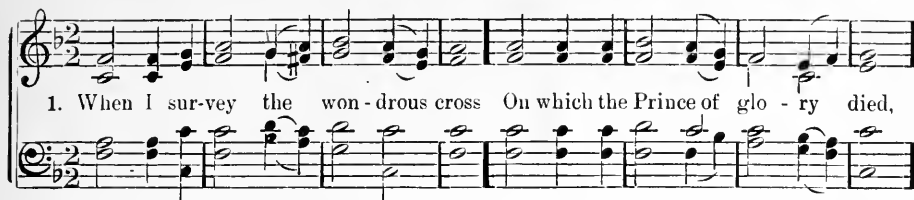
3 'Tis finished all: the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee!

HORATIUS BONAR

Christ's Sufferings and Death

66 HAMBURG L. M.

Ad. by LOWELL MASON



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS

67

1 From Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespoke Thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On Thee, Thou spotless, holy One!
And all the eager hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep dis-
grace—
These Thou could'st bear, nor once re-

But when Jehovah veiled His face,
Unutterable pangs were Thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

JOHN W. CUNNINGHAM

68

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach! the anguish view
Of Him who groans beneath your load;
He gives His precious life for you,
For you He sheds His precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

5 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask,—“O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?”

ISAAC WATTS

Christ's Sufferings and Death

69 AURELIA 7s, 6s. D.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY

1. O sa - cred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully sur -
round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What
bliss, till now was Thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A-MEN.

70

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserved Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh, let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, shew Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through Thy love.

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne: [dren,
There, with Thy blood-bought chil-
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, tr.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD

Christ's Sufferings and Death

71 AUTUMN 8s, 7s. D.

FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But His heart is still the same; Kins-man, Friend, and elder Brother, Is His ev - er-last-ing name. Saviour, who can love like Thee, Gracious One of Bethany? . . . Saviour, who can love like Thee, Gracious One of Bethany? A - MEN.

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
||: Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany! :||

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the heart He solaced here.
||: Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany. :||

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
||: Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany! :||

JOHN R. MACDUFF

See!—it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
||: “It is finished!—it is finished!”
Hear the dying Saviour cry.:||

2 Now redemption is completed,
Sin atoned, the curse removed,
Satan, death, and hell defeated,
At His rising fully proved.
||: All is finished!—All is finished!
Here our hopes do rest unmoved.:||

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
||: “It is finished!—It is finished!”
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.:||

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
||: Hallelujah!—Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! :||

JONATHAN EVANS

72

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;

Christ's Sufferings and Death

73 RATHBUN 8s, 7s.

IRHAMAR CONKLY

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time:

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-line. A - MEN.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

JOHN BOWRING

74 AVON C. M.

HUGH WILSON

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I? A - MEN.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
Whilst His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS

Christ's Sufferings and Death

75

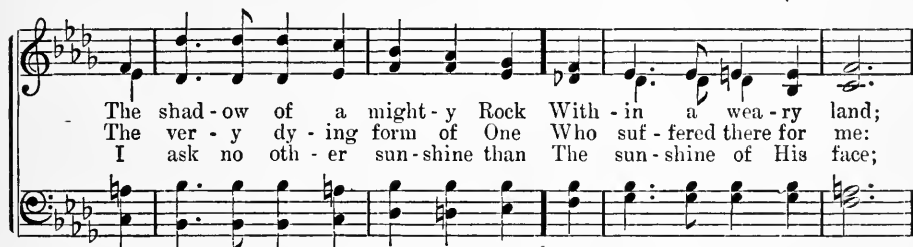
ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE

ST. CHRISTOPHER

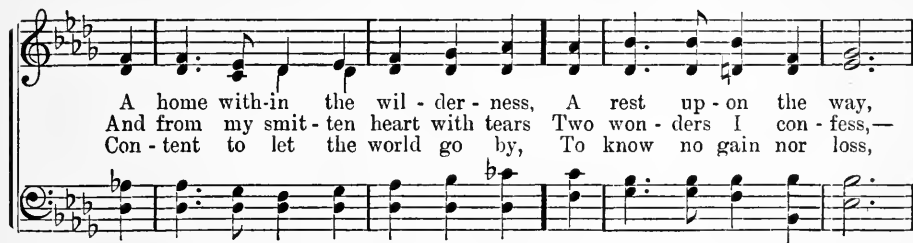
FREDERICK C. MAKER



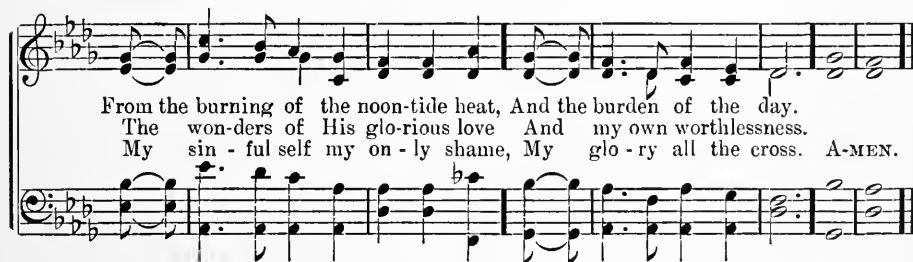
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:



The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,—
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,



From the burning of the noon - tide heat, And the burden of the day.
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my own worthlessness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross. A - MEN.

76 PSALM 22 C. M. Tune—AVON

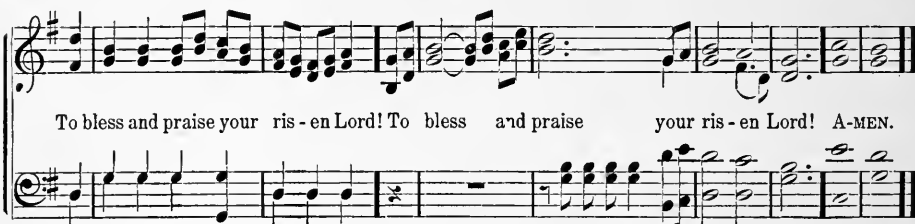
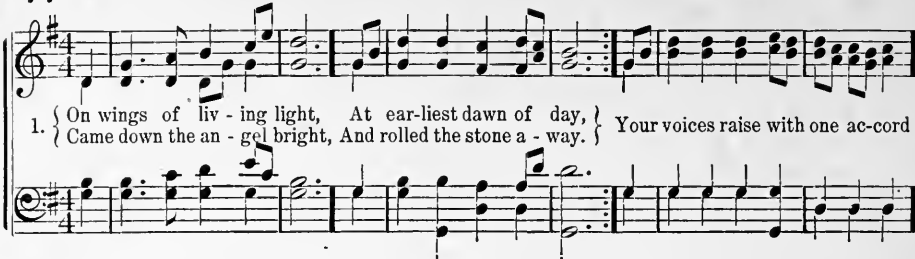
- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 My God, my God, why hast Thou me
Forsaken? why so far
Art Thou from helping me and from
My words that roaring are? | 3 But Thou art holy, Thou that dost
Inhabit Israel's praise.
In Thee our fathers hoped, they hoped,
And Thou didst them release. |
| 2 All day, my God, to Thee I cry,
Yet am not heard by Thee;
And in the season of the night
I cannot silent be. | 4 And when to Thee they sent their cry,
To them deliverance came;
In Thee they placed their confidence,
And were not put to shame. |

Resurrection and Ascension

77

LISCHER H. M.

FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER



To bless and praise

- 2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, etc.

- 3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, etc.

- 4 Oh, let your hearts be strong!
For we, like Him, shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies!
Your voices raise, etc.

WILLIAM W. HOW

78

- 1 Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
That debt of love to Him you owe.

- 2 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

- 3 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, Thou wilt re-
ceive.

SAMUEL STENNETT

79

- 1 The happy morn is come!
Triumphant over the grave,
The Lord hath left the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

- 2 Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity, etc.

- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won;
Captivity, etc.

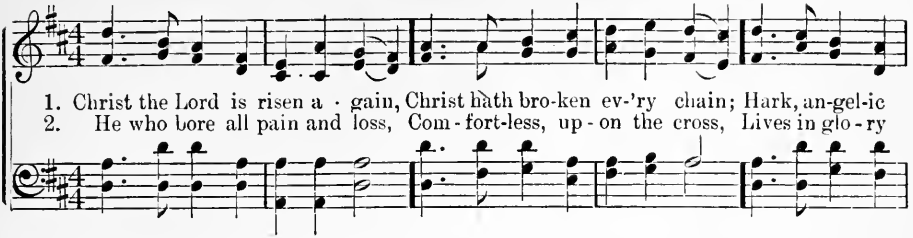
- 4 Hail, the triumphant Lord!
Thy resurrection Thou!
We bless Thy sacred Word;
Before Thy throne we bow;
Captivity, etc.

THOMAS HAWES

Resurrection and Ascension

80 SUDBURY 7s.

T. CLARK



1. Christ the Lord is risen a - gain, Christ hath bro-ken ev'-ry chain; Hark, an-gel-ic
2. He who bore all pain and loss, Com-fort-less, up-on the cross, Lives in glo-ry



voic-es cry, Singing ev-er-more on high, Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord!
now on high, Pleads for us, and hears our cry: Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord! A - MEN.

3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings;
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

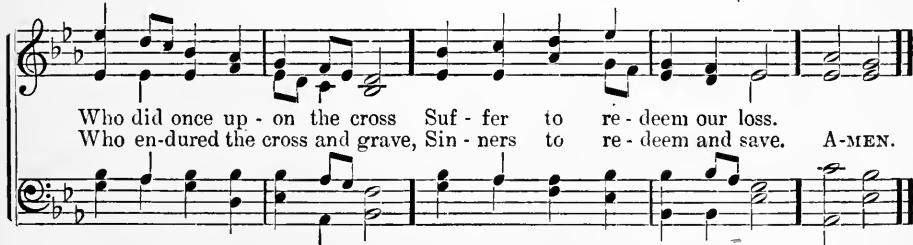
CATHARINE WINKWORTH

81 THEODORA 7s.

GEORGE F. HANDEL



1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Our tri - um-ph'ant ho - ly day,
2. Hymns of praise, then, let us sing Un - to Christ, our heavenly King,



Who did once up - on the cross Suf - fer to re - deem our loss.
Who en-dured the cross and grave, Sin - ners to re - deem and save. A-MEN.

3 But the pain which He endured
Our salvation has procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

4 Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son from death upraised,
And the Spirit ever blest:
One true God by all confessed.

Resurrection and Ascension

82 NUREMBURG 7s.

JOHANN R. AHLE



2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount Thy throne—
Boundless empire is Thine own.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

4 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs!
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres;
Raise, O earth! your noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

THOMAS SCOTT

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY

83

1 Angels! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty Prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
See Him high in glory rise!
Hosts of angels, on the road,
Hail Him—the incarnate God.

84

1 Morning breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on His deserted grave;
Doubt no more His power to save!

WILLIAM B. COLLYER

Resurrection and Ascension

85

PORTUGUESE HYMN 11s. Psalm 24

MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO

1. Ye gates, lift your heads, and an entrance dis - play, Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide
o - pen the way; The King of all glo - ry high hon - ors a - wait, The King of all
glo - ry shall en - ter in state, The King of all glo - ry shall en - ter in state. A - MEN.

- 2 What King of all glory is this that ye sing? [quering King. await,
The Lord, strong and mighty, the con- The King of all glory shall enter in state.
Ye gates, lift your heads, and an en- What King of all glory is this that ye
trance display, sing?
Ye doors everlasting, wide open the way. Jehovah of hosts, He of glory is King.

86

Tune—NUREMBURG

- 1 Sing, O heavens! O earth! rejoice;
Angel harp, and human voice!
Round Him, as He rises, raise
Your ascending Saviour's praise.
- 2 Bruised is the serpent's head:
Hell is vanquished, Death is dead;
And to Christ, gone up on high,
-Captive is captivity.
- 3 All His work and warfare done,
He into His heaven is gone;
And, upon His Father's throne,
Now is pleading for His own.

J. S. B. MONSELL

87

Tune—NUREMBURG

- 1 Christ is risen, our Lord and King,
Let the whole creation sing;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, let earth reply.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ the mighty to conceal;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
He hath opened Paradise.
- 3 Lead us, Lord, where Thou hast led,—
Thou, our high, exalted Head;
Made like Thee, by Thee we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY

Christ Crowned

88 TAMWORTH 8s, 7s, 4s.

LOCKHART

1. { Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious; See the Man of sor - rows now }
 { From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious! Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow: }

Crown Him! crown Him! Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns become the Victor's brow. A - MEN.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings:
 ||:Crown Him! crown Him!:||
 Crown the Saviour King of kings!

Own His title, praise His name!
 ||:Crown Him! crown Him!:||
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels, crowd around Him!

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!
 ||:Crown Him! crown Him!:||
 King of kings and Lord of lords!

THOMAS KELLY

89 ARLINGTON C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow. A - MEN.

Christ Crowned

90 DIADEMATA S. M. D.

GEORGE J. ELVE.

1. Crown Him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark! how the heav'n-ly

an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing

Of Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni - ty. A - MEN.

- 2 Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.
- 3 Crown Him the Lord of life!
Who triumphed o'er the grave;
Who rose victorious to the strife
For those He came to save;

His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

- 4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him given
From yonder glorious throne!
To Thee be endless praise,
For Thou for us hast died;
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days
Adored and magnified.

MATTHEW BRIDGES

Tune—ARLINGTON

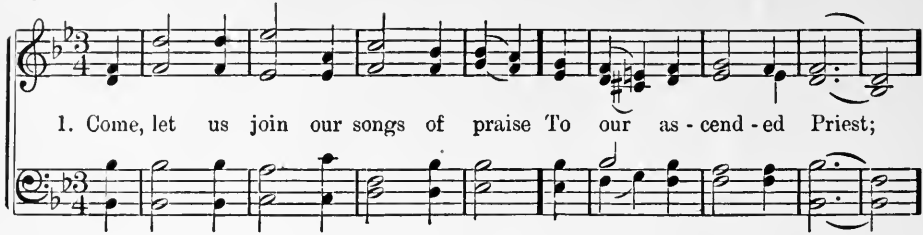
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
- 5 Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

THOMAS KELLY

Intercession

91 RAPHAEL S. M.

From G. DONNIZETTI



- 2 Below He washed our guilt away,
By His atoning blood;
Now He appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.
- 3 Clothed with our nature still, He knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which He Himself o'ercame.
- 4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall
quench
The fervor of His love;
For us He died in kindness here,
For us He lives above.
- 5 Oh! may we ne'er forget His grace,
Nor blush to bear His name; [faith—
Still may our hearts hold fast His
Our lips His praise proclaim.

A. PIRRIE

92

- 1 The veil is rent:—lo! Jesus stands
Before the throne of grace;
And clouds of incense from His hands
Fill all that glorious place.
- 2 His precious blood is sprinkled there,
Before and on the throne;
And His own wounds in heaven declare
His work on earth is done.
- 3 "'Tis finished!'" on the cross He said,
In agonies and blood;

"'Tis finished!'" now He lives to plead,
Before the face of God.

- 4 "'Tis finished!'" here our souls can rest,
His work can never fail:
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,
We enter through the veil.

- 5 Boldly our hearts and voice we raise,
His name, His blood, our plea;
Assured our prayers and songs of praise
Ascend by Him to Thee.

JAMES G. DECK

93

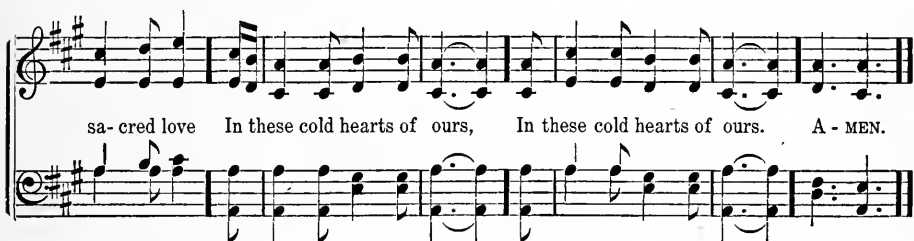
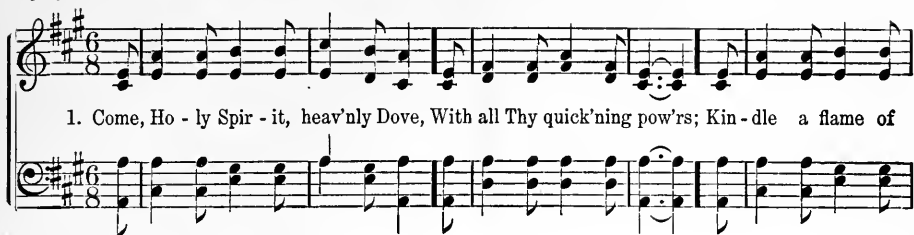
- 1 O Son of Man, Thyself has proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.
- 2 In all things like Thy brethren Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin;
Yet how unlike to us, O Lord;
Replies the voice within.
- 3 O Son of God, in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne:
There by Thy pleadings and Thy grace
Still succoring Thine own.
- 4 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge,
To Thee, O Christ, be given,
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven.

JOSEPH ANSTICE

Holy Spirit

94 ORTONVILLE C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS



- 2 Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS

95

- 1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!
- 2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame:

Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

- 4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
Shed richly on our fruitless souls
Thy fertilizing power.
- 5 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

ANDREW REED

96

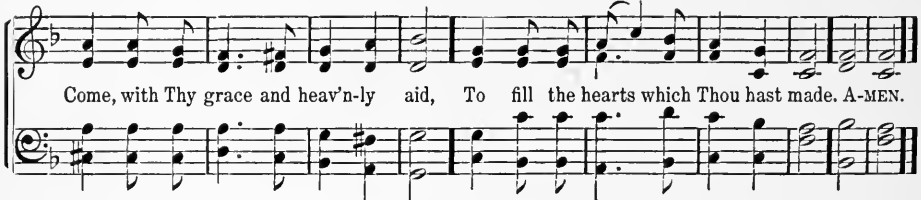
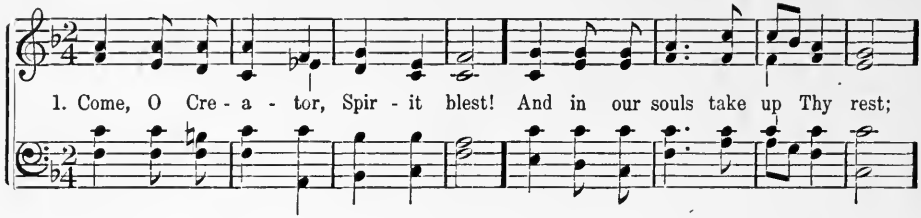
- 1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
And all as viewless, too.
- 3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix His rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, calms every
And speaks to us of heaven.

HARRIET AUBER, alt.

Holy Spirit

97 KINSMAN L. M.

A. M. G.



Used by per.

2 Great Comforter! to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O Fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our heart o'erflow with love;
With patience firm and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

EDWARD CASWALL, tr.

98

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display, [way;
And make us know and choose Thy
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there!

SIMON BROWNE

99

1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn
heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness
grieved:

4 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from Thy people's rest.

CHARLES WESLEY

100

1 Eternal Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

ISAAC WATT

Holy Spirit

101 MERCY 7s.

Arr. from LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK

Copyright. By per. of Oliver Ditson Co.

1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day. A - MEN.

- 2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED

102

- 1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

JOHN STOCKER

103

- 1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

104

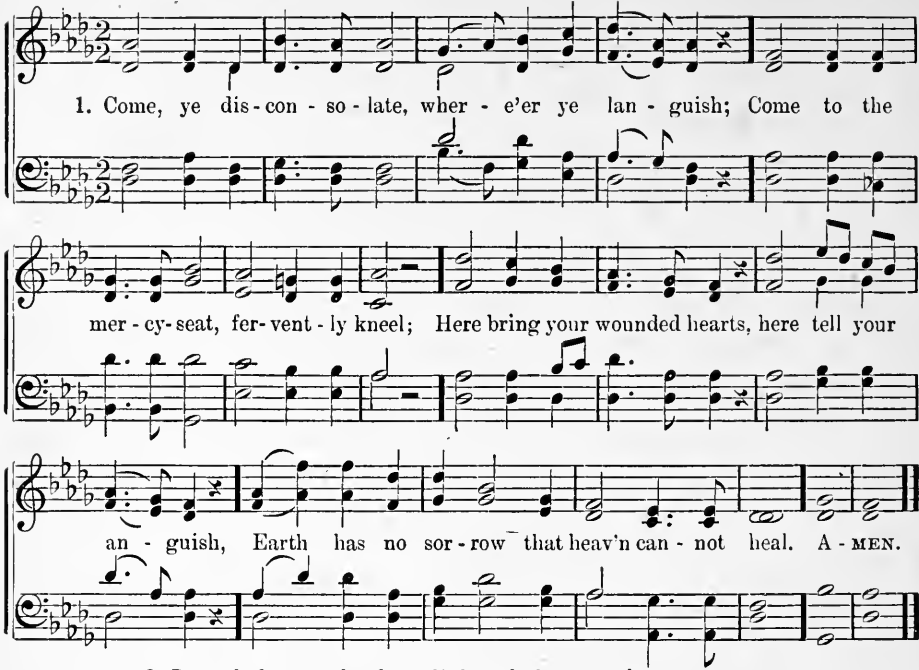
- 1 Holy Spirit! gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix Thy everlasting home
In the hearts Thou didst create.
- 2 Now Thy quickening influence bring,
In our spirits sweetly move;
Open every mouth to sing
Jesus' everlasting love.
- 3 Take the things of Christ, and show
What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
Through His well-beloved Son.

WILLIAM HAMMOND

Invitation

105 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE 11s, 10s.

SAMUEL WEBBE



1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
an - guish, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. A - MEN.

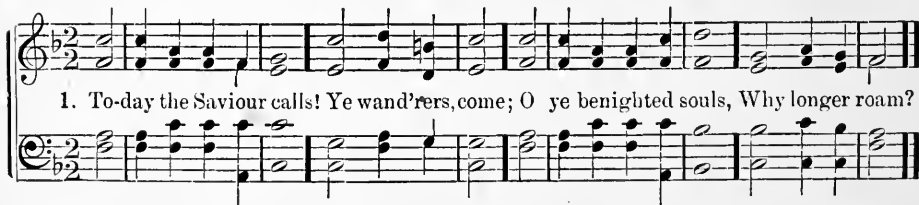
2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE

106 TO-DAY 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON



1. To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'ers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;

The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

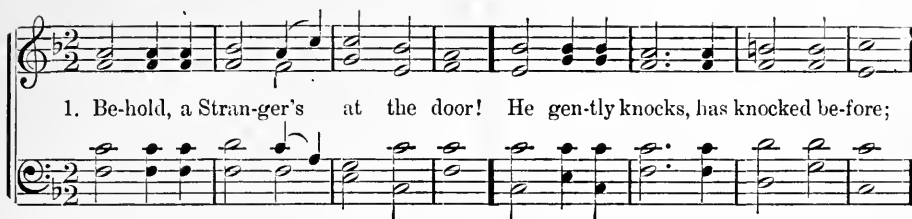
4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, alt

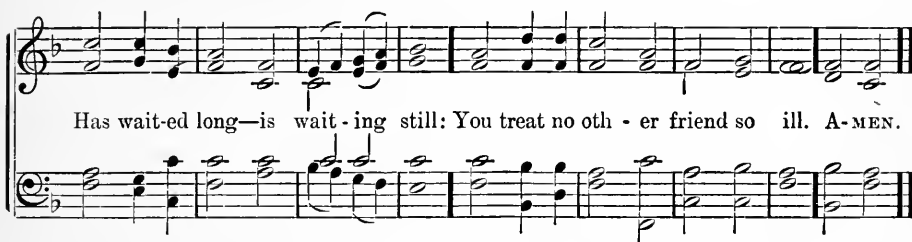
Invitation

107 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER



1. Be-hold, a Stran-ger's at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked be-fore;



Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill. A-MEN.

2 Oh, lovely attitude, He stands
With melting heart and laden hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
His feet departed, ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

JOSEPH GREGG

That call thou mayst not always slight
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldest thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

ANN B. HYDE

108

1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;

109

1 Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes
And many a shining hour is gone; [on,
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

2 O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light; thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

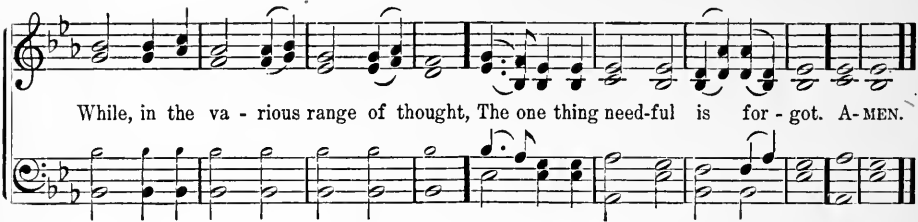
4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER

Invitation

110 BERA L. M.

JOHN E. GOULD



2 Shall God invite you from above?
 Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
 Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
 And all these pleas unite in vain?
 3 Not so your eyes will always view
 Those objects which you now pursue;
 Not so will heaven and hell appear,
 When death's decisive hour is near.
 4 Almighty God! Thy grace impart;
 Fix deep conviction on each heart:
 Nor let us waste on trifling cares
 That life which Thy compassion spares.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

112

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
 The invitation is to all:
 Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
 All things in Christ are ready now.
 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest;
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

CHARLES WESLEY

111

1 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,
 "If thou wouldst my disciple be;
 Deny thyself, the world forsake,
 And humbly follow after me."
 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart and nerve thine
 arm.
 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
 Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
 Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
 To save thy soul from death and hell.
 4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
 Nor think till death to lay it down;
 For only he who bears the cross
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES W. EVEREST

113

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
 And still my soul in slumber lie?
 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
 Can I His loving voice despise,
 And basely His kind care repay?
 He calls me still; can I delay?
 3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
 And I my heart the closer lock?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?
 4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
 My heart I yield without delay:
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

JANE BORTHWICK, tr.

Invitation

II 4 EXPOSTULATION 11s.

JOSIAH HOPKINS

1. O turn ye, O turn ye; for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is com-ing so nigh?

Now Je-sus in-vites you, the Spirit says, Come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home. AMEN.

- 2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;
Oh, how can you question when you may believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

Anon.

- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the Judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner! will lend thee its aid?

THOMAS HASTINGS

II 5

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come;
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

II 6

- 1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God;
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God;
And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad,
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

KNOX

Repentance

117 WOODWORTH L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



1. With bro-ken heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry:



Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me! A-MEN.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt op-
pressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

119
1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

C. ELVEN

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

118

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me!"

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord! should Thy judgments grow se-
vere,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my
breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there,
Some sure support against despair.

ISAAC WATTS

Repentance

120 JUST AS I AM 8, 8, 8, 6.

JOSEPH BARNBY

1. Just as I am, with-out ore plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

Slower

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A - MEN.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come. [spot,

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

121 PSALM 142 L. M. Tune-WOODWORTH

- 1 To God my earnest voice I raise:
To God my voice imploring prays:
Before His face I pour my tears,
And tell my sorrow in His ears.
- 2 When griefs my fainting soul o'erflow,
Thou knowest, Lord, the way I go;
And all the toils that foes do lay
To snare Thy servant in his way.
- 3 O Lord, my Saviour, now to Thee,
Without a hope besides, I flee;
To Thee, my shelter from the strife,
My portion in the land of life.
- 4 Redeem me from the captive chains,
That I may sing in grateful strains:
Then shall the righteous round me
press,
For God shall me with favor bless.

122 Tune-WOODWORTH

- 1 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign
grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning
God.
- 4 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteous-
ness.

ISAAC WATTS

Repentance

I23 ALETTA 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



1. Depth of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?



Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? A - MEN.

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lest the lifted thunder drop!

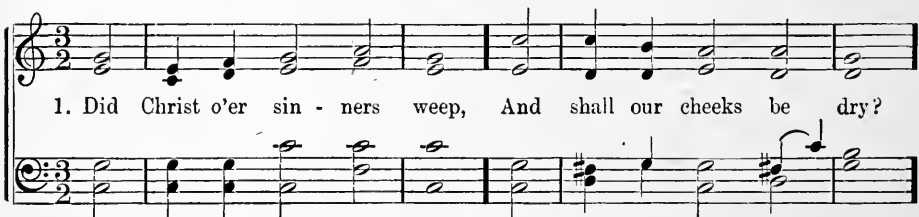
3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His
God is love! I know, I feel: [hands!
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY

I24 BOYLSTON S. M.

LOWELL MASON



1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?



Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye. A - MEN.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME

Repentance

125 LEBANON S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL

1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold,
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled:
 D. S.—I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
 I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home, A-MEN.

- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child;
 He followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild:
 He found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone;
 He bound me with the bands of love,
 He saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His
 blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole:

- 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled,
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold:
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home!

HORATIUS BONAR

126

Tune—BOYLSTON

- 1 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?—
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 And Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more:

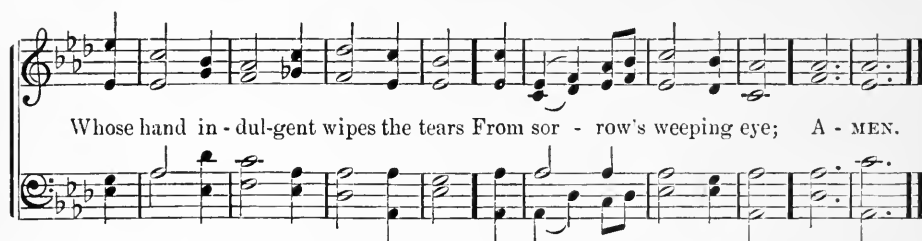
- I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee Conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
 My friends, my all, resign;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
 And seal me ever Thine.

CHARLES WESLEY

Repentance

127 AVON C. M.

HUGH WILSON



- 2 See, Lord, before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said—"Return?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!
- 4 Absent from Thee, my Guide! my
Light!
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy
night,
How desolate my way!
- 5 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy Divine.
- Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree:
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

THOMAS HAWES

128

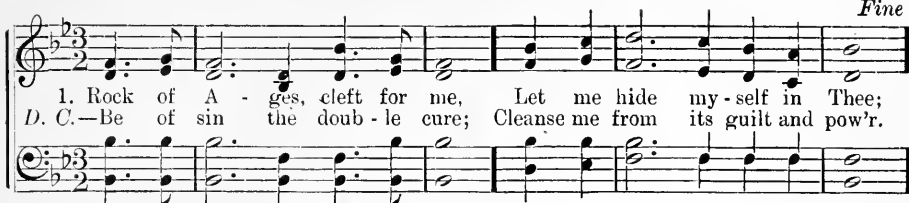
- 1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord! remember me!
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Thus, Lord, remember me!
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
- 1 O God, give ear unto my cry,
And to my prayer attend;
From the utmost corner of the land
My cry to Thee I'll send.
- 2 And when my heart is overwhelmed,
And in perplexity,
Do Thou lead me unto the Rock
That higher is than I.
- 3 For Thou hast for my refuge been
A shelter by Thy power;
And for defense against my foes
Thou hast been my strong tower.
- 4 Within Thy tabernacle I
Forever will abide;
And under covert of Thy wings
With confidence will hide.
- 5 And so will I for evermore
Sing praises to Thy name;
That having made my vows, I may
Each day perform the same.

Trial and Trust

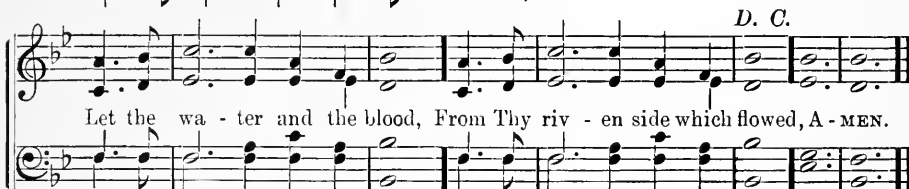
130 TOPLADY 7s. 6 l.

THOMAS HASTINGS

Fine



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.



D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, A - MEN.

2 Not the labors of my hands.
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

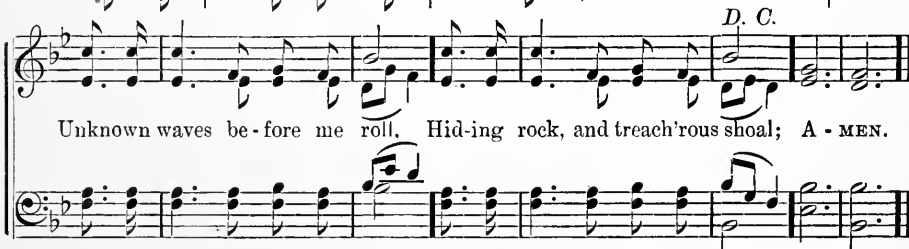
131 PILOT 7s. 6 l.

JOHN E. GOULD

Fine



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.



D. C.

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid-ing rock, and treach'rous shoal; A - MEN.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

EDWARD HOPPER

Trial and Trust

132 REFUGE 7s. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK

1. Je-sus! Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly, While the bil - lows near me
roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav-iour! hide, Till the
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re-ceive my soul at last! A - MEN.

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

- Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY

133 MARTYN 7s. D.

SIMEON B. MARSH

Fine *D.C.*

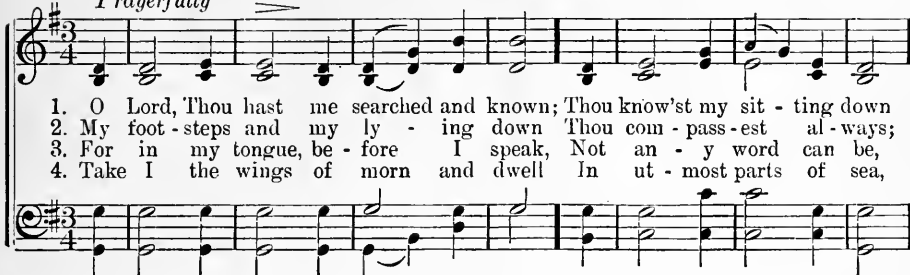
1. { Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you—why? } { He the fa-tal cause de - mands. }
{ God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with Himself to live; } { Asks the work of His own hands,— }
D.C.—Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die?

Trial and Trust

134 SEARCH ME, O GOD Psalm 139 C. M.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

Prayerfully



1. O Lord, Thou hast me searched and known; Thou know'st my sit - ting down
 2. My foot - steps and my ly - ing down Thou com - pass - est al - ways;
 3. For in my tongue, be - fore I speak, Not an - y word can be,
 4. Take I the wings of morn and dwell In ut - most parts of sea,



And ris - ing up; yea, all my tho'ts A - far to Thee are known.
 Thou al - so most en - tire - ly art Ac - quaint with ail my ways.
 But al - to - geth - er, lo, O Lord, It is well known to Thee.
 Yet there, O Lord, Thy hand shall lead, Thy right hand hold shall me.

CHORUS (Prose version)



Search me, O God, and know my heart, Try me and know my tho'ts; And see if there



be an - y wicked way in me, and lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing. A - MEN.

Tune—MARTYN

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you—why?
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you—why?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Urged you to embrace His love:
 Will ye not His grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

The Church

135 SILOAM C. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How fair the lil-y grows!
How sweet the breath be-neath the hill Of Shar-on's dew-y rose! A-MEN.

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine! [crowned

5 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER

136

1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful
And yield them up to Thee; [hands,
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

137

1 Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous
To all the sons of men; [grace,
He that believes, and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in Thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

JAMES NEWTON

138 PSALM 51 C. M.

1 In Thy great loving-kindness, Lord,
Be merciful to me;
In Thy compassions great blot out
All my iniquity.

2 All my iniquities blot out,
My sin hide from Thy view.
Create a clean heart, Lord, in me
A spirit right renew.

3 And from Thy gracious presence, Lord,
O cast me not away;
Thy Holy Spirit utterly
Take not from me, I pray.

4 The joy which Thy salvation brings,
Again to me restore;
With Thy free Spirit, O do Thou
Uphold me evermore.

The Church

139

Rev. E. BICKERSTETH

TILL HE COME 7s.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

Fine

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1. "Till He come!" O let the words Lin-ger on the trem-bling chords;
D. C.— Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come!"
2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove,
D. C.—Hush! be-ey-ry mur-mur dumb, It is on-ly "Till He come!"
Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween In their gold-en light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon-ger on our ear, A-MEN.

- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "Till He come!"
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come!"

140 STATE STREET S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN

1. Je-sus in-vites His saints To meet a-round the board; Here pardoned reb-els sit and hold Communion with their Lord.

141

- 2 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in His death.
- 3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one;
We, the young children of His love,
And He, the first-born Son.
- 4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind
And every voice be praise.
- 1 Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet Thee, Lord!
- 2 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.
- 3 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

ISAAC WATTS

CHARLES WESLEY

Fellowship

I 42 DENNIS S. M.

HANS G. NAEGELI

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love:
The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove. A-MEN.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT

I 43

- 1 And though our bodies part,
To different climes afar,
Still ever joined as one in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 The vineyard of the Lord
Before His laborers lies,
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.
- 3 O that our heart and mind
May evermore ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;
- 4 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

CHARLES WESLEY

I 44

- 1 Once more before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
- 2 Lord, in Thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on Thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

JOSEPH HART

I 45 PSALM 25 S. M.

- 1 To Thee I lift my soul;
O Lord, I trust in Thee;
My God, let me not be ashamed,
Nor foes exult o'er me.
- 2 Show me Thy ways, O Lord;
Thy paths, O teach Thou me;
And do Thou lead me in Thy truth,
Therein my teacher be:
- 3 For Thou art God that dost
To me salvation send;
And waiting for Thee all the day,
Upon Thee I attend.
- 4 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
To mind do Thou recall,
And loving-kindnesses, for they
Have been through ages all.

Fellowship

I 46 EVAN C. M.

WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those that love the Lord
In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil His word! A - MEN.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!</p> <p>3 When, free from envy, scorn, and
Our wishes all above, [pride,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!</p> <p>4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.</p> | <p>2 Walk in the Light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His;
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.</p> <p>3 Walk in the Light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.</p> <p>4 Walk in the Light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.</p> |
|---|--|

JOSEPH SWAIN

I 47

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Lord, Thou on earth didst love Thine
Didst love them to the end; [own,
Oh, still from Thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend!</p> <p>2 The love the Father bears to Thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all Thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.</p> <p>3 One blessed fellowship of love,
Thy living Church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at Thy right hand.</p> <p>4 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then robed in beauty at His side,
She shall forget her tears.</p> | <p>For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.</p> |
|---|--|

BERNARD BARTON

I 49 PSALM 65 C. M.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Praise waits for Thee, in Zion, Lord,
To Thee vows paid shall be.
O Thou that hearer art of prayer,
All flesh shall come to Thee.</p> <p>2 Iniquities, I must confess,
Prevail against me do;
But as for our transgressions all,
Them purge away shalt Thou.</p> <p>3 The man is blest whom Thou dost
And make approach to Thee, [choose,
That he within Thy courts, O Lord,
May still a dweller be.</p> | <p>4 We surely shall be satisfied
With Thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of Thy house,
E'en of Thy holy place.</p> |
|---|--|

RAY PALMER

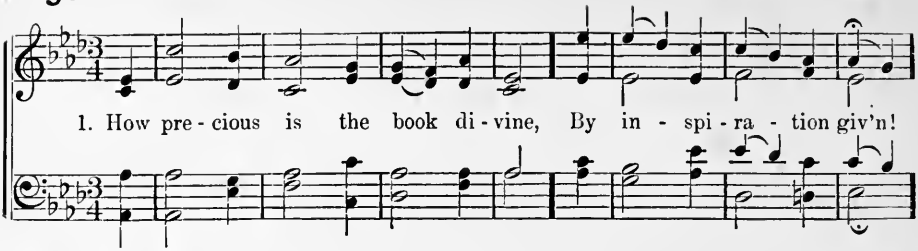
I 48

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Walk in the Light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.</p> | <p>4 We surely shall be satisfied
With Thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of Thy house,
E'en of Thy holy place.</p> |
|--|--|

Scripture

150 BELMONT C. M.

FR. WILLIAM GARDINER



1. How pre-cious is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion giv'n!



Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n. A - MEN.

- 2 Its light descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.
- 4 O'er all the straight and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.
- 5 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.
- 6 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

JOHN FAWCETT

- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

WILLIAM COWPER

152 PSALM 19 C. M.

151

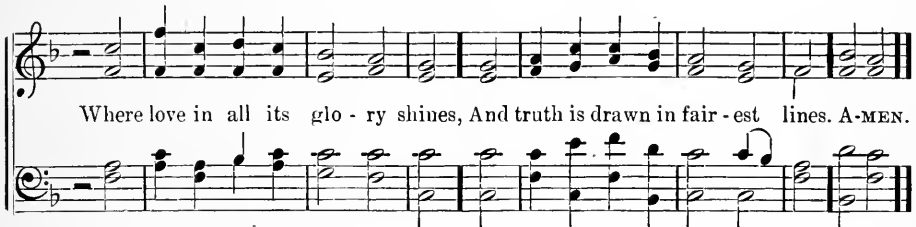
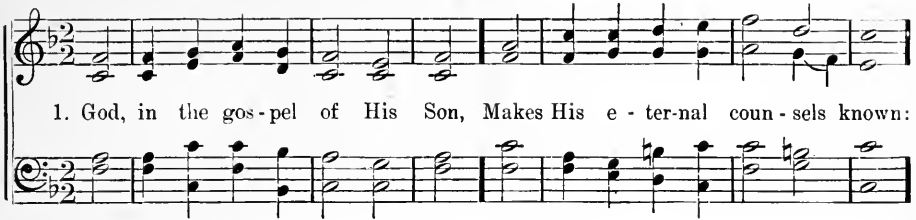
- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

- 1 God's law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies:
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart;
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.
- 3 Unspotted is the fear of God,
And ever doth endure;
The judgments of the Lord are truth,
And righteousness most pure.
- 4 They more than gold, yea, much fine
To be desired are; [gold
Than honey, honey from the comb
That droppeth, sweeter far.
- 5 Moreover, they Thy servant warn
How he his life should frame:
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.

Scripture

I 53 UXBRIDGE L. M.

LOWELL MASON



- 2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste His grace and learn His
name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his
chains,
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our
way
From earth to realms of endless day.

- 3 In thee I read my title clear
To mansions that will ne'er decay;—
Dear Lord, oh, when wilt Thou appear,
And bear Thy prisoner away?
- 4 While I am here, these leaves supply
His place, and tell me of His love;
I read with faith's discerning eye,
And gain a glimpse of joys above.
- 5 I know in them the Spirit breathes
To animate His people here;
Oh, may these truths prove life to all,
Till in His presence we appear!

THOMAS KELLY

- 5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME

I 54

- 1 I love the sacred Book of God!
No other can its place supply;
It points me to His own abode;
It gives me wings and bids me fly.
- 2 Sweet Book! in thee my eyes discern
The very image of my Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys His presence will afford.

I 55 PSALM 91 L. M.

- 1 The man who once has found abode
Within the secret place of God,
Shall with Almighty God abide,
And in His shadow safely hide.
- 2 I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge and my stay;
To Him for safety I will flee;
My God, in Him my trust shall be.
- 3 He shall with all protecting care
Preserve thee from the fowler's snare;
When fearful plagues around prevail,
No fatal stroke shall thee assail.
- 4 His outspread pinions shall thee hide;
Beneath His wings shalt thou confide;
His faithfulness shall ever be
A shield and buckler unto thee.

Scripture

156 HOW BLEST ARE THEY Psalm 119 C. M.

J. H. TENNEY

1. How blest are they whose lives are pure And up-right in the way,
 2. Such in His ways do walk, and they Do no in-iq-ui-ty.
 3. Then with in-teg-ri-ty of heart Thee will I praise and bless,

Who in the Lord's most ho-ly law Do walk and do not stray.
 Thou hast com-mand-ed us to keep Thy pre-cepts care-ful-ly.
 When I the judg-ments all have learned Of Thy pure right-eous-ness.

O blest are they who to ob-serve His stat-utes are in-clined,
 O that Thy stat-utes to ob-serve Thou wouldst my ways di-rect!
 That I will keep Thy stat-utes all Firm-ly re-solved have I;

And who do seek the liv-ing God With their whole heart and mind.
 Then shall I not be shamed, when I Thy pre-cepts all re-spect.
 O do not then, most gracious God, For-sake me ut-ter-ly. A-MEN.

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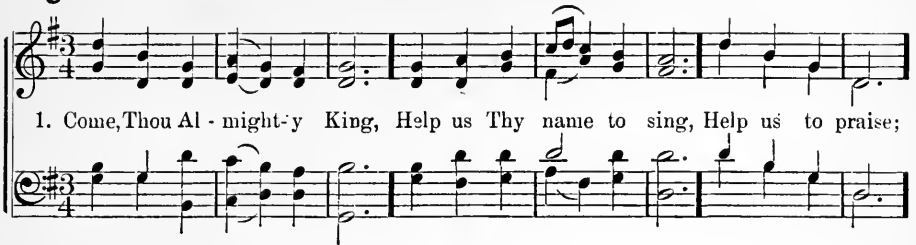
157 PSALM 119 Part II. C. M.

- 1 By what means shall a young man
 His way to cleanse, O Lord? [learn
 By taking careful heed to it
 According to Thy word.
 Unfeignedly Thee have I sought
 With all my soul and heart;
 O never let me from the path
 Of Thy commands depart.
- 2 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
 That I offend not Thee;
 O Lord, Thou ever blessed art,
 Thy statutes teach Thou me.
- The judgments of Thy mouth each one
 My lips recounted have;
 More joy Thy testimonies' way
 Than riches all me gave.
- 3 I will Thy holy precepts make
 My meditation still,
 And have respect to all Thy ways
 Continually I will.
 Upon Thy statutes my delight
 Shall constantly be set,
 And by Thy grace I never will
 Thy holy law forget.

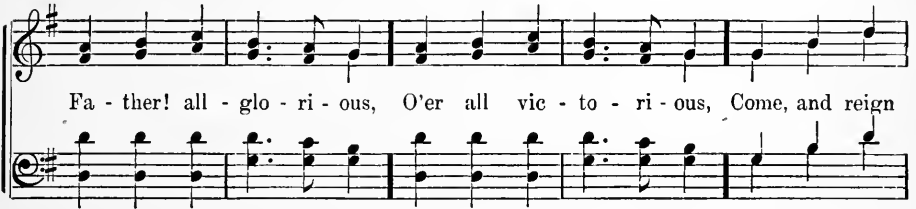
Praise

158 ITALIAN HYMN 6s, 4s.

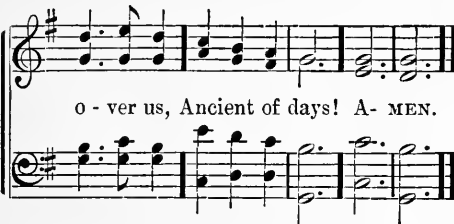
FELICE GIARDINI



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;



Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign



o - ver us, Ancient of days! A - MEN.

159

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Come, Holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name;
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages, sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

CHARLES WESLEY

JAMES ALLEN

Praise

160 HEBER C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - MEN.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,—
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

JOHN NEWTON

Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength,
In Him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows His face:
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME

161

1 To our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song:
O may His love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal tho't can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.

ANNE STEELE

163

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine
The antidote of death. [arms,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

162

1 Jesus! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round:

Praise

164 DUNDEE C. M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;
Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast. And our e - ter-nal home! A-MEN.

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun,
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

ISAAC WATTS

165

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER

166 PSALM 90 C. M.

- 1 Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-
In generations all. [place
Before Thou ever hadst brought forth
The mountains great or small;
- 2 Ere ever Thou hadst formed the earth,
And all the world abroad;
Ev'n Thou from everlasting art
To everlasting God.
- 3 The years our days on earth do make
Are threescore years and ten;
Or if there is more strength in some
And they fourscore attain;
- 4 Yet doth the strength of such old men
But grief and labor prove;
For it is soon cut off, and we
Fly hence, and soon remove.
- 5 O with Thy tender mercies, Lord,
Us early satisfy;
So all our days we will rejoice,
We will be glad in Thee.

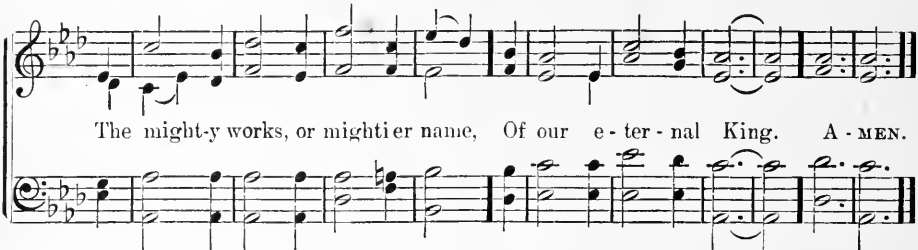
Praise

167 MANOAH C. M.

FR. FRANZ J. HAYDN



1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'ly theme, And speak some boundless thing;



The might-y works, or mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King. A - MEN.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
The love and truth of God.

Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord!

ISAAC WATTS

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my
To notes almost divine. [song]

ISAAC WATTS

169

1 When all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

JOSEPH ADDISON

168

1 My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star
And He my rising sun.

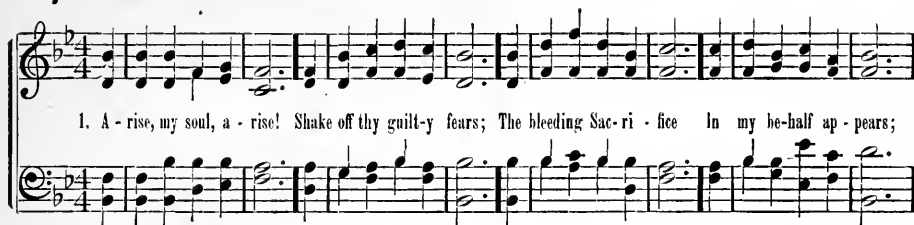
3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;

Praise

170 LENOX H. M.

LEWIS EDSON



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In my be-half ap - pears;



Be-fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, Be-fore the throne my Surety stands: My name is written on His hands. A - MEN.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

CHARLES WESLEY

171

1 Ye saints, your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound,
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from His throne
The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave

A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

ANDREW REED

172

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow;—
The gladly solemn sound;—
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY

Praise

173 ARIEL C. P. M.

Ad. LOWELL MASON

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth, Which in my Sav-iour shine!

I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Ga-briel while he sings, } In notes almost di-vine. In notes al-most di-vine. A-MEN.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see His face: [home,
Then with my Saviour, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend, [Friend,
Triumphant in His grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY

174 AZMON C. M.

CARL GLASER

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-MEN.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
"To be exalted thus!" [ery,
"Worthy the Lamb;" our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

ISAAC WATTS

Praise

175 FOUNTAIN C. M.

Ad. fr. LOWELL MASON

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sin-ners, plunged be-
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; AMEN.

Fine. *D. S.*

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

WILLIAM COWPER

176

EDWARD CASWALL

WILBUR

Dr. THOMAS HAWEIS

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast,
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy - of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of mankind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

Assurance

177 LOUVAN L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR

1. My Shep-herd is the Lord Most High, And all my wants shall be sup-plied:
In pastures green He makes me lie, And leads by streams which gently glide. A - MEN.

- 2 He in His mercy doth restore
My soul when sinking in distress;
For His name's sake He evermore
Leads me in paths of righteousness.
- 3 Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark
E'en there no evil will I fear, [vale,
Because Thy presence shall not fail,
Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.
- 4 For me a table Thou hast spread,
Prepared before the face of foes;
With oil Thou dost anoint my head;
My cup is filled and overflows.

Anon.

178

- 1 Complete in Thee, no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of
Thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in Thee.
- 2 Complete in Thee—no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in Thee.
- 3 Complete in Thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in Thee.
- 4 Complete in Thee, for ever blest,
Of all Thy fullness, Lord, possessed,
Thy praise throughout eternity—
Thy love I'll sing complete in Thee.

AARON R. WOLFE

179

- 1 My soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.
- 2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;
Receives the grace His death secured.
And pleads the anguish He endured.
- 3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—'Tis God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to
win?

- 4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

GRACE W. HINSDALE

180

- 1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While He my sinking head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on
me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

ISAAC WATTS

Assurance

181 BRADEN S. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Here I can firm - ly rest; I dare to boast of this,
That God, the high-est and the best, My Friend and Father is. A - MEN.

- 2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.
- 3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and His blood;
It is through Him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.
- 4 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind He reigns,
My care and sadness He dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

CATHARINE WINKWORTH, tr.

182

- 1 What cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
" 'Tis with the righteous well!"
- 2 Well when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.
- 4 'Tis well when Jesus calls,—
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise!"

JOHN KENT

183

- 1 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call the Saviour mine.
- 2 I praise the God of peace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.
- 3 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me;
I live because He lives.
- 4 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

HORATIUS BONAR

184

- 1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?
- 2 What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
That He for us hath died,
We all His unknown peace receive,
And feel His blood applied.

CHARLES WESLEY

Consecration

185 HENDON 7s.

ABRAHAM H. C. MALAN



- 2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
- 3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.
- 4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

- 3 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

BENJAMIN H. KENNEDY

187

- 1 Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,—
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 2 With a child-like heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

JANE E. LEESON

186

- 1 Ask ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win!
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 2 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?

Consecration

I88 HAPPY DAY L. M.

FR. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT

§ CHORUS

1. { Oh, hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! } Hap - py
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

Fine *D. S.*
 day, hap - py day, When Jesus washed my sins a - way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, } A - MEN.
 { And live re - joic - ing ev - ry day; }

- 2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows He drew me, and I followed on,
 To Him who merits all my love! Charmed to confess the voice divine.
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house, Cho.
 While to that sacred shrine I move.—
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
 Cho. PHILIP DODDRIDGE

I89 TALMAR 8s, 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther! take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;

Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone. A - MEN.

- 2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
 Fond of peace and far from strife;
 Turning from the paths unholy
 Of this vain and sinful life.
- 3 Ever let Thy grace surround me,
 Strengthen me with power divine,
- 4 Till Thy cords of love have bound me:
 Make me to be wholly Thine.
 4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
 And my sins be all forgiven;
 Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
 Guide me in the path to heaven.
 Anon

Consecration

190 DISCIPLE 8s, 7s. D.

MOZART Har. by HUBERT P. MAIN

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta-ken, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Na-ked, poor, de-spised, for-sa-ken,
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,

Fine *D. S.*
Thou from hence my all shalt be! Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known; AMEN.
God and heav'n are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

HENRY F. LYTE

191 MAITLAND C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me. A-MEN.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;

And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

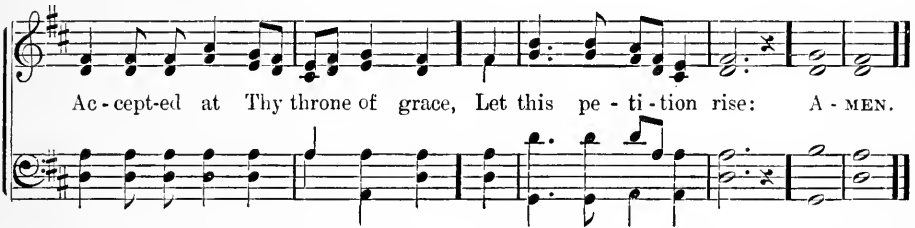
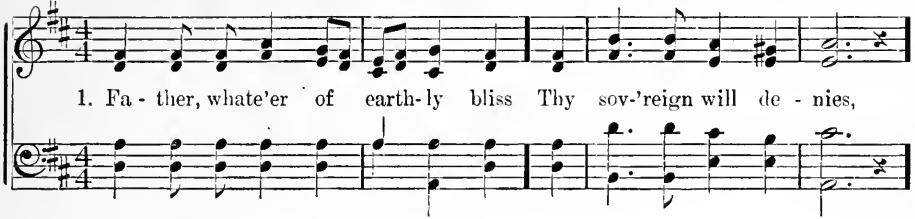
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

THOMAS SHEPHERD

Prayer

192 NAOMI C. M.

ATT. FROM HANS G. NÄGELI, BY LOWELL MASON



- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

Be calm at this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

PHEBE H. BROWN

- 3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art
My life and death attend; [mine
Thy presenee through my journey
shine,
And crown my journey's end."

ANNE STEELE

194 PSALM 80 C. M.

193

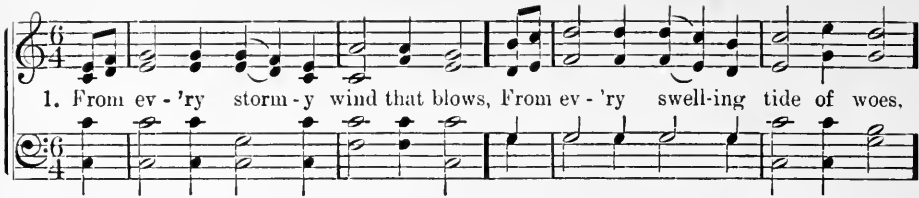
- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brightest scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray

- 1 O God of hosts, we Thee beseech,
Return now unto Thine;
Look down from heaven, and behold,
And visit Thou this vine:
- 2 Ev'n this Thy vineyard planted here,
The work of Thy right hand,
And that same branch, which for Thy-
self
Thou hast made strong to stand.
- 3 Burnt up it is with flaming fire,
It also is cut down:
And perished utterly are they,
Because Thy face did frown.
- 4 O let Thy hand be laid upon
The man of Thy right hand,
The Son of man, whom for Thyself
Thou hast made strong to stand.
- 5 So henceforth we will not go back,
Nor turn from Thee at all:
O do Thou quicken us, and we
Upon Thy name will call.
- 6 Turn us again, Lord God of hosts,
Restore us unto Thee;
O cause Thy face to shine on us,
And saved we then shall be.

Prayer

195 RETREAT L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides, more sweet—
It is the blood-bought merey-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they
meet
Around one common merey-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy merey-seat!

HUGH STOWELL

196

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a merey-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of
prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds
withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw.
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
bright;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for
me!"

WILLIAM COWPER

197

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of
heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for
grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of
mind!

4 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to Thee!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

Prayer

198 HENDON 7s.

ABRAHAM H. C. MALAN

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh, do not our

suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A-MEN.

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND

With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

JAMES MERRICK

200

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, Thy blood-bought right main-
And, without a rival, reign. [tain.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

JOHN NEWTON

199

1 To Thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

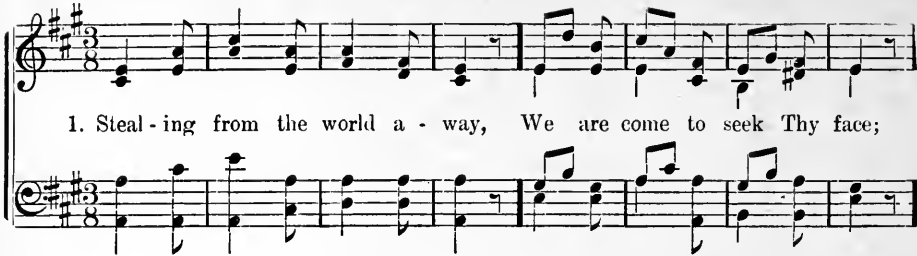
2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,

Prayer

201 HORTON 7s.

XAVIER SCHNYDER



1. Steal - ing from the world a - way, We are come to seek Thy face;



Kind - ly meet us, Lord, we pray, Grant us Thy re - viv - ing grace. A - MEN.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless Thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts and fears;
May Thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

RAY PALMER

202

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

203

1 Lord! I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away Thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

3 Many days have passed since then.
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but Thou?

4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

JOHN NEWTON

Prayer

204 GUSTAVUS C. M.

A. W. C.

Used by per.

1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;
There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of light. A - MEN

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can
When mortal aid is vain [wield
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on
Through Jesus, to the throne; [high,
And moves the hand which moves the
To bring salvation down! [world,

JAMES C. WALLACE

205 PSALM 119 Part 22 C. M.

- 1 O let my earnest prayer and cry
Come near before Thee, Lord:
Give understanding unto me,
According to Thy word.
- 2 Let my request before Thee come:
After Thy word me free.
My lips shall utter praise, when thou
Hast taught Thy laws to me.
- 3 My tongue of Thy most blessed word
Shall speak, and it confess;

Because Thy holy statutes all
Are perfect righteousness.

4 O let Thy hand bring help to me:
Thy precepts are my choice.
I long for Thy salvation, Lord,
And in Thy law rejoice.

5 My soul revive, and then it shall
Give praises unto Thee;
And let Thy judgments evermore
Be helpful unto me.

206

1 When cold our hearts, and far from
Thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

2 Too vile to venture near Thy Throne,
Too poor to turn away;
Our only voice,—Thy Spirit's groan,—
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way;
We have no words, unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thine altar lay;
And when our souls have caught Thy
fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

Guidance

207 SEGUR 8s, 7s, 4s.

J. P. HOLBROOK

1. Guide me, O..Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty;

Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand: Bread of heaven. Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more. A-MEN.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction.
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

208 BETHANY 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me,
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,

In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS

Grace

209 ORTONVILLE C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow. A-MEN.

210

- 2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

SAMUEL STENNETT

- 1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
And grace my fears relieved; [fear,
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

JOHN NEWTON

211 STATE STREET S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN

1. O bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee proclaim; And all that is with - in me, join To bless His ho-ly name.

- 2 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 3 He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;

And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

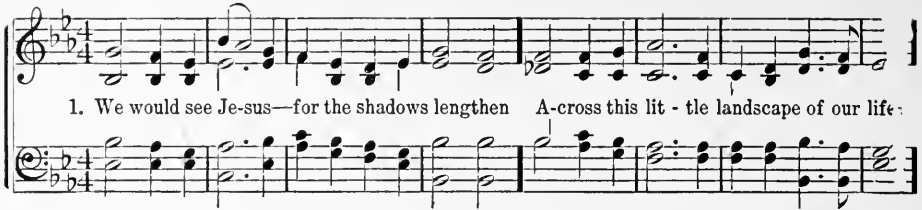
- 4 Then bless His holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy
O bless the Lord, my soul! [days:

ISAAC WATTS, alt.

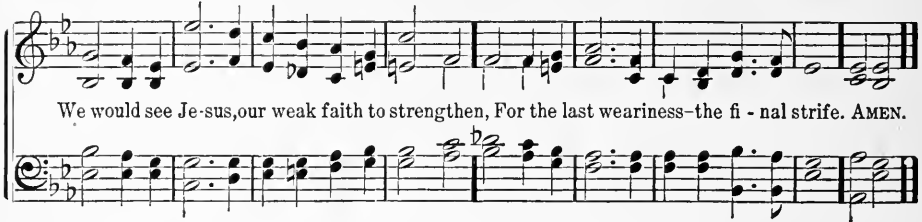
Grace

212 RAYNOLDS 11s, 10s.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN



1. We would see Je-sus—for the shadows lengthen A-cross this lit - tle landscape of our life:



We would see Je-sus, our weak faith to strengthen, For the last weariness—the fi - nal strife. AMEN.

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see:
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

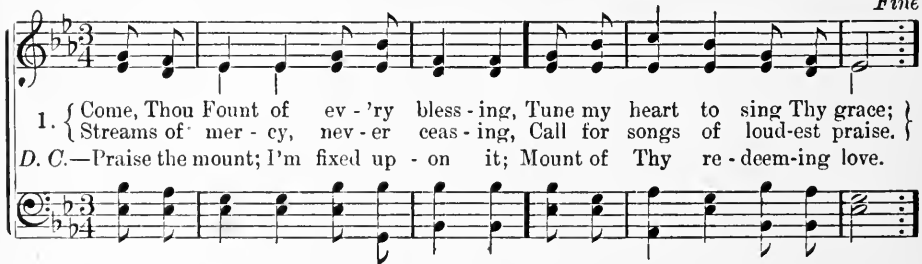
4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

ANNA B. WARNER

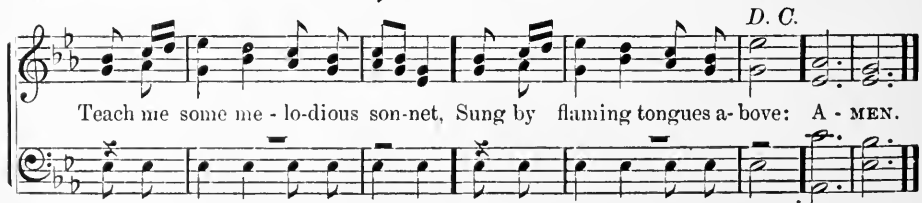
213 NETTLETON 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH

Fine



1. { Come, Thon Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }
D. C.—Praise the mount; I'm fixed up - on it; Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

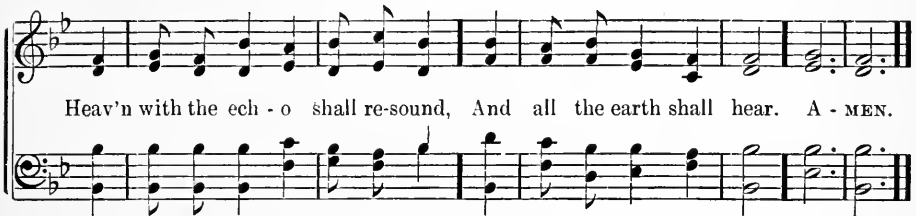
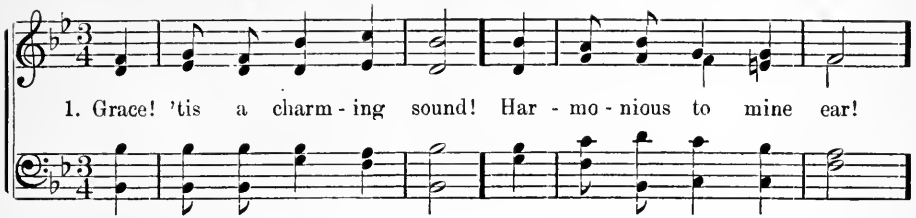


D. C.
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove: A - MEN.

Grace

214 OLMUTZ S. M.

Ad. by LOWELL MASON



2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

2 Nor doth it yet appear .
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and
As Christ the Lord is pure. [sin,

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

215

1 Behold! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

ISAAC WATTS

Tune—NETTLETON

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON

Faith

216

BISHOP RYLE

FAITH C. M.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

Fine

1. { Faith is a ver - y sim - ple thing, Tho' lit - tle un - der - stood; }
 { It frees the soul from death's dread sting By rest - ing in the blood: }
 D. C.—It takes its flight to scenes a - bove, Be - yond the spheres of sin.

Copyright, 1904, by James McGranahan

D. C.

It looks not on the things a - round, Nor on the things with - in; AMEN.

2 Faith is not what we feel or see:
 It is a simple trust,
 In what the God of love has said,
 Of Jesus, as "the Just."
 What Jesus is, and that alone,
 Is faith's delightful plea;
 It never deals with sinful self,
 Nor righteous self, in me.

3 Faith tells me I am counted "dead,"
 By God, in His own word;
 It tells me I am "born again,"
 In Christ, my risen Lord.
 If Christ is free, then I am free,
 My sins no more oppress,
 If Christ is just, then I am just,
 He is my righteousness.

217

RAY PALMER

OLIVET 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON

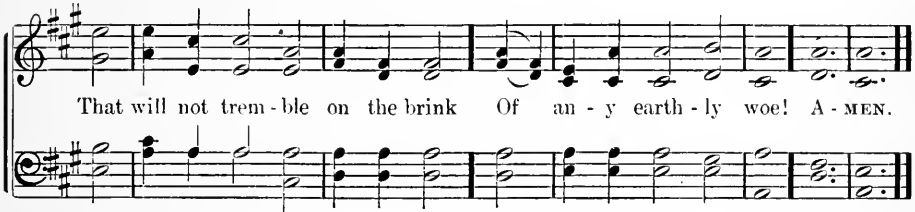
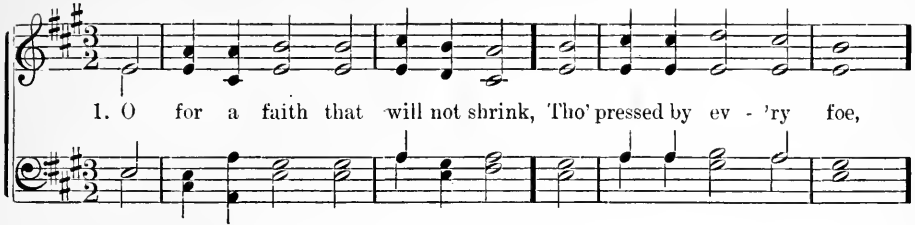
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour!

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way. Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul! A-MEN

Faith

218 AZMON C. M.

CARL GLASER



2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 Unveiling wide the heavenly^d world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

3 A faith that shines more bright and
When tempests rage without; [clear
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Faith shows the promise fully sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

DANIEL TURNER

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed
Of an eternal home. [bliss

WILLIAM H. BATHURST

220

1 Lord, I believe; Thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

219

1 Faith adds new charms to earthly
And saves us from its snares: [bliss,
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

2 The wounded conscience knows its
The healing balm to give; [power
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

JOHN R. WREFFORD

Faith

221 PORTUGUESE HYMN 11s

MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His
ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,— To you, who for
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? A - MEN.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to His foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

GEORGE KEITH

Faith

222 MIRIAM 7s, 6s. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All ful - ness dwells in Him;

Fine

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
D.S.—White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
 He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem;
D.S.—He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.

D. S.

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur-dens and my cares; A - MEN.

223

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline.
 I love the Name of Jesus,
 Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes
 His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy Child:
 I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

1 I saw the cross of Jesus,
 When burdened with my sin;
 I sought the cross of Jesus,
 To give me peace within!
 I brought my soul to Jesus,
 He cleansed it in His blood;
 And in the cross of Jesus
 I found my peace with God.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
 There let my weary heart
 Still rest in peace unshaken,
 Till with Him, ne'er to part;
 And then in strains of glory
 I'll sing His wondrous power,
 Where sin can never enter,
 And death is known no more.

HORATIUS BONAR

FREDERICK WHITFIELD

Hope

224 SOLID ROCK L. M. 61.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY
REFRAIN

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; } On Christ, the sol-id
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.

Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand. A - MEN.

- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face, When all around my soul gives way,
I rest on His unchanging graee; He then is all my hope and stay. Ref.
In every high and stormy gale, 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
My anchor holds within the veil. Ref. O, may I then in Him be found;
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood, Drest in His righteousness alone,
Support me in the whelming flood; Faultless to stand before the throne.
Ref.

EDWARD MOTE

225 THACHER S. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - mayed;

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head. A - MEN.

- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms, Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
He gently clears thy way; [night And ruleth all things well.
Wait thou His time; so shall this 4 Far, far above thy thought
Soon end in joyous day. His counsel shall appear,
3 What though thou rulest not! When fully He the work has wrought,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell That caused thy needless fear.

JOHN WESLEY, tr.

Love

226 BEECHER 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded
love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart. A-MEN.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning!
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, and spotless may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;

Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY

227

1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness
streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

JOHN BOWRING

Love

228 LOVING-KINDNESS L. M.

Anon.

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He just-ly claims a song from me: His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free! A - MEN.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

2 I to Thy mercy-seat repair,
And find Thy loving-kindness there;
And when to Thy sweet word I go,
Thy loving-kindness there I know.

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered
loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

3 Each evening from the world apart,
Thy loving-kindness cheers my heart;
And when the day salutes my eyes,
Thy loving-kindness doth arise.

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

4 Lord, from the moment of my birth,
I've nothing known but love on earth;
By day, by night, where'er I be,
Thy loving-kindness follows me.

SAMUEL MEDLEY

229

1 Thy loving-kindness, Lord, I sing,
Of grace and life the sacred spring;—
In blood o'erflowing, rich and free,
In loving-kindness shed for me.

5 From daily sin and daily woe,
Thy loving-kindness saves me now;
And I will praise, for sins forgiven,
Thy loving-kindness, all, in heaven.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER

Love

230 WELLESLEY 8s, 7s.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE

Used by permission

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty. A-MEN.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.
- 3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

- 4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 5 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK W. FABER

231 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Arr. by WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL

1. I hear the words of love, I gaze up - on the blood;
I see the might-y Sac - ri - fice, And I have peace with God. A - MEN.

- 2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.
- 3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes
The cross is ever high. [not,

- 4 My love is oft-times low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.
- 5 I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

HORATIUS BONAR

Love

232 LYTE 6s, 4s.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK

1. Jesus, Thy name I love, All other names above, Je - sus, my Lord! { Oh, Thou art all to me! { Nothing to please I see, }

Nothing apart from Thee, Je-sus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

JAMES G. DECK

233 ST. MARGARET 7s, 6s.

ALBERT L. PEACE

1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I

owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May rich-er, full - er be. A - MEN.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's glow its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,

And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms
Life that shall endless be. [red

GEORGE MATHESON

Life in Christ

234 BRADFORD C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me:
A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty. A - MEN.

236

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
Who can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

CHARLES WESLEY

1 Let us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who claims us for His own;
The hope that's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset us round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as we are, we will not faint,
Or, fainting, cannot fail;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Must in the end prevail.

4 As surely as He overcame,
And conquered death and sin,
So surely those that trust His name
Will all His triumph win.

235

1 Give me a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar;
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, hush my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace Thou canst impart;
Oh, make the blessing mine.

3 Above these scenes of storm and
There spreads a region fair; [strife,
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace
Which flows from pardoned sin;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

ANON.

237

1 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly pow-
And antedate that day; [ers,

2 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 Oh, would He all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.

CHARLES WESLEY

Peace

238

E. H. BICKERSTETH

PERFECT PEACE 1 Os.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
 2. Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed? To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
 3. Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found. AMEN.

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- 4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
 In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
 5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
 6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
 And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

PAX TECUM 1 Os. [2d Tune]

G. T. CALDBECK

1. Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace with-in. AMEN.

239 NAOMI C. M.

LOWELL MASON

1. Lord, while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,
 O hear us for our na - tive land,—The land we love the most. A - MEN.

- 2 O guard our shores from every foe; 3 Unite us in the sacred love
 With peace our borders bless, Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
 Our cities with prosperity, And let our hills and valleys shout
 Our fields with plenteousness. The songs of liberty.

JOHN R. WRE福德

Rest

240 BOYLSTON S. M.

LOWELL MASON

1. Oh, where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole. A - MEN.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure
yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 Forever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
And then with all the blest ascend
To meet the Lord from heaven!

RAY PALMER

241

1 And is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Nor sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

242

Tune—NAOMI

1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and
rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,

Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm.
And bid my spirit rest.

HORATIUS BONAR

Warfare and Work

243

HORATIUS BONAR

BONAR P. M.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Sword of God, thy pow'r we hail; He who has thee can - not fail;
 2. For the war - fare gird it on; Not un - til the fight be won,
 3. Sharp its edge! O use it well! Strong a - gainst the stron - gest spell
 4. Weap - on of the true and just, Trust it strong - ly, war - rior, trust;
 5. Strike for God, and let each blow Tell on Sa - tan's o - ver - throw,
 6. Till the war - fare shall be done, Till the vic - to - ry be won,

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He who trusts thee must pre - vail, Might - - y sword.
 And the hot day's work is done, Lay..... it by.
 Ev - er framed in earth or hell It..... will prove.
 Keep it free from earth - ly rust; Win..... it must.
 Be the ru - in of a foe: Strike..... for God.
 Till the tri - umph be be - gun, Grasp..... we thee. A - MEN.

244 ST. ANN'S C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT

1. My faith shall tri - umph o'er the grave, And tram - ple on the tomb;

I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And on the clouds shall come. A - MEN.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 I know that He shall soon appear
In power and glory meet,
And death, the last of all His foes,
Lie vanquished at His feet. | I know my sleeping dust shall rise
On the last judgment-day. |
| 3 Then, though the grave my flesh de-
And hold me for its prey, [your, | 4 I in my flesh shall see my God,
When He on earth shall stand;
I shall with all His saints ascend
To dwell at His right hand. |

Anon.

Warfare and Work

245 WEBB 7s, 6s. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished,

It must not suffer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall He lead, A-MEN.
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The triumph call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
“Ye that are men, now serve Him,”
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

GEORGE DUFFIELD

246 LABAN S. M.

LOWELL MASON

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;

The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

GEORGE HEATH

Work

247 CHRISTMAS C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav'n-ly race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. A-MEN.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know His name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

- 4 Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS

248

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;

249 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

HEINRICH C. ZEUNER

1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still? A-MEN.

Work

250 AHIRA S. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX

1. La - b'ers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil;
The dew of prom - ise from the skies Al read - y cheers the soil. A - MEN.

- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.
- 3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless
A mantle round your breast. [love
- 4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY

- When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to
Till faith shall end in sight. [cheer,

THOMAS KELLY

252

- 1 Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before His banner flies,
And victory is His.
- 2 We follow Thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow Thee, through grace sup-
plied
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;

Tune—MISSIONARY CHANT

- 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not;
The Master praises,—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign

- 1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!
- 2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!
- 4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

HORATIUS BONAR

Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice, [come!']
The midnight peal: "Behold, I

HORATIUS BONAR

Work

253 STOCKWELL 8s, 7s.

DARIUS E. JONES

1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove. A - MEN.

255

- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruit will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.
- 1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.
- 2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.
- 3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

THOMAS HASTINGS

254

- 1 Father, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously
- 2 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly, quiet stay,
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.
- 3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, hardship, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side!
- 4 Ours to sow the seed in sorrow,
Thine to bid it spring and grow;
And the golden days of autumn
Will a precious harvest show.

Anon.

- 4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

PHOEBE A. HANNAFORD

256

- 1 All unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.
- 2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.
- 3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

THOMAS MACKELLAR

Missions

257 DUKE STREET L. M.

JOHN HATTON

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A-MEN.

259

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall
With every morning sacrifice. [rise</p> <p>3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.</p> <p>4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.</p> | <p>1 Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.</p> <p>2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men [Thee!
Hear not the message sent from</p> <p>3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened
A scattered, homeless flock, till all fold,
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.</p> |
|--|--|

ISAAC WATTS

258 PSALM 72 L. M.

- 1 O God, Thy judgments give the king,
His royal son Thy righteousness;
He to Thy people right shall bring,
With judgment shall Thy poor redress.
- 2 All kings before him down shall fall;
All nations shall his laws obey;
He'll save the needy when they call,
The poor, and those that have no stay.
- 3 Now blessed be the mighty One,
Jehovah, God of Israel,
For He alone hath wonders done,
And deeds in glory that excel.
- 4 And blessed be His glorious name,
Long as the ages shall endure.
O'er all the earth extend His fame.
Amen, amen, forevermore.

- 4 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT

260

- 1 Sovereign of worlds! display Thy power;
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,—
And make the nations all Thine own.
- 3 Speak! and the world shall hear Thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

BOURNE H. DRAPE

Missions

261 MISSIONARY HYMN 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON

1st. 2d.

1. { From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains [Omit. . . .] Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient

riv - er, From many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain. AMEN.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

REGINALD HEBER

262 O SING A NEW SONG Psalm 96 L. M.

J. M. NORTH

1. O sing a new song to the Lord; Sing, all the earth, and bless His name.

From day to day His praise re - cord, The Lord's re - deem - ing grace proclaim. A - MEN.

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Missions

263 WEBB 7s, 6s. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB

1. The morn-ing light is breaking; The darkness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are wak-ing
D. S.—Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,
Fine
 To pen-i-ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far, A-MEN.
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home:
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH

264

1 Now be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurled;
 And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
 Re-echoed through the world,

Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine?
 His power throughout their regions
 Shall soon resplendent shine;
 Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
 Immanuel, Prince of peace:
 Thy triumph shall be glorious,
 Thine empire shall increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
 O Jesus, King of kings!
 Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings;
 The isles for Thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn Thy praise,
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

THOMAS HASTINGS

Tune—O SING A NEW SONG

2 Tell all the world His wondrous ways, 4 O give the Lord, ye tribes and tongues,
 Tell heathen nations far and near; O give the Lord due praise, and
 Great is the Lord, and great His sing;
 praise, [fear. Give strength and glory in your songs,
 Feared more than gods that nations Come, throng His courts, and offer-
 ings bring.

3 The heathen gods are idols vain; 5 O fear and bow, adorned with grace,
 He made the heavens, and He sup-ports. And tell each land that God is King.
 Both light and honor lead His train, He fixed the earth's unchanging base;
 While strength and beauty fill His Just judgment to the world He'll
 courts. bring.

Missions

265 ZION 8s, 7s, 4

THOMAS HASTINGS

1. { On the mountain-top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing— Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands; Mourning cap-tive!

God Himself will loose thy bands; Mourning captive! God Himself will loose thy bands. A - MEN.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will quickly send.

THOMAS KELLY

267

- 1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world below!
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

266

- 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day!
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious
light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flow-
ing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life and health and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.
- 3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Lo, the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

Anon

Missions

268 O GOD, SHOW MERCY Psalm 67 7s, 6s, D.

H. P. DANKS

1. O God, to us show mer - cy, And bless us in Thy grace;
 2. O God, let peo - ple praise Thee, Let all the peo - ple praise;
 3. O God, let peo - ple praise Thee, Thy prais - es let them sing,

Cause Thou to shine up - on us The brightness of Thy face.
 O let the na - tions joy - ful Their songs of glad - ness raise.
 And then in rich a - bun - dance The earth her fruit shall bring.

That so throughout all na - tions Thy way may be well known,
 For Thou shalt judge the peo - ple In truth and right - eous - ness.
 The Lord our God shall bless us, God shall His bless - ing send,

And un - to ev - 'ry peo - ple Thy sav - ing health be shown.
 And on the earth all na - tions Shall Thy just rule con - fess.
 And peo - ple all shall fear Him To earth's re - mot - est end. A - MEN.

269 PSALM 68 7s, 6s, D.

1 Bless be the Lord Jehovah,
 Of our salvation God,
 Who us with blessings daily
 Abundantly doth load.
 He is the Lord, the Saviour,
 Who is our God Most High:
 And with the Lord Jehovah
 From death the issues lie.

2 Strength unto God attribute,
 His glorious majesty
 O'er Israel is, His power
 Is in the heavens high.
 Through all the earth, ye kingdoms,
 Sing unto God the King;
 Sing praises to Jehovah,
 His praise, O do ye sing.

Affliction

270 LUX BENIGNA 1Os, 4s, 1Os.

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me. A-MEN.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er erag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN H. NEWMAN

271 TALMAR 8s, 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1. Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, follow me!

Affliction

272 JEWETT 6s. D.

CARL M. VON WEBER, arr. H.



1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love
I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me
as Thine own, And help me still to say. My Lord, Thy will be done! AMEN.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

JANE BORTHWICK, tr.

Tune—TALMAR 8s, 7s.

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love me more than these!
4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

CECIL F. ALEXANDER

273 Tune—TALMAR 8s, 7s.

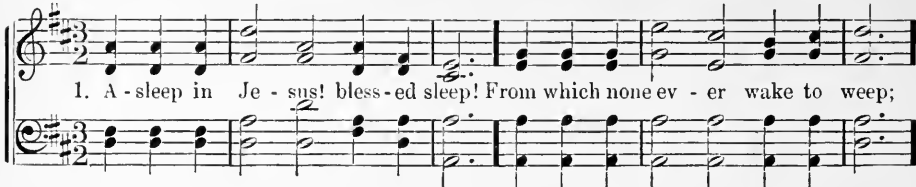
1 Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the Hand that rules the skies.
2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run,
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.
3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.

THOMAS HASTINGS

Them That Sleep

274 ASLEEP IN JESUS L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

MARGARET MACKAY

275 WAKEFIELD

WILLIAM W. GILCHRIST



2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

4 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth
Where living pastures grow.

3 No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word:
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of Thy Lord."

5 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.

H. A. CASAR MALAN, tr. ROBINSON P. DUNN

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Them That Sleep

276

HORATIUS BONAR

REST S. M.

THORO HARRIS

Copyright, 1904, by James McGrath

1. Rest for the toil-ing hand, Rest for the anx-ious brow, Rest for the wea-ry.
 2. Rest for the fe-vered brain, Rest for the throb-bing eye; Thro' these parched lips of
 3. Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel-come sound, That shakes thy si-lent
 4. Ye dwell-ers in the dust, A-wake! come forth and sing; Sharp has your frost of
 5. 'Twas sown in weakness here, 'Twill then be raised in pow'r; That which was sown an

way-worn feet, Rest from all la-bor now.
 thine no more Shall pass the moan or sigh.
 chamber walls, And breaks the turf-sealed ground.
 win-ter been, But bright shall be your spring.
 earth-ly seed, Shall rise a heav'n-ly flow'r. A - - MEN, A - - MEN.

277 GREENWOOD S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER

1. It is not death to die— To leave this wea-ry road.

And, 'mid the broth-er-hood on high, To be at home with God. A MEN.

2 It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake, in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,

And rise, on strong exulting wing,
 To live among the just.

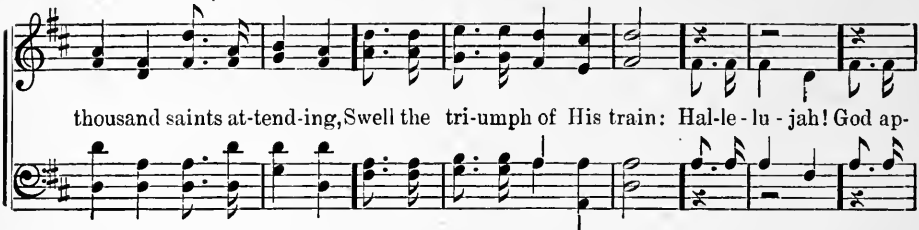
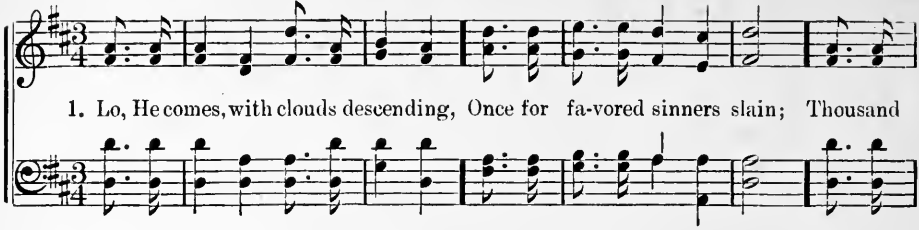
4 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
 Thy chosen cannot die;
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with Thee on high.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, tr.

Christ's Second Coming

278 ZION 8s, 7s. 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS



2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see:
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
Oh, come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come.

CHARLES WESLEY, alt.

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land.

279

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright returning way.

4 With my lamp well-trimmed and burn-
ing,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

Christ's Second Coming

280 MENDEBRAS 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. { Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your light ap - pear; }
 { The shades of eve are thick - ning, And dark - er night is near: }

The Bride - groom is ad - vanc - ing; Each hour He draws more nigh;

Up! watch and pray, nor slum - ber; At mid - night comes the cry. A - MEN.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
 Your vessels filled with oil;
 Wait calmly your deliverance
 From earthly pain and toil;
 The watchers on the mountains
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go, meet Him, as He cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear!
 Arise, Thou sun so looked-for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of our redemption,
 And ever be with Thee.

JANE BORTHWICK, tr.

Now from the golden portals
 The sounds of triumph ring;
 The triumph of the Victor,
 The marriage of the King.

2 Nor sigh nor sorrow enters
 Where Jesus leads them in;
 Nor death may cross the threshold,
 Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin:
 Now shades of night and darkness
 Are past and fled away,
 Before the radiant brightness
 Of everlasting day.

3 No tear-drops stain that threshold,
 No weeping eyes are there;
 For God hath wiped all tear-drops,
 And God hath stilled all care:
 The sunlight of the Presence,
 The bright Shechinah-flame,
 Lights up the bridal banquet
 Of God and of the Lamb.

GERARD MOULTRIE

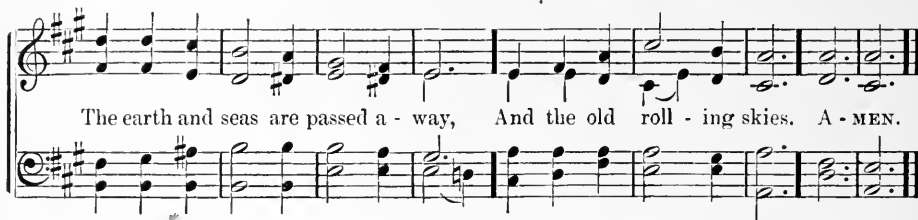
281

1 The marriage feast is ready,
 The marriage of the Lamb,
 He calls the faithful children
 Of faithful Abraham;

Christ's Second Coming

282 ST. AGNES C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 From the third heaven where God re-
That holy, happy place,— [sides—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.</p> <p>3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
“Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King:—</p> <p>4 “The God of glory, down to men,
Removes His blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He their loving God:—</p> <p>5 “His own soft hand shall wipe the
From every weeping eye; [tears
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself shall die!” [fears,</p> <p>6 How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.</p> | <p>3 Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears away.</p> <p>4 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us—and Thee!</p> <p>5 But, dearest Lord, however bright,
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?</p> |
|---|---|

EDWARD DENNY

283

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.</p> <p>2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.</p> | <p>3 But see! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.</p> <p>4 Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own,
His crown, His joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself is thine!</p> |
|--|---|

EDWARD DENNY

284

- | |
|--|
| <p>1 Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory, thou.</p> <p>2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for One that's far away,—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.</p> |
|--|

Christ's Second Coming

285 GREENWOOD S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER

1. Come, Lord, and tar - ry not, Bring the long - looked - for day;

Oh, why these years of wait - ing here, These a - ges of de - lay? A - MEN.

2 Come! for the good are few,
They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

3 Come! for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief;
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

4 Come! for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

5 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth!

6 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace,
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

HORATIUS BONAR

286

1 The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side:

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.

5 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

HORATIUS BONAR

287

1 Ye servants of the Lord!
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch,—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

Heaven

288 VARINA C. M. D.

GEORGE F. ROOT

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; } There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, { In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. }
And nev-er-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours. A - MEN.

- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood 3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Stand dressed in living green; Those gloomy doubts that rise,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, And see the Canaan that we love
While Jordan rolled between. With unclouded eyes:—
But timorous mortals start and shrink Could we but climb where Moses stood,
To cross this narrow sea; And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
And linger shivering on the brink, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
And fear to launch away. Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS

289 SHINING SHORE 8s, 7s. P.

GEORGE F. ROOT

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly, D. S.—just be-fore, the shin-ing shore.
Fine CHORUS *D. S.*
Those hours of toil and danger. For, O we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And
We may almost dis-cov-er. A-MEN.

By per. O. Dison Co., owners of copyright

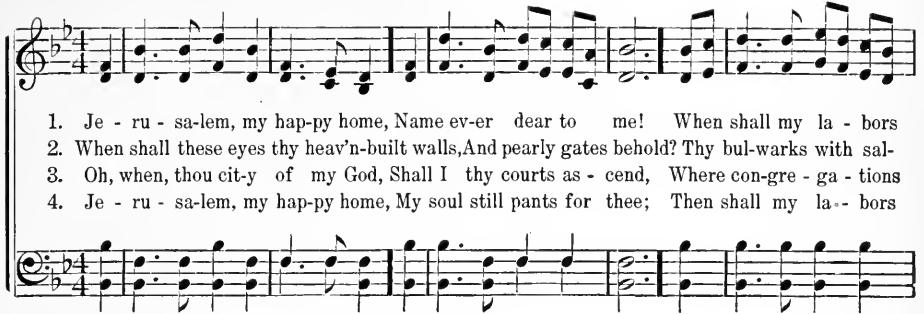
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, That perfect rest naught can molest,
Our heavenly home discerning; Where golden harps are ringing.
Our absent Lord has left us word, 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
"Let every lamp be burning." Each cord on earth to sever;
3 Should coming days be cold and dark, Our King says, "Come!" and there's
We need not cease our singing; Forever, O forever. [our home

DAVID NELSON

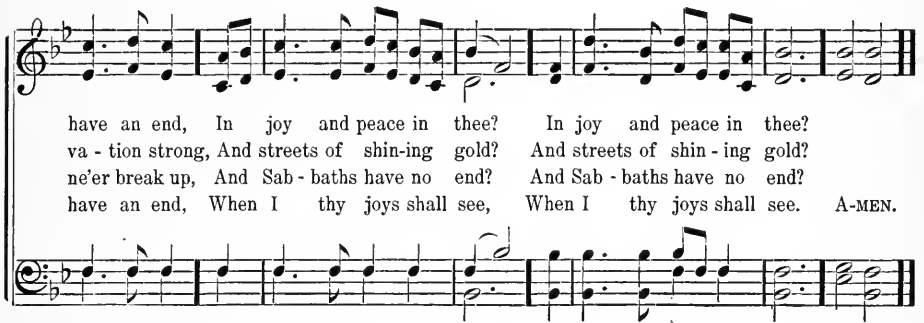
heaven

290 RHINE C. M.

GERMAN



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors
 2. When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls, And pearly gates behold? Thy bul-warks with sal-
 3. Oh, when, thou cit-y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con-gre - ga - tions
 4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my la - bors



have an end, In joy and peace in thee? In joy and peace in thee?
 va - tion strong, And streets of shin-ing gold? And streets of shin-ing gold?
 ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end? And Sab - baths have no end?
 have an end, When I thy joys shall see, When I thy joys shall see. A-MEN.

291

- 1 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints,
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrow can be found,
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

- 3 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
 But every soul shines as the sun,
 For God Himself gives light.

- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
 Thy gates are all of orient pearl:
 O God, if I were there!

292

- 1 When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

ISAAC WATTS

Heaven

293 GEER C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas - tures ev - er green,
Where sul - try sun, or storm - y day, Or night is nev - er seen. A - MEN.

294

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Far up the everlasting hills
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies. | 1 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore! |
| 3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss. | 2 Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night! |
| 4 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife—
To spend eternity with Thee—
My Saviour, this is life! | 3 Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fail not of Thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown! |

JOHN EAST

CECIL F. ALEXANDER

295 STEPHANOS P. M.

HENRY W. BAKER

1. Art thou weary? art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed? "Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest!" AMEN.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?—
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side." [prints, | 4 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed." |
| 3 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear." | 5 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away." |

JOHN M. NEALE, tr.

Heaven

296 JOYFULLY 10s.

ABRAHAM D. MERRILL

1. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly on-ward I move, Bound to the land of bright
An-gel-ic chor-is-ters sing as I come, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly

spir-its a-bove; } Soon, with my pilgrimage end-ed be-low, } Pil-grim and
haste to thy home: } Home to that land of de-light will I go; }

stranger no more shall I roam, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly rest-ing at home. A-MEN.

297

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed
on before, [shore;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the
Singing to cheer me through death's
chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high
dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapon of war, lay me
low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the
blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be
gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

WILLIAM HUNTER

1 Happy the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding
away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory, victory! homeward I rise.
Many the toils it has passed through be-
low,
Many the seasons of trial and woe;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory, victory! thus on the wing.

2 How can we wish them recalled from
their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles
beneath,
Victory, victory! shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from
the skies
Bids them in glorified body arise:
Singing, as upward they spring from the
tomb,
Victory, victory! Jesus hath come.

WILLIAM HUNTER

Heaven

298 PARADISE P. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?

REFRAIN

Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light.
Where loy - - al

All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. AMEN.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—Ref.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;

I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.—Ref.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.—Ref.

FREDERICK W. FABER

heaven

299 EWING 7s, 6s. D.

ALEXANDER EWING

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion, Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.

I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen. A - MEN.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

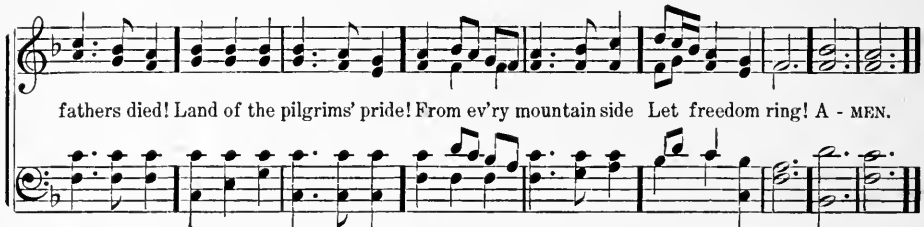
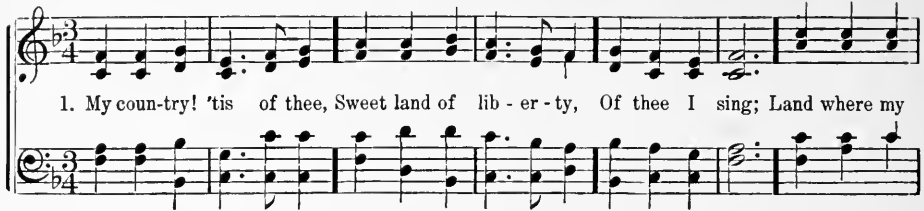
4 Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

JOHN M. NEALE, tr.

National

300 AMERICA 6s, 4s.

Ad. by HENRY CAREY



2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

2 Dear Native Land, rejoice!
Raise thou thy mighty voice
To God on high;
From all thy hills and bays,
From all thy homes and ways,
Let symphonies and praise
Ascend the sky.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

3 And Thou, Almighty One,
At whose eternal throne
We bow the knee;
In all the coming time,
Bless Thou this favored clime,
And may our deeds sublime
Be hymns to Thee!

EDWIN T. WINKLER

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

SAMUEL F. SMITH

302

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

CHARLES T. BROOKS, tr.

301

1 Our land, with mercies crowned,
This wide, enchanted ground,
O God, is Thine:
Our fathers knew Thy name;
The trophies of their fame—
Our heritage—proclaim,
A Power divine.

Gospel Songs

303

Sing Hallelujah

J. SWERTNER

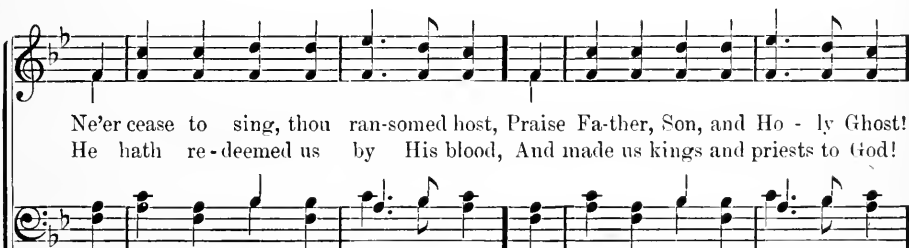
P. W. Arr. by J. M. G.



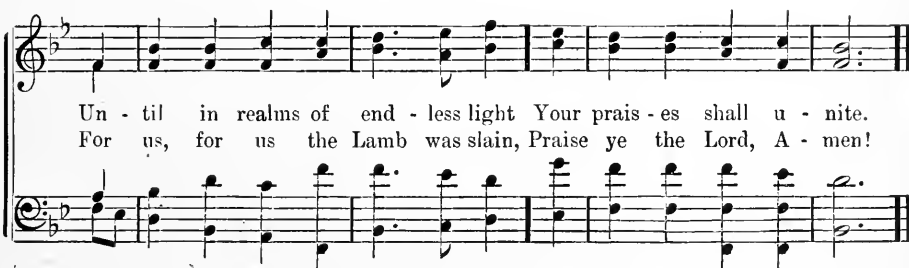
1. Sing hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer - ful voice;
2. There we to all e - ter - ni - ty Shall join th'an - gel - ic lays,



Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in His name re - joice;
And sing in per - fect har - mo - ny, To God our Sav - iour's praise;



Ne'er cease to sing, thou ran - sored host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!
He hath re - deemed us by His blood, And made us kings and priests to God!

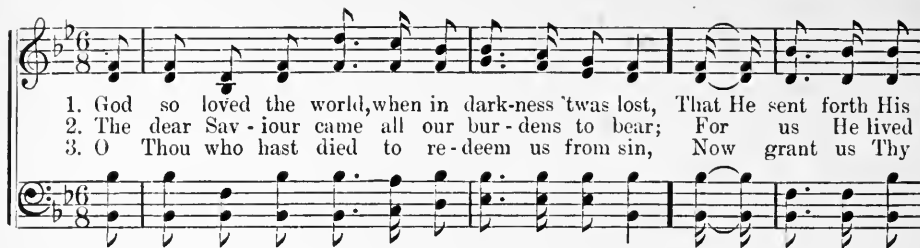


Un - til in realms of end - less light Your prais - es shall u - nite.
For us, for us the Lamb was slain, Praise ye the Lord, A - men!

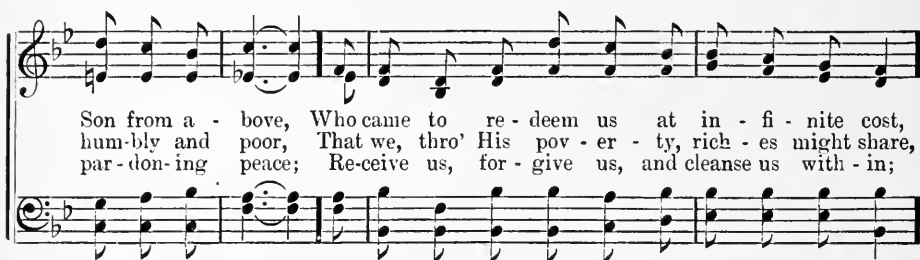
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EFFIE S. BLACK

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN



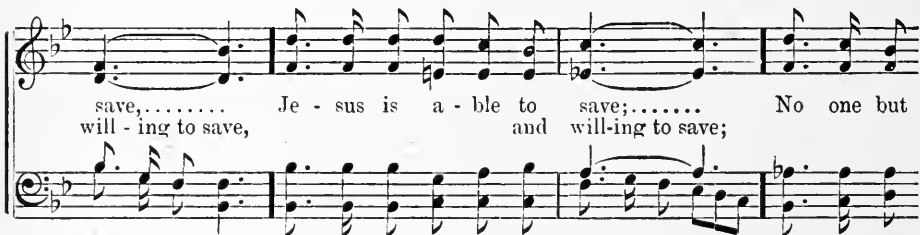
1. God so loved the world, when in dark-ness 'twas lost, That He sent forth His
 2. The dear Sav - iour came all our bur - dens to bear; For us He lived
 3. O Thou who hast died to re - deem us from sin, Now grant us Thy



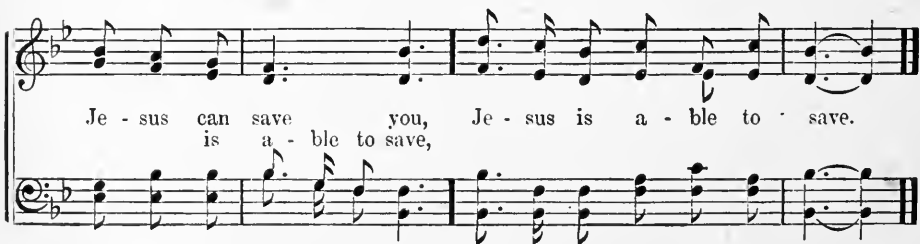
Son from a - bove, Who came to re - deem us at in - fi - nite cost,
 hum-bly and poor, That we, thro' His pov - er - ty, rich - es might share,
 par-don-ing peace; Re-ceive us, for - give us, and cleanse us with - in;



And light - ed the world with His love. } Je - sus is a - ble to
 And joys that for - ev - er en - dure. } and
 Bid sin and its sor - row to cease. }



save,..... Je - sus is a - ble to save;..... No one but
 will - ing to save, and will - ing to save;

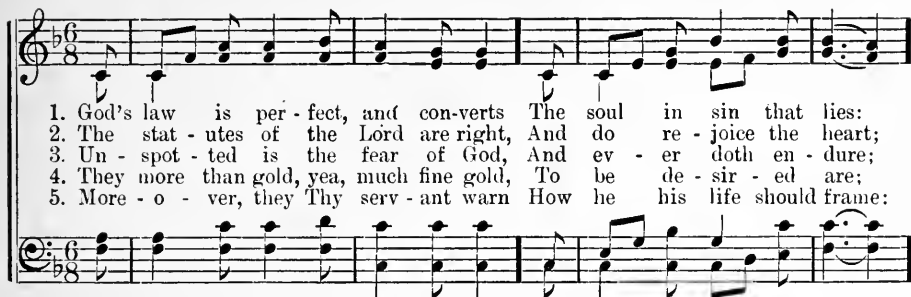


Je - sus can save you, Je - sus is a - ble to - save.
 is a - ble to save,

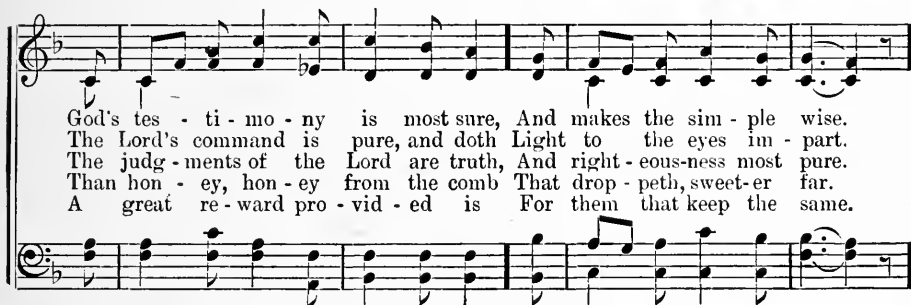
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Psalm 19

JAMES McGRANAHAN



1. God's law is per - fect, and con-verts The soul in sin that lies:
 2. The stat - utes of the Lord are right, And do re - joice the heart;
 3. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
 4. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are;
 5. More - o - ver, they Thy serv - ant warn How he his life should frame:




God's tes - ti - mo - ny is most sure, And makes the sim - ple wise.
 The Lord's command is pure, and doth Light to the eyes im - part.
 The judg - ments of the Lord are truth, And right - eous-ness most pure.
 Than hon - ey, hon - ey from the comb That drop - peth, sweet - er far.
 A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.


CHORUS (Psa. 119: 97, Prose Version)



O how love I Thy law! O how love I Thy law! It is my med - i -



ta - tion all the day. O how love I Thy law! O how



- love. I Thy law! It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day (all the day).

Swell the Anthem

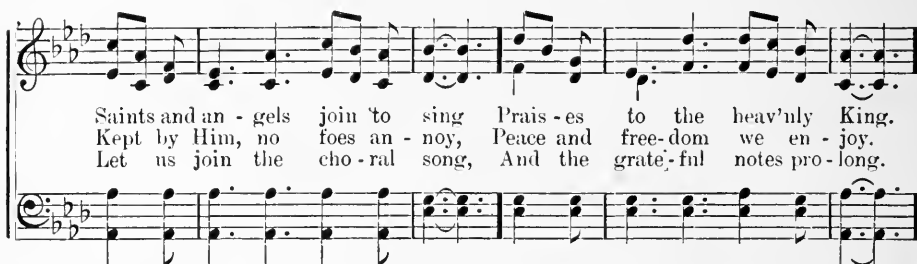
NATHAN STRONG

(NATIONAL)

C. C. CASE

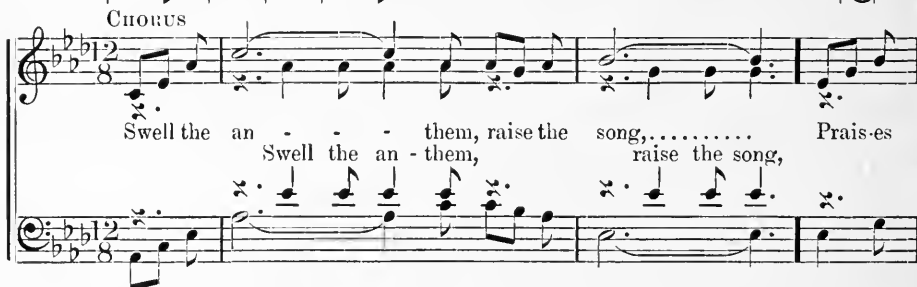


1. Swell the an - them, raise the song, Prais - es to our God be - long;
 2. Blessings from His lib - ral hand Flow a - round this hap - py land;
 3. Hark! the voice of na - ture sings Prais - es to the King of kings;



Saints and an - gels join to sing Prais - es to the heav'nly King.
 Kept by Him, no foes an - noy, Peace and free - dom we en - joy.
 Let us join the cho - ral song, And the grate - ful notes pro - long.

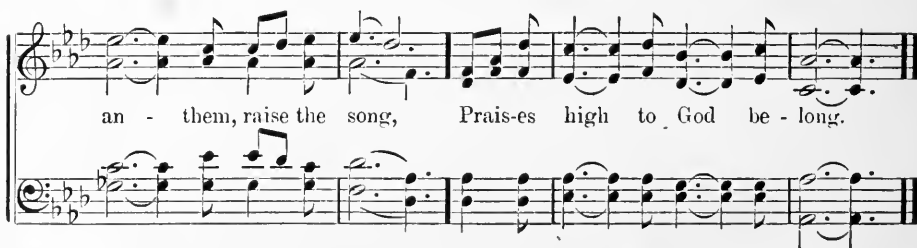
CHORUS



Swell the an - them, raise the song,..... Prais - es
 Swell the an - them, raise the song,



high..... to God be - long;..... Swell the
 Prais - es high to God be - long;




an - them, raise the song, Prais - es high to God be - long.


JAMES M. GRAY

Job 28

JAMES McGRANAHAN

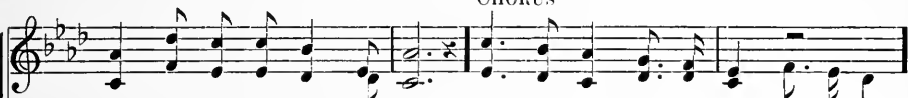


1. There is wis-dom that gold can - not buy, Nor may sil-ver be weighed for its
 2. Thro' the land of the liv-ing we search, And we sound in the depths of the
 3. And we ask of the birds of the air, Of the wind, and the light-ning on
 4. In the fear of the Lord it is found, In de-part-ing from e-vil and




price; Nor will o-nyx and ru-by, or crys-tal and pearl, Pre-cious
 sea; But the breadth and the depth ne'er re-spond to our quest Where the
 high; But the ru-mor and fame and the men-tion there-of On-ly
 sin; In re-ceive-ing the Sav-iour, the Wis-dom of God, Doth the

CHORUS



jew-els or cor-al suf-fice. Where shall wis-dom be found?
 se-cret of wis-dom may be.
 flash from the clouds of the sky.
 way in-to wis-dom be-gin.

Who can tell?



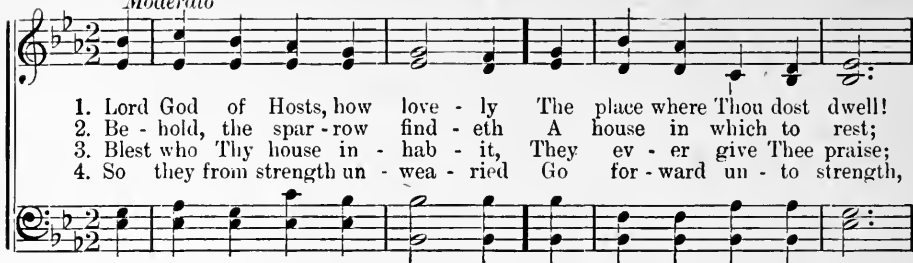
And the place of un-der-stand-ing, who can know? Be-hold! the fear of the



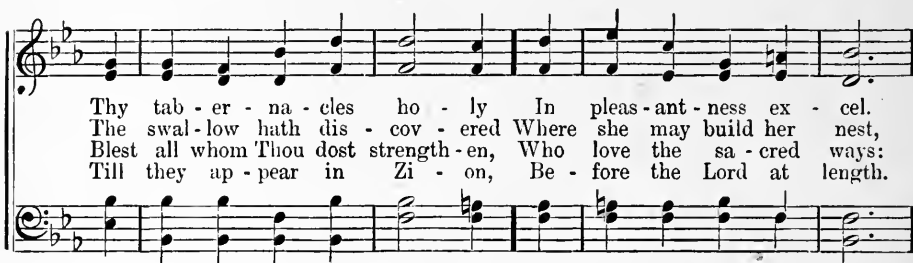
Lord, *that* is wis-dom, And to de-part from e-vil is un-der-stand-ing.

Psalm 84

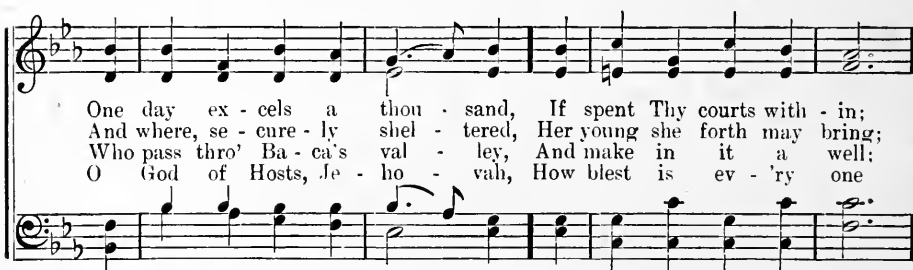
JAMES McGRANAHAN

Moderato


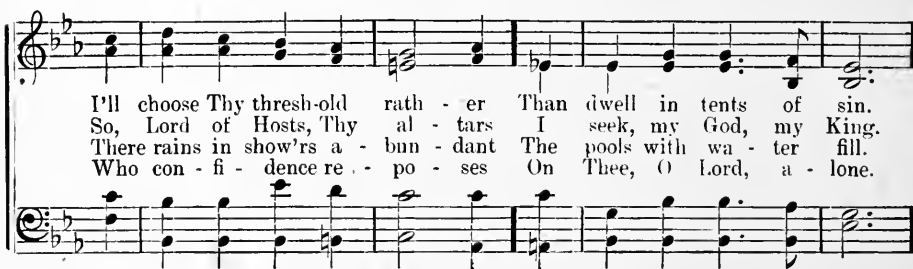
1. Lord God of Hosts, how love - ly The place where Thou dost dwell!
 2. Be - hold, the spar - row find - eth A house in which to rest;
 3. Blest who Thy house in - hab - it, They ev - er give Thee praise;
 4. So they from strength un - wea - ried Go for - ward un - to strength,



Thy tab - er - na - cles ho - ly In pleas - ant - ness ex - cel.
 The swal - low hath dis - cov - ered Where she may build her nest,
 Blest all whom Thou dost strength - en, Who love the sa - cred ways:
 Till they ap - pear in Zi - on, Be - fore the Lord at length.

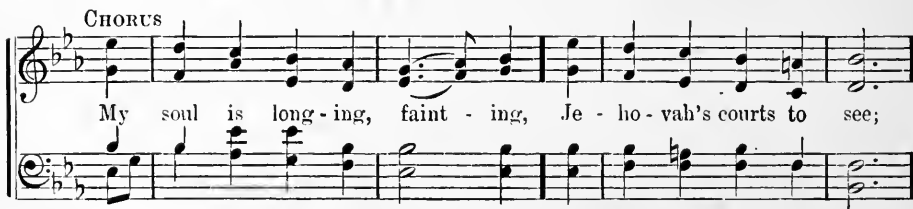


One day ex - cels a thou - sand, If spent Thy courts with - in;
 And where, se - cure - ly shel - tered, Her young she forth may bring;
 Who pass thro' Ba - ca's val - ley, And make in it a well;
 O God of Hosts, Je - ho - vah, How blest is ev - 'ry one



I'll choose Thy thresh - old rath - er Than dwell in tents of sin.
 So, Lord of Hosts, Thy al - tars I seek, my God, my King.
 There rains in show'rs a - bun - dant The pools with wa - ter fill.
 Who con - fi - dence re - po - ses On Thee, O Lord, a - lone.

CHORUS



My soul is long - ing, faint - ing, Je - ho - vah's courts to see;

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O Living God, for Thee—Concluded

Cres. *ff* *Dim.*

My heart and flesh are cry - ing, O liv - ing God, for Thee.

309

I Will Joy

Psalm 9

L. S. LEASON

1. Lord, Thee I'll praise with all my heart, And all Thy won-drous works pro-claim;
2. The na-tions, Lord, Thou hast re-buked, The wick-ed Thou hast o-ver-thrown;
3. The Lord for-ev-er shall en-dure, He hath for judg-ment set His throne,
4. Sing prais-es to the Lord Most High, To Him that doth in Zi-on dwell;

In Thee, O Thou Most High, I'll joy, And sing the praise of Thy great name.
 Their ver-y names are blot-ted out, That they may nev-er more be known.
 In right-eous-ness to judge the world, And jus-tice give to ev-'ry one.
 De-clare His might-y deeds a-broad, His deeds a-mong all peo-ple tell.

REFRAIN

I will joy, I will joy, I will joy, And sing the praise of Thy great name,

I will joy, I will joy, I will joy, And sing the praise of Thy great name.

Victory Through Grace

SALLIE MARTIN

JNO. R. SWENEY

29
8

1. Conquering now and still to con - quer, Rid - eth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to con - quer, Who is this won - der - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to con - quer, Je - sus, Thou Ru! - er of all,

Lead - ing the host of all the faith - ful In - to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar - mies which He lead - eth, While of His glo - ry they sing;
Thrones and their scap - tres all shall per - ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall;

See them with cour - age ad - vanc - ing, Clad in their bril - liant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re - deem - er, Sav - iour and Mon - arch di - vine;
Yet shall the ar - mies Thou lead - est, Faith - ful and true to the last,

8
Fine

Shout - ing the name of their Lead - er, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say:
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His king - dom will shine.
Find, in Thy man - sions e - ter - nal, Rest, when their war - fare is past.

D. S.—Yet to the true and the faith - ful, Vic - t'ry is prom - ised thro' grace.

CHORUS

Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race;

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The Hour of Prayer

GEORGE W. CROFTS

LOUIS D. EICHORN

SOLO or DUET. Sop. and Alto or Tenor.

1. No hour so dear in all the day, As that in which we meet to pray;
 2. 'Tis then we feel the Sav-iour near, With love di-vine our souls to cheer;
 3. 'Tis then our bur-dens light-er grow, While we the joy of heav-en know;
 4. 'Tis then we know there is no death, For prayer is our im-mor-tal breath;
 5. 'Tis then the glo-ry shines a-round, And makes our Beth-el ho-ly ground;

When with our hearts in sweet ac-cord, In faith we bow be-fore the Lord.
 We hear Him say that all is well, As we to Him our sor-rows tell.
 And while a-bove the clouds we rise, We taste the fruit of Par-a-dise.
 And, com-ing bold-ly to the throne, The Saviour claims us as His own.
 And an-gels fly to meet us where We lift our souls to God in prayer.

CHORUS

O peace-ful hour! O hallowed hour! In which we feel up-lift-ing pow'r;

No hour so dear in all the day, As that in which we meet to pray.
 No hour so dear in all the day, As that in which we meet, in which we meet to pray.

H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you bur-dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not

flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-iour? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
tell-ing from Him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal-va-tion To
free from all sin; We will bar-ri-ers be and a hin-drance To

CHORUS

read-y His serv-ice to do?.....
Sav-iour who died on the cross?.....
those who are dy-ing in sin?.....
those we are try-ing to win?..... } Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,

my serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

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Psalm 4

Arr. by HENRY BURTON

1. God of my righteousness, re - ply In mer - cy to my ear - nest cry;
 2. How long, ye sons of men, de - fame, And turn my glo - ry in - to shame?
 3. Yet know that ev - er for His own The Lord doth choose the god - ly one;
 4. Then stand in awe, from sin de - part; And hold com - mun - ion with your heart

In past distress Thou didst re - lieve, Be gra - cious now, my pray'r re - ceive.
 In van - i - ties which ye de - vise, How long de - light, and fol - low lies?
 And when to Him my pray'rs as - cend, The Lord will gra - cious - ly at - tend.
 When on your bed re - lined at rest, And still the ris - ings of your breast.

CHORUS

O who will show us an - y good? Ex - claims the rest - less mul - ti - tude;
 But lift on us, O God of grace, The cheer - ing bright - ness of Thy face.

5 In sacrifice of righteousness
 Your homage to the Lord express;
 And ever let your heart rely
 With confidence on God Most High.

6 More joy from Thee has filled my heart
 Than all their corn and wine impart.
 I lay me down to peaceful sleep,
 For Thou wilt me in safety keep.

314

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
 And has prepared a place for me;
 And crowns of victory He gives
 To those who would His children be.

Chorus—Then ask me not to linger long
 Amid the gay and thoughtless throng,
 For I am only waiting here [home].
 To hear the summons: "Child, come

2 I'm trusting Jesus Christ for all,
 I know His blood now speaks for me;

I'm listening for the welcome call,
 To say: "The Master waiteth thee!"

3 I'm now enraptured with the thought,
 I stand and wonder at His love—
 That He from heaven to earth was
 To die that I may live above. [brought,

4 I know that Jesus soon will come,
 I know the time will not be long,
 Till I shall reach my heavenly home,
 And join the everlasting song.

Revive Thy Work

ALBERT MIDLANE

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death;
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul - thirst for Thee;
 4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
 Quick - en the smould'ring em - bers now By Thine Al - might - y breath.
 And hun - g'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

CHORUS

Re - vive!..... re - vive!..... And give re - fresh - ing show'rs;
 Re - vive Thy work! re - vive Thy work! And give, O give ' refreshing show'rs;

The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The bless - ing shall - be ours.

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EFFIE S. BLACK

JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ

1. Great God, we come be - fore Thee, Thy pow'r and praise to sing; We mag - ni -
 2. We praise Thee for Thy pow - er To res - cue from the fall; And for that
 3. Lord, haste the day, when whol - ly Our wills are merged in Thine; Each one a
 4. May we be sub - jects loy - al, And con - quer as we go, Led by the

fy, a - dore Thee, Thou great, E - ter - nal King; Thy maj - es - ty all -
 sa - cred hour... Thy great heart bled for all; For mer - cies Thou art
 tem - ple ho - ly, Each heart a sa - cred shrine, Where ta - pers bright - ly
 Christ, Prince Roy - al, To vanquish ev - 'ry foe; To march in faith re -

glo - rious, Is spread from star to star; Thy ban - ner waves vic - to - rious,
 send - ing, Dis - tilled like heav'n - ly dew; And for Thy love un - end - ing,
 beam - ing, Are light - ed from a - bove, And on - ly Thou art wor - shipped,
 dun - dant, Re - claim - ing all Thine own, Un - til we stand tri - um - phant,

CHORUS

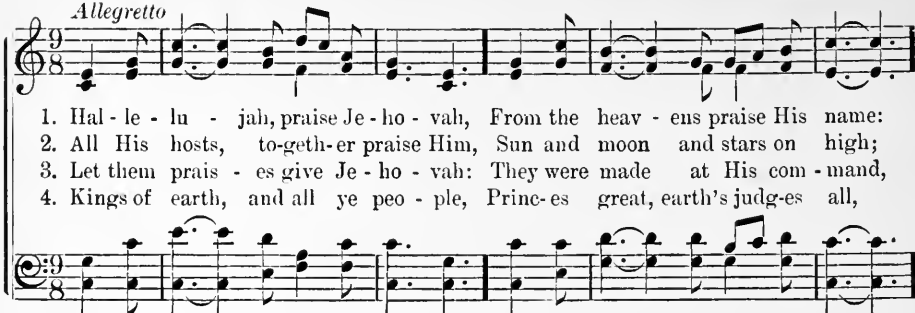
Where'er Thy peo - ple are.
 For saint and sin - ner too. } Thy reign, Lord, is e - ter - nal, Thy kingdom shall in -
 Thou great E - ter - nal Love.
 A - round Thy glorious throne.

crease: A - rise, O Lord, and now in - stall Thy reign of last - ing peace.

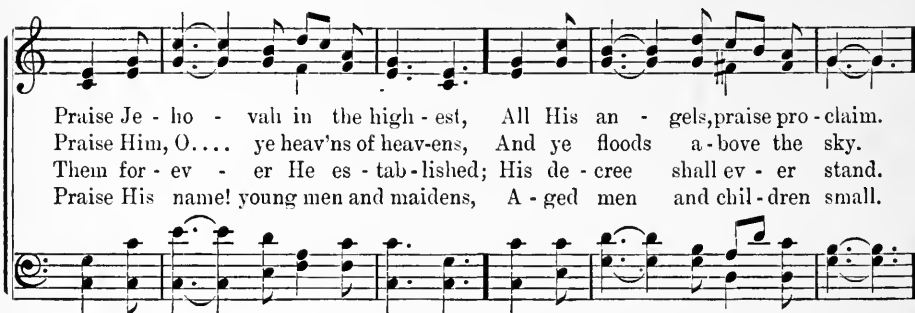
Hallelujah! Praise Jehovah

Psalm 148

H. H. McGRANAHAN

Allegretto


1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, From the heav - ens praise His name:
 2. All His hosts, to-gether praise Him, Sun and moon and stars on high;
 3. Let them praise - es give Je - ho - vah: They were made at His com - mand,
 4. Kings of earth, and all ye peo - ple, Princ - es great, earth's judg - es all,

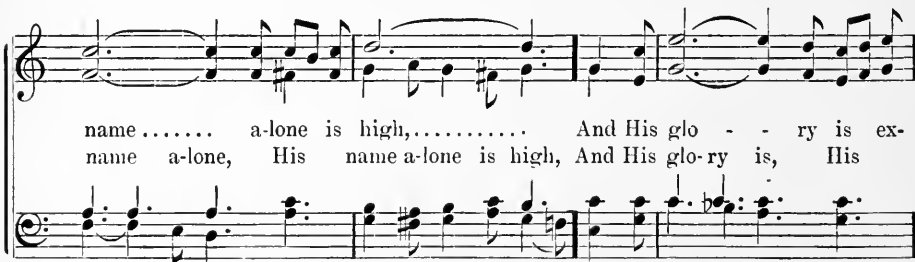


Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All His an - gels, praise pro - claim.
 Praise Him, O.... ye heav'ns of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
 Them for - ev - er He es - tab - lished; His de - cree shall ev - er stand.
 Praise His name! young men and maidens, A - ged men and chil - dren small.

CHORUS



Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise Je - ho - vah, For His
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise Je - ho - vah, For His



name..... a - lone is high,..... And His glo - - ry is ex -
 name a - lone, His name a - lone is high, And His glo - ry is, His

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Hallelujah! Praise Jehovah—Concluded

alt - ed Far a - bove the earth and sky.
glo - ry is ex - alt - ed

318

Saved to Serve

EL NATHAN

JAMES MCGRAHANAN

1. Go - ing forth at Christ's com - mand, Go - ing forth to ev - 'ry land;
2. Serv - ing God through all our days, Toil - ing not for purse or praise;
3. Seek - ing on - ly souls to win, From the dead - ly pow'r of sin;

Full sal - va - tion mak - ing known, Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.
But to mag - ni - fy His name, While the gos - pel we pro - claim.
We would guide their steps a - right, Out of dark - ness in - to light.

CHORUS

"Saved to serve!" the watch-word ring, Saved to serve our glo - rious King;

Tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Saved to serve for ev - er - more.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON

D. B. TOWNER

1. O gold - en day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glo-ries shall un -
 2. Life's up-ward way, a nar - row path, Leads on to that fair dwell-ing -
 3. I dim - ly see my journ-ey's end, But well I know who guid-eth

fold,..... When He who knows the path I take, Shall
 place,..... Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They
 me,..... I fol - low Him, that won - drous Friend Whose

pp

ope for me the gates of gold..... Earth's lit - tle while will
 live who trust re - deem - ing grace..... Sing, sing, my heart, a -
 matchless love is full and free;..... And when with Him I

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Rall.


soon be past, My pil - grim song will soon be o'er, The
 long the way, The grace that saves will keep and guide, Till
 en - ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The

A tempo

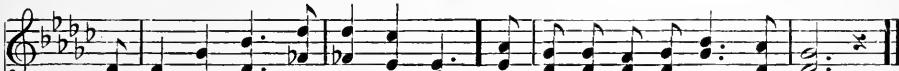
grace that saves shall time out-last, And be my theme on yon - der shore.
 breaks the glo - rious crowning day, And I shall cross to yon - der side.
 conqueror's palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ and His re-deem-ing grace.

Saving Grace—Concluded

CHORUS



Then I shall know, as I am known, And stand complete be - fore the throne;




Then I shall see my Saviour's face, And all my song be sav - ing grace.

320

Let People Praise Thee, Lord

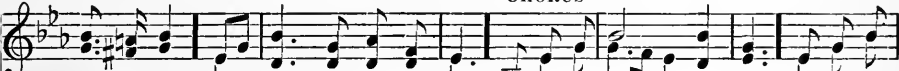
Psalms 67

JAMES McGRANAHAN




1. Lord, bless and pit - y us, Shine on us with Thy face, That earth Thy way, and
 2. Thou'lt just-ly peo - ple judge; On earth rule na-tions all; Let people praise Thee,
 3. The earth her fruit shall yield; Our God shall blessing send; God will us bless; men

CHORUS



na-tions all May know Thy sav-ing grace.
 Lord, let them Praise Thee, both great and small. } Let people praise Thee, Lord, Let people
 shall Him fear To earth's re - mot-est end. }



all Thee praise; O let the na-tions all be glad, In songs their voices raise.

321

Sing of Jesus

THOMAS KELLY

J. J. LOWE

Vigorous

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er Of that love that chan-ges nev - er;
 2. With His blood the Lord He bought them, When they knew Him not He sought them,
 3. Thro' the des - ert Je - sus leads them, With the bread of heav'n He feeds them,
 4. There they see the Lord who bought them, Him who came from heav'n and sought them,

Who or what from Him can sev - er Those He loves and makes His own?
 And from all their wan-d'rings bro't them; His the thanks and praise a - lone.
 And thro' all the way He speeds them, To their bright e - ter - nal home.
 Him who by His Spir - it taught them, Him they serve be - fore His throne.

CHORUS

Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er Of His love that chan-ges nev - er;

Rit.

Noth - ing from His love can sev - er; Sing, O sing!

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322

Have Faith in God

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Have faith in God; what can there be For Him too hard to do for thee?
 2. Have faith thy par - don to be - lieve, Let God's own word thy fears re - lieve;
 3. Have faith in God, and trust His might That He will con - quer as you fight,
 4. Have faith in God; press near His side; Thy trou-bled soul trust Him to guide;

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Have Faith in God—Concluded

He gave His Son; now all is free; Have faith, have faith in God.
 Have faith the Spir - it to re - ceive; Have faith, have faith in God.
 And give the tri - umph to the right; Have faith, have faith in God.
 In life, in death, what - e'er be - tide, Have faith, have faith in God.

323

Fill Me Now

E. H. STOKES

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
 2. Thou canst fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
 3. I am weak - ness, full of weak - ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and com - fort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.
 But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee, Come, O come, and fill me now.
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

CHORUS

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.

Good-Will and Peace

HORATIUS BONAR. Arr. by EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN

Allegretto

1. A-round one com-mon Sav-iour We gath-er hand in hand; Beneath one cross we
 2. One pi-lot thro' the break-ers, One port to all is giv'n; One love our hope and
 3. One ev-er-last-ing Gos-pel Shines out be-fore our eyes; One tem-ple and one

shel-ter, Up-on one rock we stand; One ho-ly faith is knit-ting The
 ref-uge, The boundless love of heav'n; 'Tis love to man, the sin-ner, Free
 al-tar, One per-fect Sac-ri-fice. O sons of men, sore bur-den-ed With

kin-dred West and East; One Christ the bless-ed cen-ter, One ta-ble for our feast.
 love to earth un-done; The love that knows no quenching, The love of God's dear Son.
 sin's op-pres-sive load, Give ear to God's own mes-sage, Be-hold the Lamb of God!

Copyright, 1889, by James McGranahan

CHORUS *Cres.*
 Then let the song be swell-ing In strains all soft and low, The hymn of ho-lier

f a- ges, The psalm of long a-go; *m* Good-will, good-will, Good-
 Good-will, good-will,

Good-Will and Peace—Concluded

Cres. *Rit.*

will and peace to men, Good-will, good-will, And peace from God. A-men.
 Good-will and peace, good-will and peace,

325

Lead and Guide Me

Psalm 43

L. A. TATE

1. Righteous Judge, from foes de-fend me, Who com-bined false charg-es lay;
2. God my Rock, my strength sus-tain-ing, Why cast off my soul dis-tressed?
3. There Thine al-tar, Lord, sur-round-ing, God, my God, my boundless joy,
4. Why my soul cast down and griev-ing? Why with-in me such dis-tress?

From Thy arm de-liv-'rance send me, And my treach-'rous foes dis-may.
 Why am I in grief com-plain-ing, By the pow'r of foes op-pressed?
 Harp and voice a-loud re-sound-ing, Praise shall all my pow'rs em-ploy.
 Hope in God, His help re-ceil-ing, God, my life I yet shall bless.

CHORUS

Now Thy life and truth forth send-ing, Let them lead and guide me still;

Guide me to Thy house as-cend-ing, Lead me to Thy ho-ly hill.

Christ Arose

R. L.

Slow

ROBERT LOWRY

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they
 3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the

CHORUS *Faster*

com - ing day— Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
 seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord! He a - rose,
 bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord!

might - y tri - umph o'er His foes; He a - rose; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the

dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -

rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

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Let Us Crown Him

E. PERRONET

JAMES McGRANAHAN

Allegro moderato

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;.....
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball;.....
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;.....

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

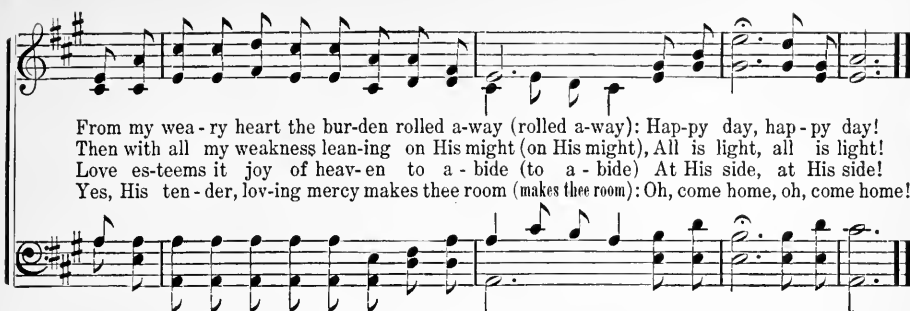
CHORUS

Let us crown Him, Let us crown Him, Let us
 Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us

crown the Great Re - deem - er Lord of all;..... Let us crown Him,
 Let us crown Him Lord of all,

Let us crown Him, Let us crown..... Him Lord of all.
 Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown the Great Re - deem - er Lord of all.

II Left It All with Jesus—Concluded



From my wea-ry heart the bur-den rolled a-way (rolled a-way): Hap-py day, hap-py day!
 Then with all my weakness lean-ing on His might (on His might), All is light, all is light!
 Love es-teems it joy of heav-en to a-bide (to a-bide) At His side, at His side!
 Yes, His ten-der, lov-ing mercy makes thee room (makes thee room): Oh, come home, oh, come home!

329

Under the Shadow of Thy Wings

Psalms 17

J. B. HERBERT

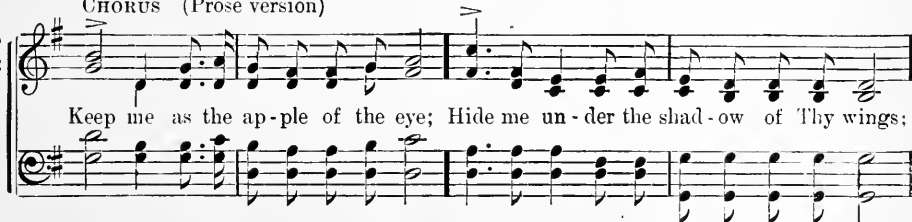


1. Hold up my go-ings, Lord, Me guide in paths that are di-vine,
 2. Up-on Thee I have called, O God, Be-cause Thou wilt me hear;
 3. Thy won-drous lov-ing-kind-ness show, Thou, who by Thy right hand

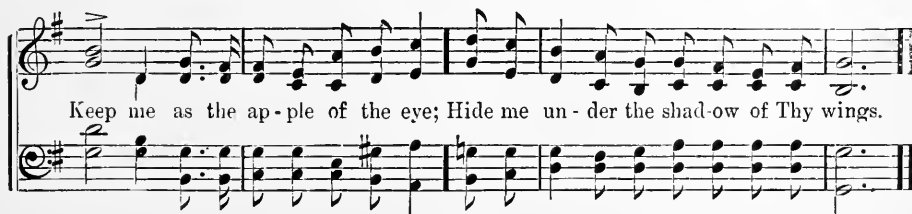


That so my foot-steps may not slide Out of those ways of Thine.
 That Thou mayst hearken to my speech, To me in-cline Thine ear.
 Dost save all those who trust in Thee From such as them with-stand.

CHORUS (Prose version)



Keep me as the ap-ple of the eye; Hide me un-der the shad-ow of Thy wings;



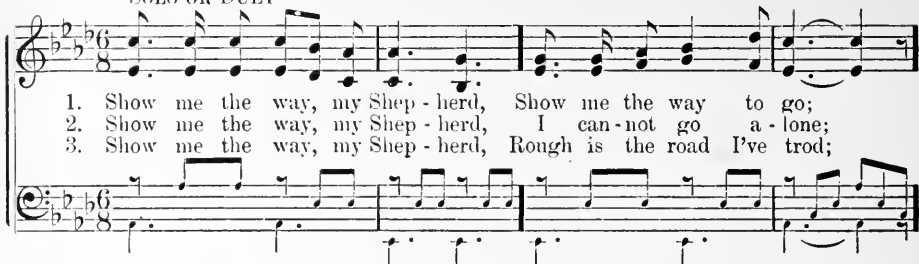
Keep me as the ap-ple of the eye; Hide me un-der the shad-ow of Thy wings.

Show Me the Way, My Shepherd

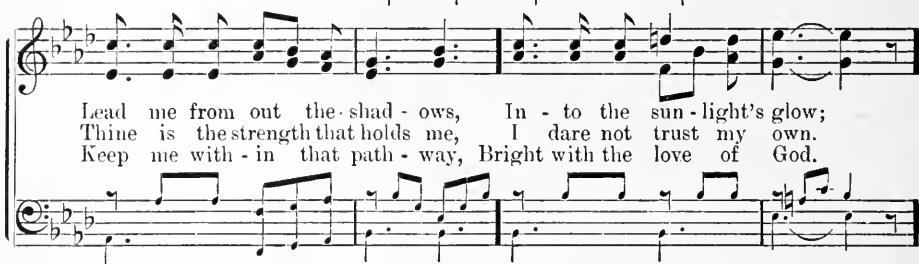
J. S. F.

J. S. FEARIS

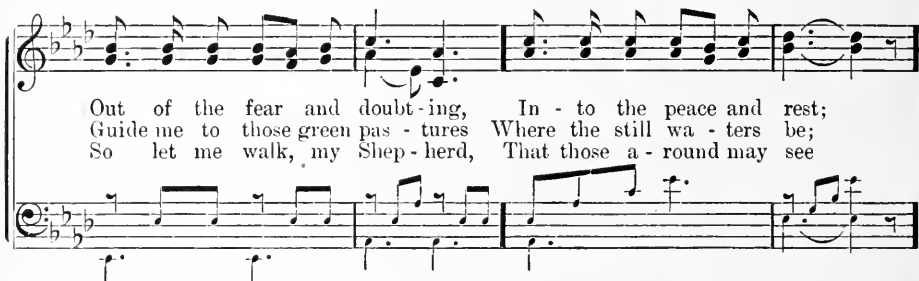
SOLO OR DUET



1. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, Show me the way to go;
 2. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, I can-not go a-lone;
 3. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, Rough is the road I've trod;



Lead me from out the-shad-ows, In-to the sun-light's glow;
 Thine is the strength that holds me, I dare not trust my own.
 Keep me with-in that path-way, Bright with the love of God.

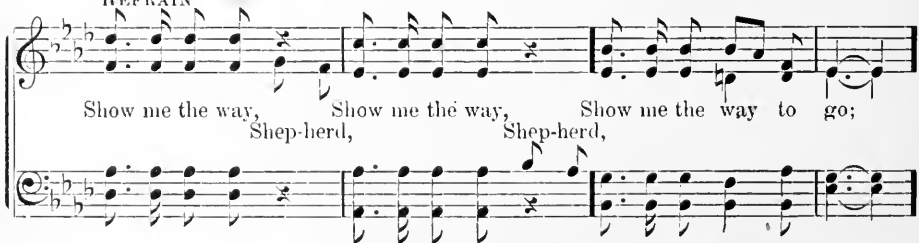


Out of the fear and doubt-ing, In-to the peace and rest;
 Guide me to those green pas-tures Where the still wa-ters be;
 So let me walk, my Shep-herd, That those a-round may see



Show me the way to per-fect faith, Then shall my soul be blest.
 Save me from storms of doubt and fear, Keep me still close to Thee.
 On-ly Thy grace, and love—and know I have been led by Thee.

REFRAIN



Show me the way, Show me the way, Show me the way to go;
 Shep-herd, Shep-herd, Shep-herd,

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Show Me the Way, My Shepherd—Concluded

If led by Thy hand, my Shep - herd, No e - vil my soul can know.

331

Jesus, Thou Art Standing

WM. W. HOW

JUSTIN H. KNECHT

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents sweet and low,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, my chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?"

We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear;
 O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row, We o - pen now the door;

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there!
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

Christ, the Fountain

NEWMAN HALL

C. C. CASE

1. Foun - tain of pu - ri - ty, o - pened for sin, Here may the
 2. Though I have la - bored a - gain and a - gain, All my self -
 3. Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart, I im - plore; Help me Thy
 4. Whit - er than snow! noth - ing fur - ther I need; Christ is the

pen - i - tent wash and be clean; Je - sus, Thou bless - ed Re -
 cleans - ing is ut - ter - ly vain; Je - sus, Re - deem - er from
 light to re - flect more and more; Dai - ly in lov - ing o -
 Foun - tain, this on - ly I plead; Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to

deem - er from woe, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 sor - row and woe, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 be - dience to grow; Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 Thee will I go, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS

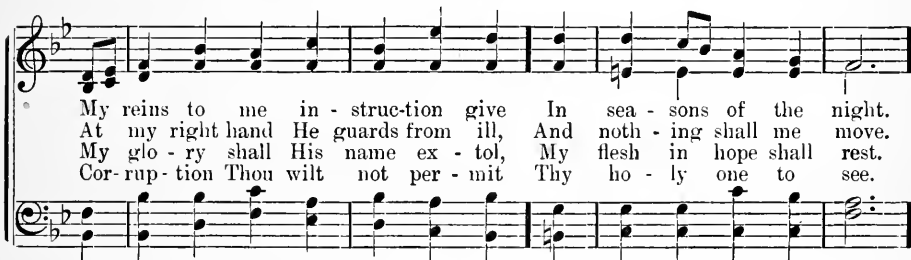
Whit - er than snow,..... Whit - er than snow;..... Wash me, Re -
 Whiter than snow, Whit - er than snow;

deem - er, And I shall be whit - er than snow.....
 Wash me, Re - deem - er, be whit - er than snow.

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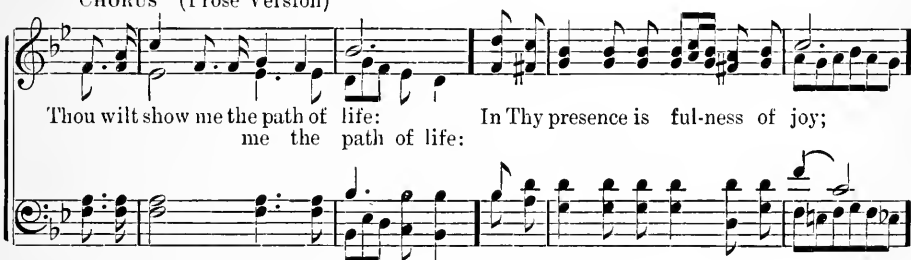


1. I'll praise God while I live,..... His coun - sel guides me right;
 2. The Lord be - fore me still,..... I set, and trust His love;
 3. Now glad - ness fills my soul,..... And joy shall be ex - pressed;
 4. My soul in death's dark pit..... Shall not be left by Thee;

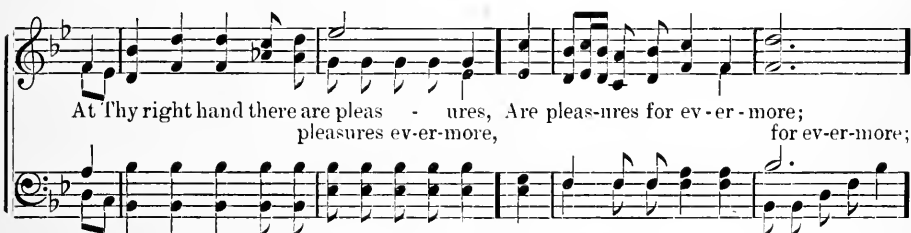


My reins to me in - struc-tion give In sea - sons of the night.
 At my right hand He guards from ill, And noth - ing shall me move.
 My glo - ry shall His name ex - tol, My flesh in hope shall rest.
 Cor - rup - tion Thou wilt not per - mit Thy ho - ly one to see.

CHORUS (Prose Version)



Thou wilt show me the path of life: In Thy presence is ful-ness of joy;
 me the path of life:



At Thy right hand there are pleas - ures, Are pleas-ures for ev - er - more;
 pleasures ev - er - more, for ev - er - more;



At Thy right hand there are pleas - ures, There are pleasures for ev - er - more.
 pleas-ures ev - er - more,

Oh, to Be More Like Jesus

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;.....
 2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall - en to rise;.....
 3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer-ci-ful, lov-ing, and kind:.....

His love;
 to rise;
 and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
 Giv-ing a hand, Bid-ding to stand Firm in the faith we prize.
 Lead-ing the way, Bright'ning the day, Help-ing the lame and blind.

Je - sus came lov-ing and cheer-ing, Giv-ing the hun - gry food,.....
 Cheer-ing the bro - ken-heart - ed, Wip-ing a - way their tears,.....
 Je - sus came sav-ing the fall - en, Help-ing them sin o'er - come,.....

the hun - gry
 a - way their
 them sin o'er-

Help-ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good,
 Com-fort-ing man-y in sor - row, Ban-ish-ing doubts and fears.
 Res-cu-ing per-ish-ing sin - ners, Bring-ing the way - ward home.

food,
 tears,
 come,
 Help-ing the need - y,
 Com-fort-ing sor - row,
 Res-cu-ing sin - ners,

Oh, to Be More Like Jesus—Concluded

CHORUS

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;

Nev - er cease try - ing, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Work - ing for God and love.

335

No Time to Pray

R. C. W.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. "No time to pray!" Oh, who so fraught with earth - ly care As
 2. "No time to pray!" 'Mid each day's dan - gers, what re - treat More
 3. "No time to pray!" Must care or busi - ness' ur - gent call So
 4. What tho't more drear Than that our God His face should hide, And

not to give to hum - ble pray'r Some part of day, Some part of day?
 need - ful than the mer - cy - seat? Who need not pray? Who need not pray?
 press us as to take it all, Each pass - ing day, Each pass - ing day?
 say, thro' all life's swell - ing tide, "No time to hear, No time to hear!"

Like as a Father

LAURA E. NEWELL

LOUIS D. EICHHORN

1. Like as a fa - ther He pit - ies, Pit - ies the wan-d'ring to - day;
 2. Je - sus would bear all our bur - dens, He would for-give ev - 'ry sin;
 3. Sin - ful, or la - den with sor - row, Cast on the Sav - iour your grief;

Now He is ten - der - ly call - ing, Oh, do not turn Him a - way!
 Help us, when sore - ly we're tempt - ed, Brave - ly the vic - t'ry to win.
 Je - sus hath died for the lost ones, Let us in Him find re - lief.

At your heart's door He is knock - ing; Rise, bid the Mas - ter come in!
 Well He doth know all our strug - gles, See ev - 'ry tear that we shed:
 While He is call - ing, ac - cept Him, On - ly to - day may be thine:

Why will ye lin - ger, de - ba - ting, Why will ye par - ley with sin?
 Like as a fa - ther He pit - ies, When all life's blos - soms lie dead.
 Like as a fa - th - r He pit - ies, Taste of that pit - y di - vine.

CHORUS

Like as a fa - ther He pit - ies All who are wan-d'ring and lone;

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Like as a Father—Concluded

Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing, He would ac - cept you, His own.

337

On Thee My Hopes Repose

Psalm 143

WILL H. YOUNG

1. When morn - ing lights the east - ern skies, Thy mer - cy, Lord, dis - close;
2. Teach me the way where I should go; I lift my soul to Thee;
3. Be - cause Thou art my God, I pray, Teach me to do Thy will;
4. Re - vive me, Lord, for Thy great name, And for Thy judgment's sake;

And let Thy lov - ing kind - ness rise: On Thee my hopes re - pose.
Re - deem me from the rag - ing foe; To Thee, O Lord, I flee.
O lead me in the per - fect way, By Thy good Spir - it still.
From all my woes, O Lord, re - claim, My soul from trou - ble take.

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REFRAIN
On Thee..... my hopes re - pose, On Thee..... my hopes re - pose,
On Thee, on Thee my hopes re - pose, On Thee, on Thee my hopes re - pose,

And let Thy lov - ing - kind - ness rise: On Thee my hopes re - pose.

The One I Love Best

THORO HARRIS

1. O the One I love best of all is Je - sus, He is more than an - y
 2. When I fall, He is near me to de - liv - er, Je - sus seeks me when a -
 3. I'm so glad I have ev - er learned to love Him, I'm so glad I hearkened
 4. Won't you come to this gen - tle, lov - ing Sav - iour? You will nev - er find a
 5. When ar - rayed in the robes of light and glo - ry, All the trav - ail of His

earth-ly friend to me; There's no oth - er name I know that's half so pre - cious
 far from Him I stray; Of my countless blessings He's the bounteous Giv - er,
 to His gra - cious call; There's no oth - er friend on earth I prize a - bove Him,
 friend so kind and true; All the rich - es of His grace, His roy - al fa - vor,
 soul our Lord shall see; Then with ransomed saints we'll sing the blessed sto - ry

Ad lib. *REFRAIN*
 As the Christ who died on Calv'ry's tree.
 And He jour - neys with me all the way.
 He's the dear - est, fair - est Friend of all. } Bless - ed Je - sus, the dear Re - deem - er!
 He will free - ly, glad - ly give to you.
 Of the cross thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

Won't you trust Him? He is so kind and true! Come to Je - sus,
 He is so kind and true!

Rit.
 the bless - ed Sav - iour! For He call - eth, O lost one, for you (for you).

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Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
 2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
 3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
 4. If friends, once trust - ed, have prov - en un - true, Let Je - sus come
 5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
 in - to your heart; Foun - tains for cleans - ing are flow - ing near by,
 in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
 in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,
 in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man - sions of rest,

CHORUS

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. 1-4. Just now, your
 5. Just now, my
 just now.

doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
 doubt-ings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more; Just now, I

o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

Glory to God the Father

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. "For God so loved!" O won-drous theme! O won-drous key to wondrous scheme!
 2. In love God gave, in love Christ came, That man might know the Fa-ther's name,
 3. As man He tar-ried here be-low, The pow'r and love of God to show;
 4. Up-on the cross His life He gave, His peo-ple from their sins to save;
 5. By God ex-alt-ed from the dead, He reigns on high, the liv-ing Head

A Sav-our sent to sin-ful men— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
 And in the Son sal-va-tion claim— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
 To help and heal all hu-man woe— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
 For them de-scend-ed to the grave— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
 Of ev-'ry soul for whom He bled— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!

CHORUS

Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther! Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to the Fa-ther! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to the Fa-ther!


Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!

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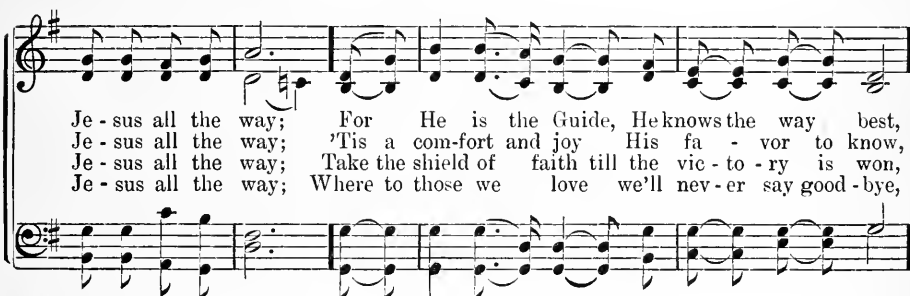
Keep Close to Jesus

J. L.

JOHN LANE

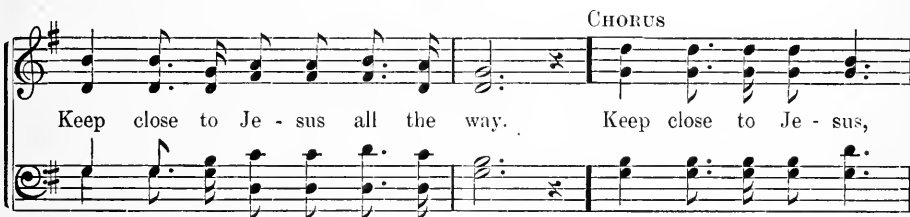


1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
 2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
 3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
 4. We shall reach our home in heav - en by and by, Keep close to




Je - sus all the way; For He is the Guide, He knows the way best,
 Je - sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
 Je - sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic - to - ry is won,
 Je - sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev - er say good - bye,

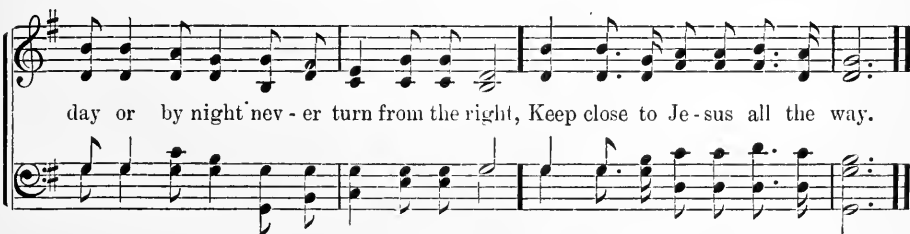
CHORUS



Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,



keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By

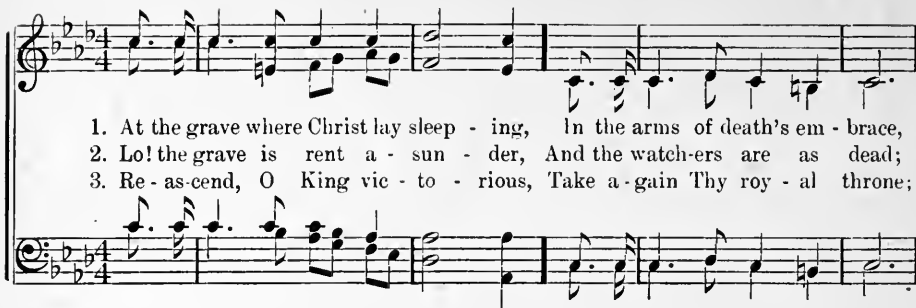


day or by night nev - er turn from the right, Keep close to Je - sus all the way.

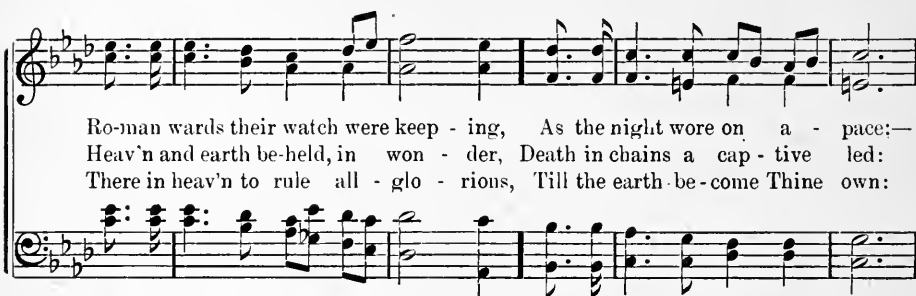
At the Grave

R. L. FLETCHER

J. B. HERBERT



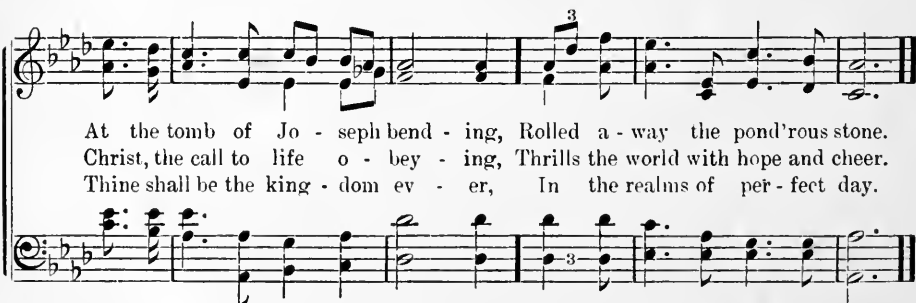
1. At the grave where Christ lay sleep - ing, In the arms of death's em - brace,
 2. Lo! the grave is rent a - sun - der, And the watch-ers are as dead;
 3. Re - as - cend, O King vic - to - rious, Take a - gain Thy roy - al throne;



Ro-man wards their watch were keep - ing, As the night wore on a - pace:—
 Heav'n and earth be-held, in won - der, Death in chains a cap - tive led:
 There in heav'n to rule all - glo - rious, Till the earth be - come Thine own:



Where in maj - es - ty de - scend - ing, Came an an - gel from the throne,
 An - gels, robed in white, are say - ing, "He is ris'n, He is not here:"
 Foes may hate Thee, they can nev - er O - ver-throw Thy righteous sway;



At the tomb of Jo - seph bend - ing, Rolled a - way the pond'rous stone.
 Christ, the call to life o - bey - ing, Thrills the world with hope and cheer.
 Thine shall be the king - dom ev - er, In the realms of per - fect day.

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H. L. TURNER

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
 3. While hosts cry Ho-san-na, from heav-en de-scend-ing, With glo-ri-fied
 4. O joy! O de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
 chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

ful-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."

CHORUS

O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

Rit.
 turn-eth? Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

Some Day

(THREE-PART SONG)

VICTOR M. STALEY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
 2. Some day I'll see the man-sions Of heav - en's cit - y fair; Some
 3. Some day I'll see the Sav - iour, And know Him face to face; Some

day the world be vanquished, With all this mor - tal strife; Some
 day I'll greet with pleas - ure The dear ones wait - ing there; Some
 day re - ceive, un - meas - ured, The bless - ings of His grace; Some

day, the jour - ney end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some
 day I'll hear the voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some
 day He'll smile up - on me From that white throne a - bove; Some

day, in realms su - per - nal, Re - ceive at last my crown.
 day I'll join the cho - rus In heav'n's im - mor - tal song.
 day I'll know the ful - ness Of His un - dy - ing love.

CHORUS

Some day,..... some hap - py day,.....
 Some day, some hap - py day, some hap - py day, some hap - py day,

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Some Day—Concluded

The Lord will wipe all tears a - way,..... And I shall go to dwell with
all tears a-way,

Him,..... To dwell with Him,..... some hap-py day.
to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him some happy, hap-py day.

345

The Quiet Hour

GEORGE E. McMANIMAN

LOUIS D. EICHORN

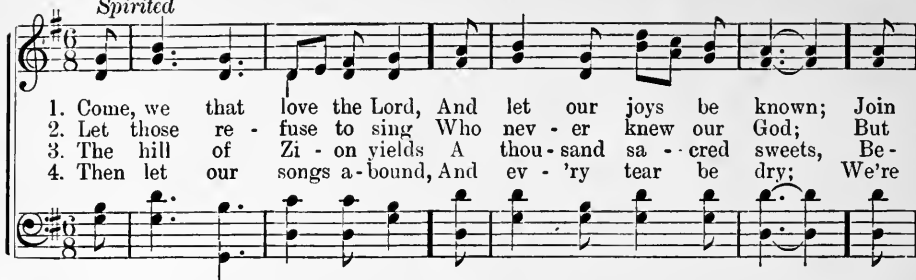
1. Shut in with God a - lone, I spend the qui - et hour; His
2. Shut in with God a - lone; In med - i - ta - tion sweet, My
3. Shut in with God a - lone; I praise His ho - ly name, Who
4. Shut in with God a - lone, And yet I have no fear; I

mer - cy and His love I own, And seek His sav - ing pow'r.
spir - it waits be - fore the throne, Bowed low at Je - sus' feet.
gave the Sav - iour to a - tone For all my sin and shame.
rest be - neath the cleans-ing blood; And per - fect love is here. A - MEN.

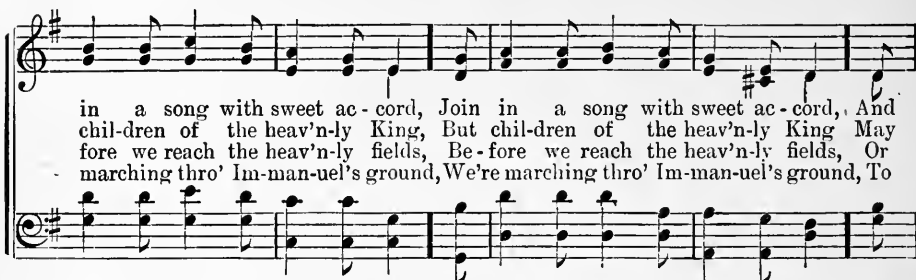
We're Marching to Zion

ISAAC WATTS

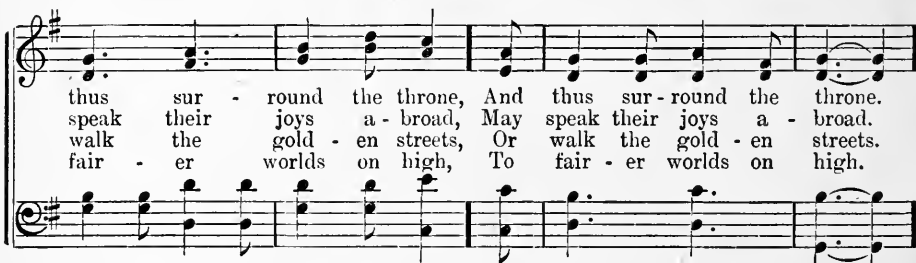
ROBERT LOWRY

Spirited


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



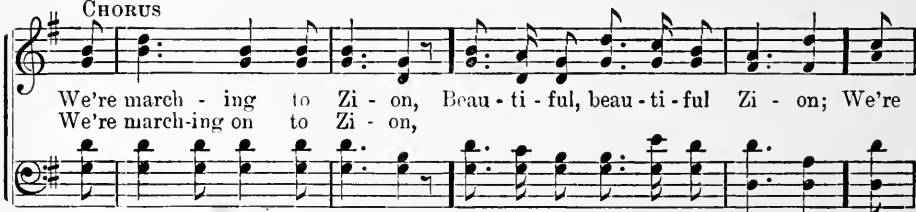
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King May
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
 marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, To



thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,



march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

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1. O Lord, my God, to Thee I cry, Swift to my aid in mer - cy fly;
 2. As fra-grant in-cense on the air, So mounts to heav'n my ear - ly pray'r;
 3. Let me not of the feast par - take Which wick-ed men de-light to make;

And when to Thee my cries as - cend, In pit - y to my voice at - tend.
 And let my hands up - lift - ed be As eve-ning sac - ri - fice to Thee.
 Let right-eous men in mer - cy smite, In their re - proofs I'll take de - light.

CHORUS

Set, Lord, a watch my mouth be - fore, And of my
 Set, Lord, a watch my mouth be - fore,

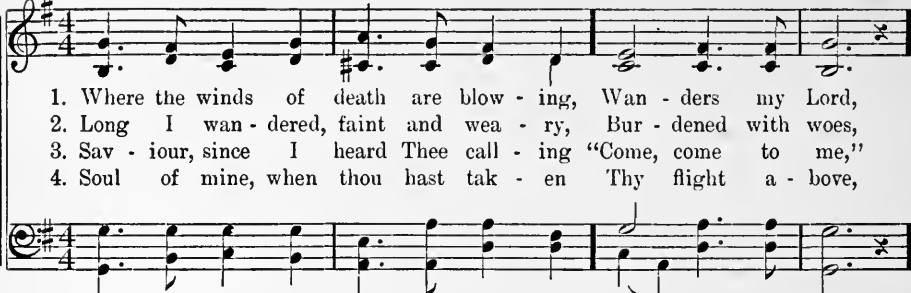
lips And of keep Thou the door; Nor leave my
 And of my lips keep Thou the door;

sin - ful heart to stray Where e - vil foot-steps lead the way.

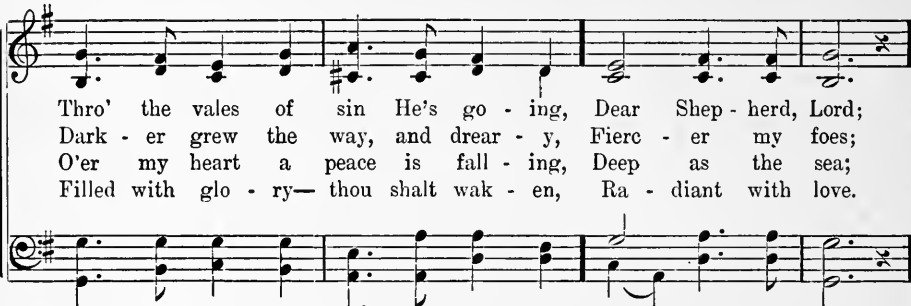
Filled with Glory

EFFIE S. BLACK
Alt. by J. M. G.

Welsh Melody
Arr. by JAMES D. LITTLE



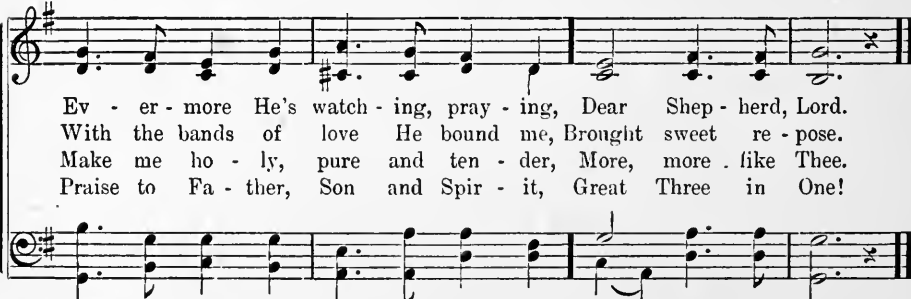
1. Where the winds of death are blow - ing, Wan - ders my Lord,
2. Long I wan - dered, faint and wea - ry, Bur - dened with woes,
3. Sav - iour, since I heard Thee call - ing "Come, come to me,"
4. Soul of mine, when thou hast tak - en Thy flight a - bove,



Thro' the vales of sin He's go - ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord;
Dark - er grew the way, and drear - y, Fierc - er my foes;
O'er my heart a peace is fall - ing, Deep as the sea;
Filled with glo - ry— thou shalt wak - en, Ra - diant with love.



Seek - ing lost ones from Him stray - ing, Loved ones, long from home de - lay - ing,
Till this ten - der Shep - herd found me, Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me,
All to Thee I now sur - ren - der, Be my stay, my sure de - fend - er;
Heav - en thine e - ter - nal dwell - ing, Prais - es from thine heart e'er swell - ing,



Ev - er - more He's watch - ing, pray - ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord.
With the bands of love He bound me, Brought sweet re - pose.
Make me ho - ly, pure and ten - der, More, more like Thee.
Praise to Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it, Great Three in One!

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The Banner of the Cross

EL NATHAN

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
 2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stan - dard
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
 4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis dawn - ing ver - y near— It is has - t'ning

of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
 be dis - played; And be - neath its folds as sol - diers of the Lord,
 ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
 day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

CHORUS

While as ran - somed ones we sing. March - ing on,..... march - ing
 For the truth be not dis - mayed!
 While the Lord shall claim His own.
 And the Cross the world shall sway. March - ing on, on, on, march - ing

on!..... For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss;..... And to
 on, on, on! For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss; And to

crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross.
 crown Him King, we'll toil and sing, Be - neath the ban - ner of the cross.

Psalm 103

JAMES McGRANAHAN

Not too slow

1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is;
 2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for - get - ful be
 3. All thy in - iq - ui - ties who doth Most gra - cious - ly for - give;
 4. Who doth re - deem thy life, that thou To death mayst not go down;

Be lift - ed up His ho - ly name, To mag - ni - fy and bless.
 Of all His gra - cious ben - e - fits He hath be - stowed on thee.
 Who thy dis - eas - es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re - lieve.
 Who thee with lov - ing - kind - ness doth And ten - der mer - cies crown.

CHORUS

Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul,
 Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord,

And all that is with - in me, Bless His ho - - ly name.
 Bless His ho - ly

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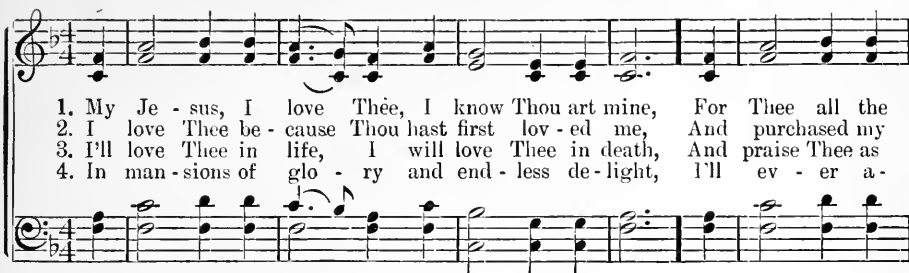
351

PSALM 145

- 1 I'll Thee exalt, my God, O King; 3 I of Thy glorious majesty
 Thy name I will adore; The honor will record;
 I'll bless Thee every day, and praise I'll speak of all Thy mighty works,
 Thy name for evermore. Which wondrous are, O Lord.
- 2 The Lord is great, much to be praised, 4 Men of Thine acts the might shall
 His greatness search exceeds. Thine acts that dreadful are; [show,
 Race unto race shall praise Thy works, And I, Thy glory to advance,
 And show Thy mighty deeds. Thy greatness will declare.

Anon.

A. J. GORDON



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

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fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say, when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

353

1 O Jesus, I need Thee; no power but Thine
 3 O Jesus, I need Thee; for hard is the road, [load;
 From sin can deliver a nature like mine; And long is the journey, and heavy the
 O gracious Redeemer, my Saviour be O gracious Redeemer, my Saviour be
 Thou, Thou,
 If ever, O Jesus, if ever, just now! If ever, O Jesus, if ever, just now!

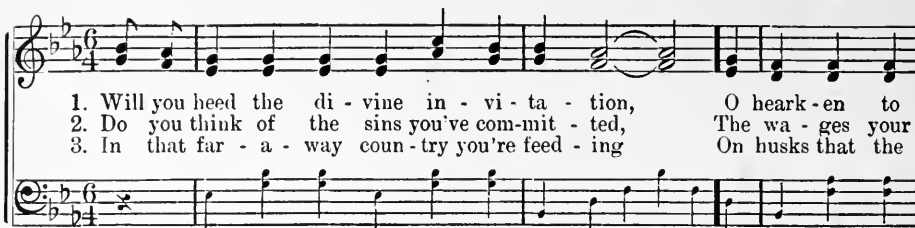
2 O Jesus, I need Thee; temptation's dark hour
 4 O Jesus, I need Thee; O hear Thou my cry!
 Is closing around me, I feel its dread I need Thee to live, and I need Thee to
 power; die;
 O gracious Redeemer, my Saviour be O gracious Redeemer, my Saviour be
 Thou, Thou,
 If ever, O Jesus, if ever, just now! If ever, O Jesus, if ever, just now!

JAMES M. GRAY

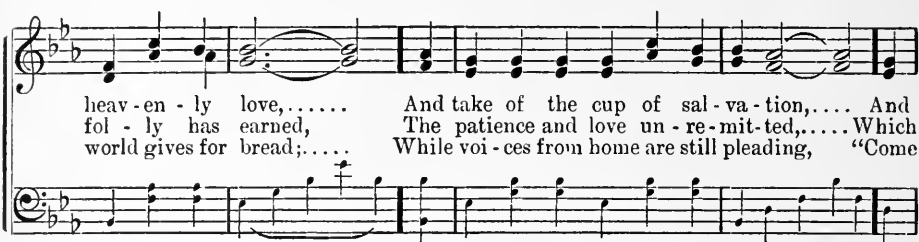
Return to Thy Saviour To-day

JAMES M. GRAY

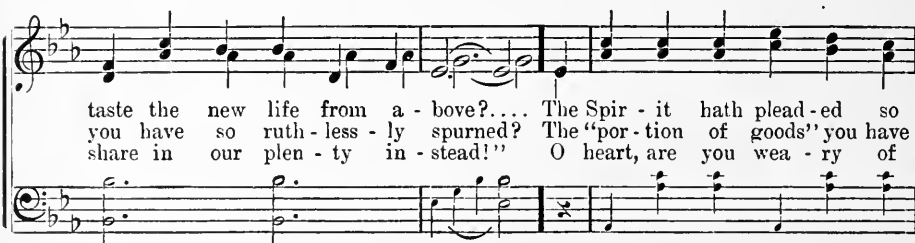
JAMES McGRANAHAN



1. Will you heed the di - vine in - vi - ta - tion, O heark - en to
 2. Do you think of the sins you've com - mit - ted, The wa - ges your
 3. In that far - a - way coun - try you're feed - ing On husks that the

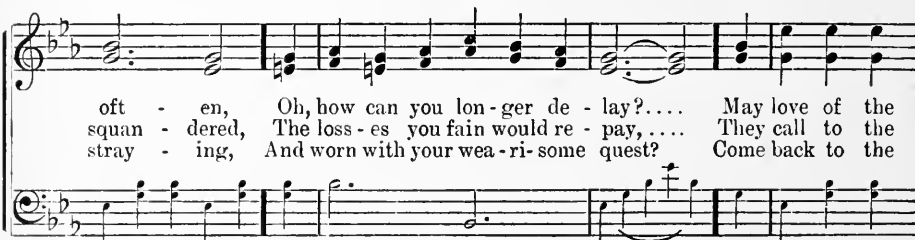


heav - en - ly love,..... And take of the cup of sal - va - tion,.... And
 fol - ly has earned, The patience and love un - re - mit - ted,.... Which
 world gives for bread;.... While voi - ces from home are still pleading, "Come



taste the new life from a - bove?... The Spir - it hath plead - ed so
 you have so ruth - less - ly spurned? The "por - tion of goods" you have
 share in our plen - ty in - stead!" O heart, are you wea - ry of

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oft - en, Oh, how can you lon - ger de - lay?... May love of the
 squan - dered, The loss - es you fain would re - pay,.... They call to the
 stray - ing, And worn with your wea - ri - some quest? Come back to the



Sav - iour now soft - en..... The heart that hath wan - dered a - way!
 heart that has wan - dered, Re - turn! O re - turn while 'tis day!
 Lord as we're pray - ing,.... For He is a ha - ven of rest.

Return to Thy Saviour To-day—Concluded

CHORUS

O heart that hath wan-dered a-way,..... Re-turn to thy
O heart that hath wandered,
Sav-iour to-day!.... The prom-ise is not for to-
Re-turn to thy Sav-iour!
mor-row,..... Re-turn to thy Sav-iour to-day!
O do thou

355

Cleanse, and Illume, and Fill

A. J. GORDON

F. C. MAKER

1. O Ho-ly Ghost! a-rise, Thy tem-ple fill:
2. Breath from a-bove, re-fine My wait-ing heart:
3. Thou ver-y Light of light, Poured from on high,
4. Cleanse, and il-lume, and fill— It shall be so:
With cleans-ing fire bap-tize My yield-ed will.
Im-pulse and pow'r di-vine To me im-part.
Kin-dle with vi-sion bright Mine in-ward eye.
Then send me where Thou will, And I will go.

Waiting for the Promise

WILBUR F. CRAFTS

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. We bow our knees un - to the Fa - ther Of Christ the Lord of earth and heav'n,
 2. O fill the in - ward man with pow - er, As Christ with - in our hearts doth dwell;
 3. The love that pass - eth knowledge give us, Its height and depth and breadth and length;
 4. Thy pow'r it is that work - eth in us, O mul - ti - ply it here to - day,

That rich - es of His grace and glo - ry And pow'r for serv - ice may be giv'n.
 Our root in Him, tho' storms may low - er, Vic - to - rious love we still shall tell.
 A - bun - dant - ly be - yond our ask - ing, Be - yond our tho't give us Thy strength.
 And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glo - ry With - in His church thro' end - less day.

CHORUS *Not too fast*

We are wait - ing for the prom - ise of the Fa - ther— For the

Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r; O our Fa - ther, for Thy Spir - it we are wait - ing,

E - ven now, this ver - y hour; We are wait - ing for His com - ing,

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Waiting for the Promise—Concluded

We are wait-ing for His com-ing, For the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r; O our
Fa-ther, for Thy Spir - it we are wait - ing, E - ven now, this ver - y hour.

357

All Nations, Clap Your Hands

Psalm 47

ISAAC SMITH

1. All nations, clap your hands, Let shouts of triumph ring, For dreadful o - ver all the lands
2. He'll quell the people's rage, And nations will de - stroy; For us will choose our her - it - age,
3. With shouts ascends our King, With trumpet's stirring call; Praise, praise ye God, His praises sing,
4. O sing in joy - ful strains, In songs His truth make known; God o - ver all the na - tions reigns,
5. The heirs of Gentile thrones With Abr'am's children meet; The shields of earth Je - ho - vah owns,

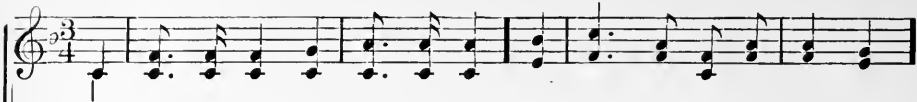
CHORUS (Psalm 148)

The Lord Most High is King.
His cho - sen Ja - cob's joy.
For God is Lord of all. } Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord,
High on His ho - ly throne.
Ex - alt - ed is His seat. }

Slow
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.

EL NATHAN

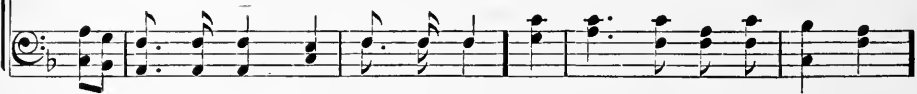
JAMES McGRANAHAN



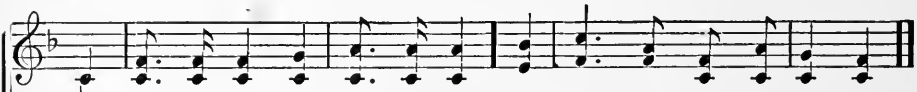
1. Once more we come, God's word to hear, The word so pure and ho - ly;
2. The life of God is in the word; And - who - so - e'er be - liev - eth
3. The word of God, by faith re - ceived, Im - parts re - gen - er - a - tion;
4. So, when the word of God we hear, Let us be hum - bly plead - ing



Now grant us, Lord, a list - 'ning ear, A spir - it meek and low - ly;
 The rec - ord there of Christ the Lord, E - ter - nal life re - ceiv - eth;
 And he who hath in Christ be - lieved Lives out a new cre - a - tion;
 The Ho - ly Ghost to give us light, As we the word are heed - ing;



For if we hear, and heed it not, We hear for con - dem - na - tion;
 But if we hear, be - liev - ing not, We hear for con - dem - na - tion;
 But if we hear, and do it not, We hear for con - dem - na - tion;
 But if we hear, and feel it not, We hear for con - dem - na - tion;



But "do - ers of the word," we're taught, Are heirs of Christ's sal - va - tion.

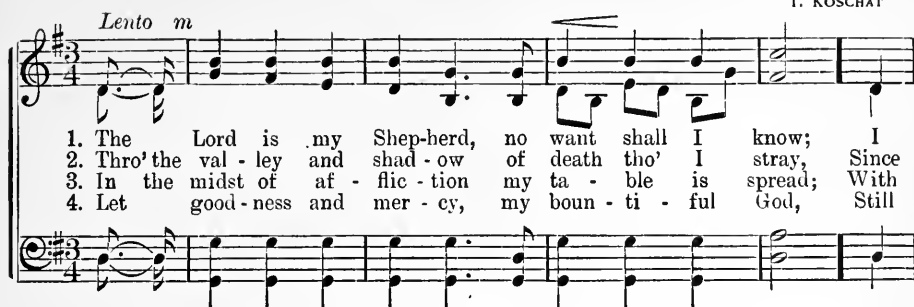


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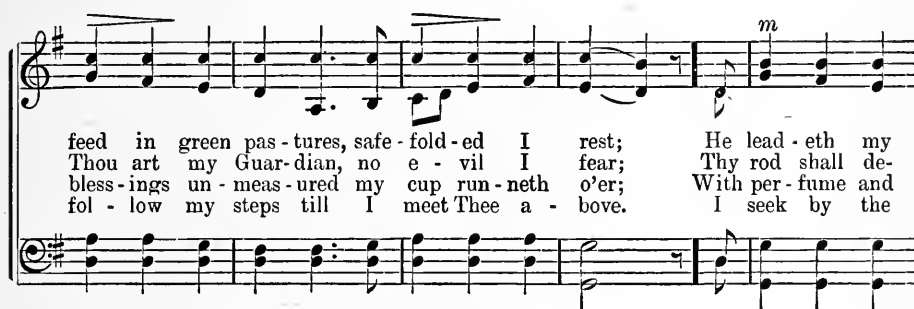
The Lord Is My Shepherd

T. KOSCHAT

Lento m



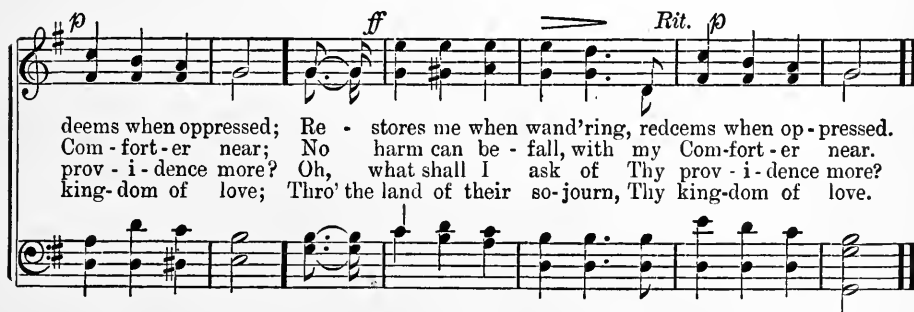
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still



feed in green pas - tures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
 Thou art my Guar - dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
 bless - ings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and
 fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the



soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
 oil Thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy

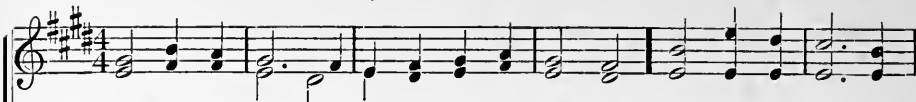


deems when oppressed; Re - stores me when wand'ring, red -
 Com - fort - er near; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
 prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
 king - dom of love; Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love.

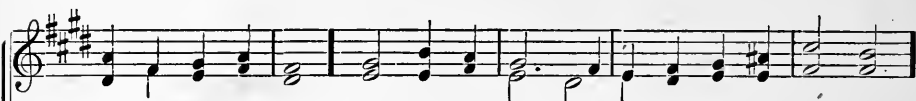
Hark! Hark, My Soul

FREDERICK W. FABER

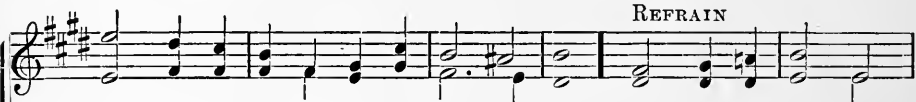
HENRY SMART



1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear - y; The day must dawn, and
5. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments

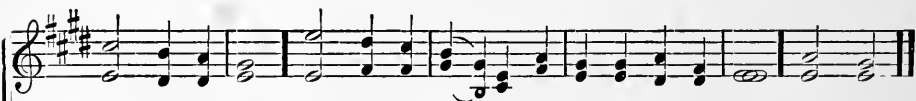
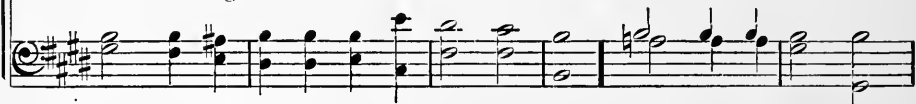


o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing,
 dark - some night be past; Faith's jour - neys end in wel - comes to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

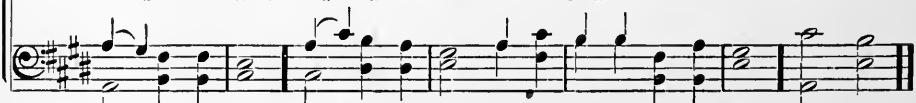


REFRAIN

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee. } An - gels of Je - sus,
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.



an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night! A - MEN.



© My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah

Psalm 103

JAMES McGRANAHAN



1. O my soul, bless Thou Je - ho - vah, All with-in me, bless His name;
2. Who for-gives all thy trans-gres-sions, Thy dis-eas-es all who heals,
3. Far as east from west is dis-tant, He hath put a-way our sin;
4. Bless Je-ho-vah, all His crea-tures Ev-er un-der His con-trol,



Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro-claim:
 Who re-deems thee from de - struction, Who with thee so kind - ly deals.
 Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.
 All throughout His vast do - min - ion; Bless Je - ho - vah, O my soul.



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CHORUS



For as high as is the heav-en, Far a-bove the earth be - low,.....
 the earth be-low,



Ev - er great to them that fear Him Is the mer - cy He will show.



A Clean Heart

WALTER C. SMITH

FRED H. BYSHE

Andante con espressione

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir-y been,
 2. If clear-er vi-sion Thou im-part, Grate-ful and glad my soul shall be;
 3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vi-sion yet be mine,
 4. I watch to shun the mir-y way, And stanch the springs of guilt-y thought,

Be it by wa-ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
 But yet to have a pur-er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
 For mir-rored in its depths are seen The things di-vine, The things di-vine.
 But, watch and strug-gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

REFRAIN

So wash me, Thou, without, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
 Wash me, Thou, with-out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,

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A Clean Heart—Concluded

Rit.

No mat-ter how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, die out in me.
 No matter how, if on-ly sin die out in me.

Rit.

363

God's Fatherhood

JOHN BELL Alt. by J. M. G.

LOUIS D. EICHHORN

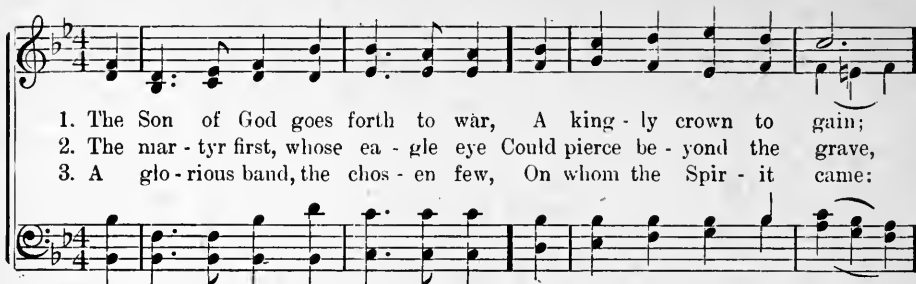
Unison

1. In - fi - nite God, how great Thou art! Far, far be - yond the hu - man mind;
 2. Thy Fa - ther - hood! the tho't o'erwhelms! How can I grasp so great a plan,
 3. O lov - ing Fa - ther, who, in grace, Doth seek to save each err - ing child,

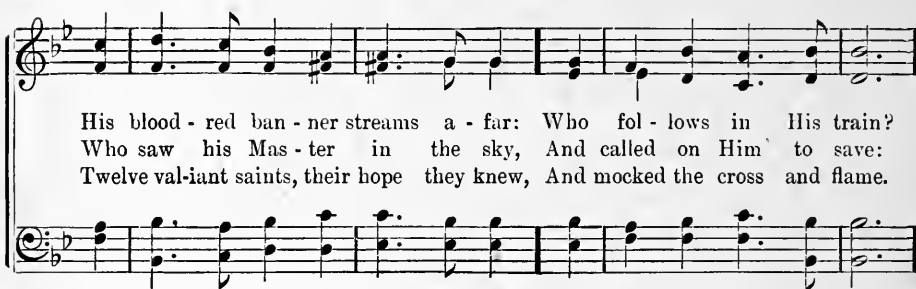
And yet the pa - ges of Thy Word Re - veal Thy na - ture won - drous kind.
 The Au - thor of in - fi - nite realms, And yet, thro' Christ, re - deem - ing man!
 May ev - 'ry wan - d'r'er seek Thy face, And know Thy count'nance rec - on - ciled.

REGINALD HEBER

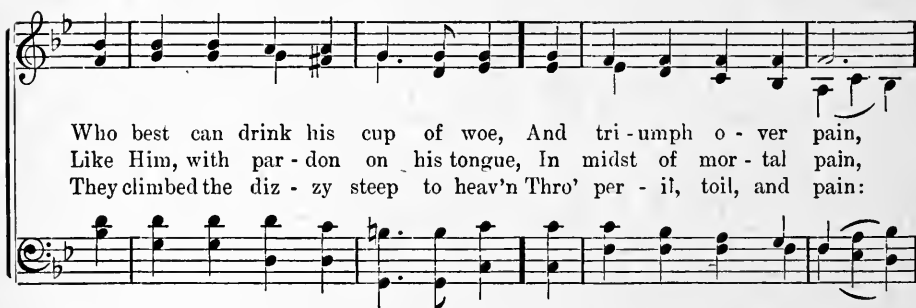
HENRY S. CUTLER



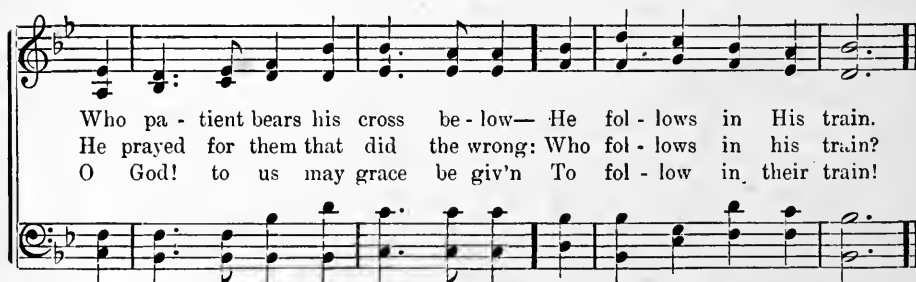
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
 3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came:



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.



Who best can drink his cup of woe, And tri - umph o - ver pain,
 Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They climbed the diz - zy steep to heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low— He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
 O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

The Church of God Is One

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN

Not too fast

1. The Church of God is one: As breth - ren here we meet;
 2. The Church of God is one: One on - ly Lord we know;
 3. The Church of God is one: All, sin - ners saved by grace;
 4. The Church of God is one: The Bi - ble we re - vere;
 5. The Church of God is one, With sac - ra - ments di - vine
 6. The Church of God is one: One bless - ed hope have we;

For us sal - va - tion's work is done, In Christ we stand com - plete.
 We wor - ship Je - sus, God's own Son, Who came God's love to show.
 Our plea, the pre - cious blood a - lone; The cross, our meet - ing - place.
 By it all sav - ing truth is known, And God to man brought near.
 By Christ or - dained, they stand a - lone, The wa - ter, bread, and wine.
 Our dear Re - deem - er's sure re - turn His saints to glo - ri - fy.

CHORUS

The Church of God is one, Is one in faith and love,
 in faith, in faith and love,

Is one in the death by Je - sus borne, One in His life a - bove.

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN

p Andantino *pp*

1. O day of aw-ful sto-ry— Je-sus is dead! Sad end to hope of glo-ry—
 2. A wea-ry night of weep-ing— Je-sus is dead! A night that knew no sleep-ing—
 3. A day in sor-row down-ing— Je-sus is dead! A sad and gloom-y morn-ing—

pp *f Allegretto moderato*

Je-sus is dead!
 Je-sus is dead!
 Je-sus is dead! } Be-hold, the stone is rolled a-way! And shin-ing ones have

Cres.

come to say: "He is not here, but is ris-en! He is not here, but is ris-en!"

The night of death is past and gone— A-rise, and greet the glo-rious morn!—

"He is not here, but is ris-en! He is not here, but is ris-en!"

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What Did He Do?

JAMES M. GRAY

From the Welsh Arr. by O. F. PUGH

1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry: Count-ed once a - mong the lost,
 2. No an - gel could our place have ta - ken, High-est of the high tho' he;
 3. And yet this tale wondrous pro-ceed - eth, Stir-ring heart and tongue a - flame!
 4. Will you sur-ren - der to this Sav-iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?

Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
 The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God - head Three!
 As our High Priest in heav'n He plead-eth, And Christ Je - sus is His name!
 You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!

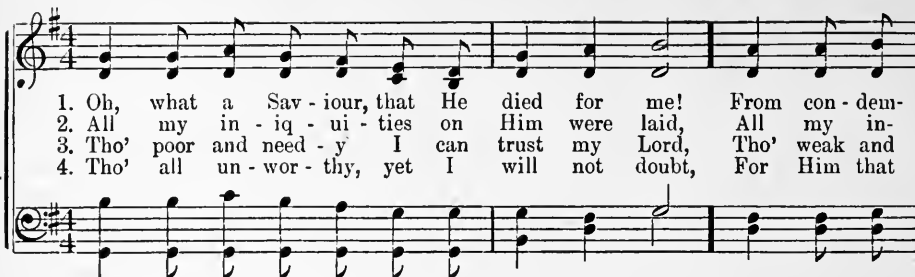
CHORUS

Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
 Who but God's Son up-on the cross! He

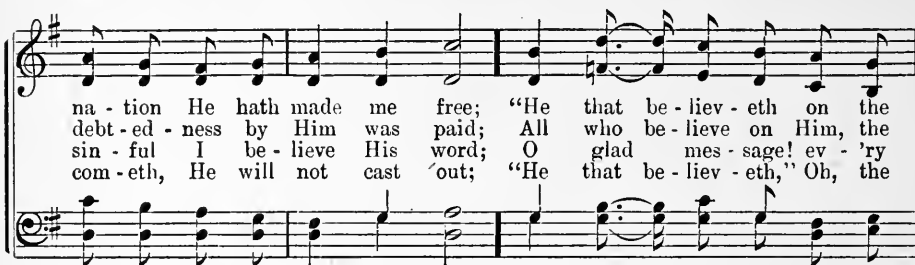
Where is He now? In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
 died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN



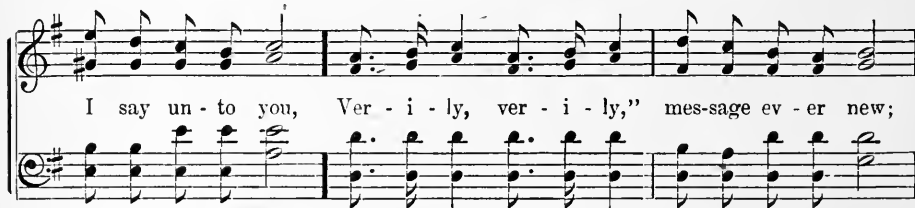
1. Oh, what a Sav - iour, that He died for me! From con - dem -
 2. All my in - iq - ui - ties on Him were laid, All my in -
 3. Tho' poor and need - y I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and
 4. Tho' all un - wor - thy, yet I will not doubt, For Him that



na - tion He hath made me free; "He that be - liev - eth on the
 debt - ed - ness by Him was paid; All who be - lieve on Him, the
 sin - ful I be - lieve His word; O glad mes - sage! ev - 'ry
 com - eth, He will not cast 'out; "He that be - liev - eth," Oh, the



CHORUS
 Son," saith He, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life." }
 Lord hath said, "Have ev - er - last - ing life." }
 child of God, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life." } "Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly,
 good news shout, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life." }



I say un - to you, Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly," mes - sage ev - er new;



"He that be - liev - eth on the Son," 'tis true, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."

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L. E. J.

L. E. JONES

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, there is pow'r,

won - der - work - ing pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
 In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, there is pow'r, pow'r, won - der - work - ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.

Sing Unto the Lord

Psalm 30
Allegretto

JAMES McGRANAHAN

"Sing un-to the Lord, O ye saints of His, Sing, sing, sing un-to the Lord;

And at the re-mem-brance of His ho-li-ness, O give thanks un-to the Lord."

1. O Lord, by Thee de-liv-ered, With songs I'll Thee ex-tol;
2. His ho-li-ness re-mem-ber, Ye saints, give thanks and praise;
3. In pros-p'rous days I boast-ed That noth-ing shall me move;

No en-'my hast Thou suf-fered To glo-ry o'er my fall;
A mo-ment lasts His an-ger, His fa-vor crowns our days.
Lord, Thou hast made my moun-tain Stand firm-ly by Thy love.

I cried to Thee, Je-ho-vah, Thou didst me heal and save;
For sor-row, like a pil-grim, May so-journ for a night,
But soon I was af-flict-ed, For Thou didst hide-Thy face,

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Sing Unto the Lord—Concluded

D. C.

From death Thou didst de - liv - er, And ran - som from the grave.
But joy the heart shall glad - den, When dawns the morn - ing light.
And then to Thee, Je - ho - vah, A - rose my cry for grace.

371

Every Day and Hour

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. Sav-i-our, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;

Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright - er, bright - er world a - bove.

REFRAIN

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

I Find Thee So Precious

JAMES M. GRAY

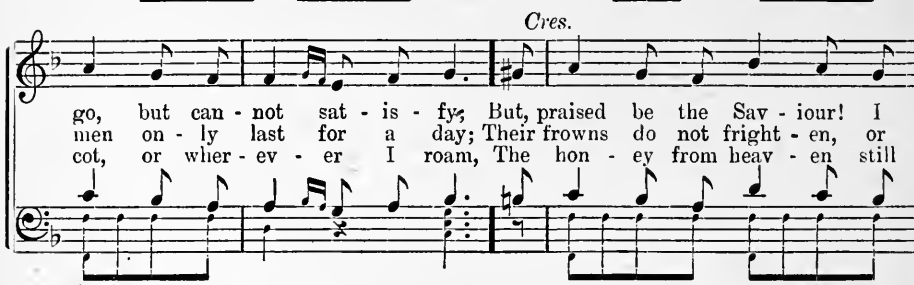
JAMES McGRANAHAN

DUET OR SOLO*



1. O what are the pleas - ures that sil - ver can buy? They come and they
 2. I care not if all the proud world turn a - way, The plau - dits of
 3. As well in the cot - tage as un - der the dome, Be - side my own

Cres.

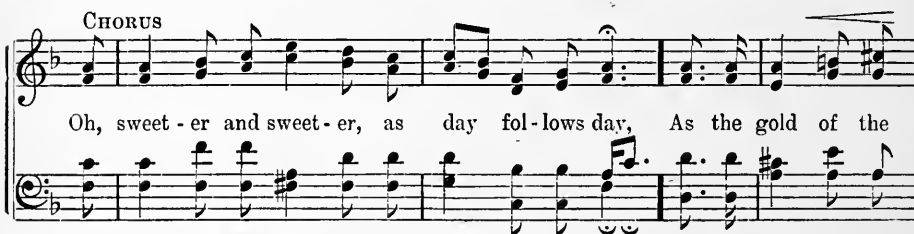


go, but can - not sat - is - fy; But, praised be the Sav - iour! I
 men on - ly last for a day; Their frowns do not fright - en, or
 cot, or wher - ev - er I roam, The hon - ey from heav - en still

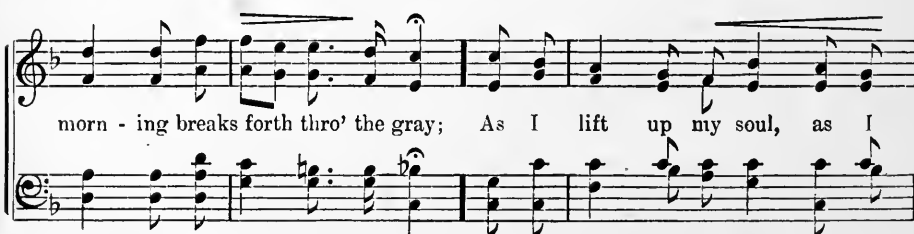


cease not to cry, I find Thee so pre - cious, my Sav - iour!
 cause me dis - may, I find Thee so pre - cious, my Sav - iour!
 drips from the comb: I find Thee so pre - cious, my Sav - iour!

CHORUS



Oh, sweet - er and sweet - er, as day fol - lows day, As the gold of the



morn - ing breaks forth thro' the gray; As I lift up my soul, as I

* Small notes for Solo

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I Find Thee So Precious—Concluded

praise and I pray, I find Thee more pre - cious, my Sav - iour!

373

Come Into His Courts

Psalm 96

J. B. HERBERT

1. Great hon - or is be - fore His face, And maj - es - ty di - vine;
 2. O do ye to Je - ho - vah give, Of peo - ple ev - 'ry tribe,
 3. The glo - ry to Je - ho - vah give That to His name is due;

Strength is with - in His ho - ly place, And there doth beau - ty shine.
 Yea, to Je - ho - vah glo - ry give, And might - y pow'r as - cribe.
 O come in - to His courts, and bring An of - fer - ing with you.

CHORUS

O come in - to His courts, come in - to His courts, Come, come in - to His courts,

And bring an of - fer - ing, bring an of - fer - ing, Bring an of - fer - ing with you.
 Come in - to His courts, come in - to His courts, And bring an of - fer - ing with you.

"Fear Thou Not"

H. A. CÆSAR MALAN, tr. by J. E. A.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. O Chris-tian trav-'ler, fear no more The storms which round thee spread;
 2. Thy Sav-iour, who up-on the cross Thy full re-demp-tion paid,
 3. A safe re-treat and hid-ing-place Thy Sav-iour will pro-vide;
 4. No; in thy dark-est days on earth, When ev-'ry joy seems flown,

Nor yet the noon-tide's sul-try beams On thy de-fence-less head.
 Will not from thee, His ran-somed one, With-hold His prom-ised aid.
 And sor-row can-not fill thy heart, While shel-tered at His side.
 Be-liev-er, thou shalt nev-er tread The toil-some way a-lone!

CHORUS (Isa. 41: 10)

"Fear thou not, for I..... am with thee: Be not dis-

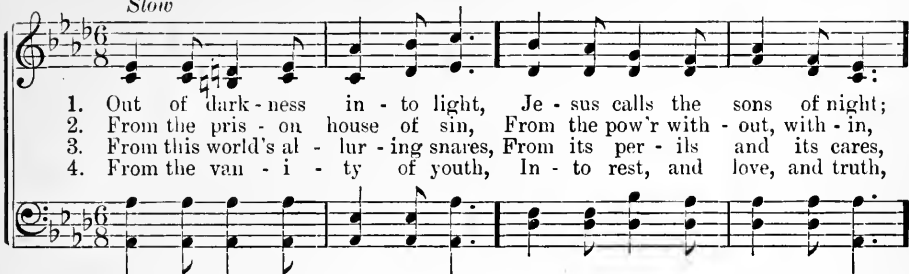
mayed, for I am thy God! Fear..... thou not, for

I..... am with thee: Be not dis-mayed, for I am thy God!"

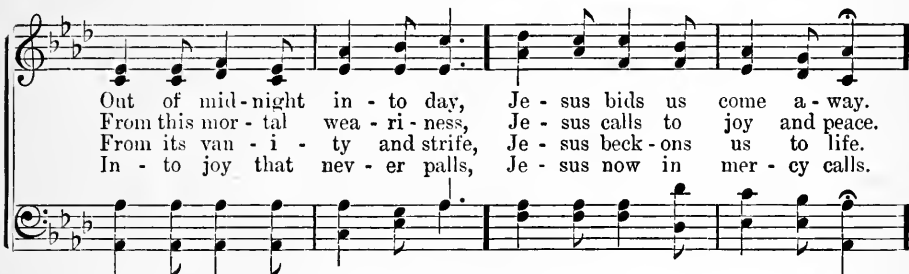
Arise, and Shine

HORATIUS BONAR Alt.

H. H. McGRANAHAN

Slow


1. Out of dark-ness in - to light, Je - sus calls the sons of night;
 2. From the pris - on house of sin, From the pow'r with - out, with - in,
 3. From this world's al - lur - ing snares, From its per - ils and its cares,
 4. From the van - i - ty of youth, In - to rest, and love, and truth,



Out of mid - night in - to day, Je - sus bids us come a - way.
 From this mor - tal wea - ri - ness, Je - sus calls to joy and peace.
 From its van - i - ty and strife, Je - sus beck - ons us to life.
 In - to joy that nev - er palls, Je - sus now in mer - cy calls.

CHORUS *Faster*


A - rise, and shine, thy light is come! The glo - ry of the
 A - rise, and shine,



Lord is ris - en up - on our gloom! A - rise, and shine, thy

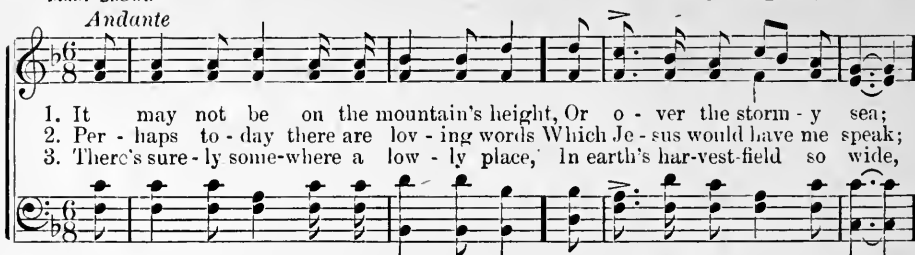


light is come! The glo - ry of the Lord is ris - en up - on our gloom!

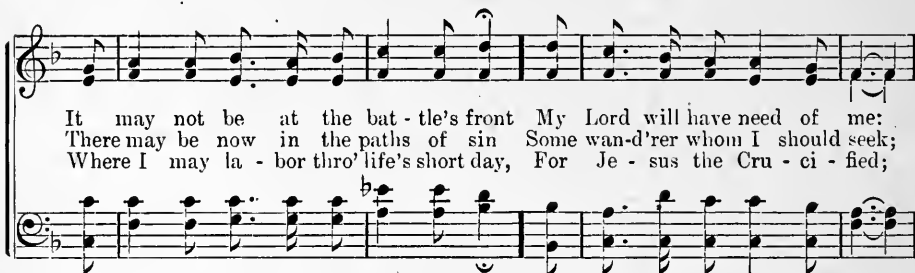
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go

MARY BROWN

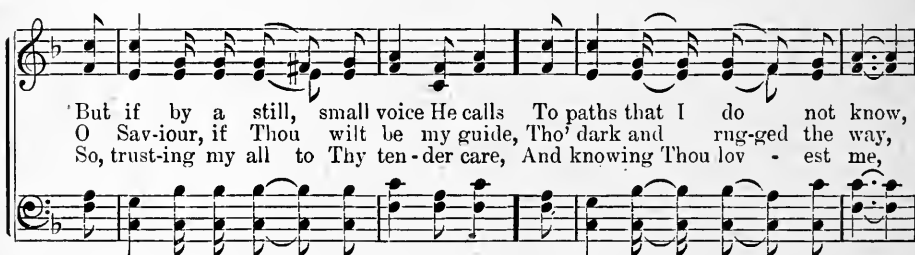
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL

Andante


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
 2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak;
 3. There's sure - ly some - where a low - ly place, In earth's har - vest - field so wide,



It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan - d'r'er whom I should seek;
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day, For Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied;



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
 So, trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o Thy mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

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I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go—Concluded

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

377

Holy Spirit, Dwell in Me

E. S. B.

EFFIE S. BLACK

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Teach mine err - ing feet the way;
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Fill my soul with Thy rich grace;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Till the night has passed a - way;

As I jour - ney here be - low, Guide me ev - 'ry day.
 Let me all the beau - ty see In the Sav - iour's face.
 When with rap - ture I shall wake In e - ter - nal day.

Show me what I ought to do, Help me shun the wrong;
 Till at last His life shall be Mir - rored in mine own,
 I shall dwell with Christ my Lord In our heav'n - ly home,

In this va - ried chain of life Make the weak link strong.
 And the like - ness God can see To His own dear Son.
 And He will pre - sent me then Fault - less at the throne.

S. F. SMITH

H. H. McGRANAHAN

Not too fast

1. When the har - vest is past and the sum - mer is gone, En - treat - ings and
 2. When the ho - ly have gone to the re - gions of peace, To dwell in the
 3. Say, O sin - ner that liv - est at rest and se - cure, Who fear - est no

pleadings are o'er; When the beams cease to break of the blest Sab - bath morn,
 mansions a - bove; When their har - mo - ny wakes in the ful - ness of bliss,
 trou - ble to come, Can thy spir - it the swell - ings of sor - row en - dure,

CHORUS

And Je - sus in - vites thee no more: When the har - - - vest is
 Their song to the Sav - iour they love: When the har - vest is past,
 Or bear the im - pen - i - tent's doom? When the harvest is past,

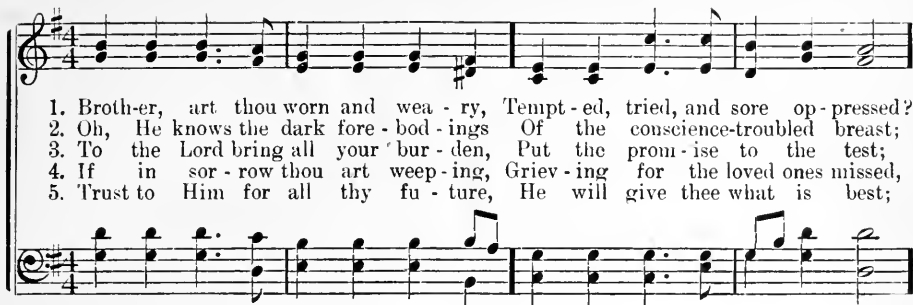
past, And the sum - - - mer is o'er, With the
 har - vest is past, And the summer is o'er, summer is o'er,

wheat or the tares, When the judgment appears, Oh, which shall it be ev - er - more?


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EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN



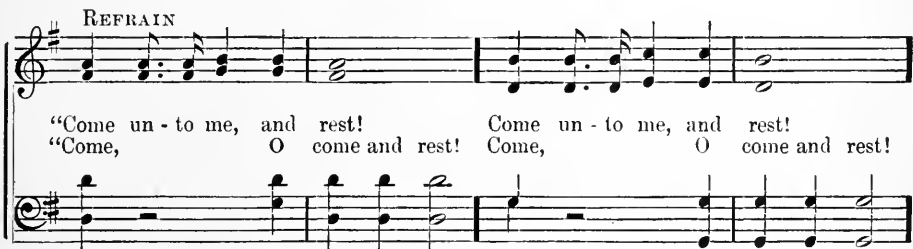
1. Broth-er, art thou worn and wea - ry, Tempt - ed, tried, and sore op - pressed?
 2. Oh, He knows the dark fore - bod - ings Of the conscience-troubled breast;
 3. To the Lord bring all your bur - den, Put the prom - ise to the test;
 4. If in sor - row thou art weep - ing, Griev - ing for the loved ones missed,
 5. Trust to Him for all thy fu - ture, He will give thee what is best;



Lis - ten to the word of Je - sus, "Come un - to me, and rest!"
 And to such His word is giv - en, "Come un - to me, and rest!"
 Hear Him say, your Bur - den - bear - er, "Come un - to me, and rest!"
 Sure - ly then to you He whis - pers, "Come un - to me, and rest!"
 Why then fear when He is say - ing, "Come un - to me, and rest!"

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REFRAIN



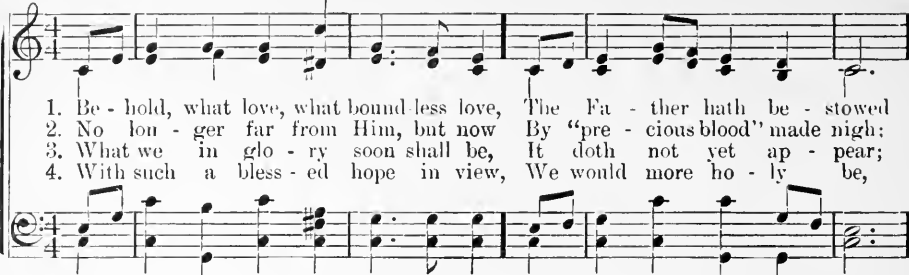
"Come un - to me, and rest! Come un - to me, and rest!
 "Come, O come and rest! Come, O come and rest!"



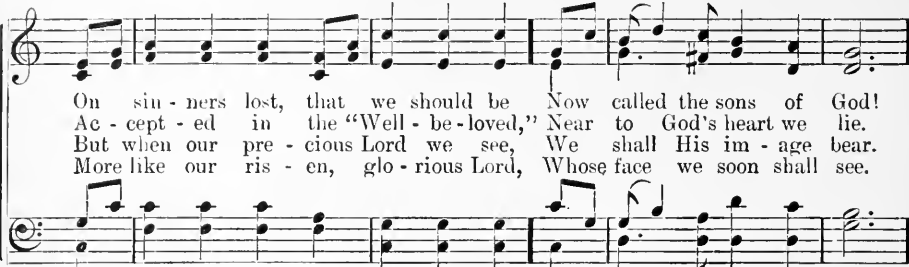
Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Come un - to me, and rest!"

M. S. S.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

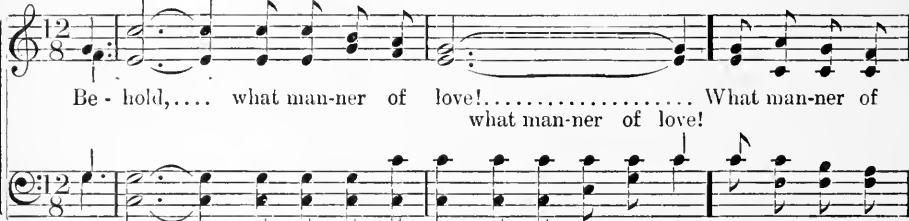


1. Be - hold, what love, what bound - less love, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed
 2. No lon - ger far from Him, but now By "pre - cious blood" made nigh;
 3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
 4. With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,

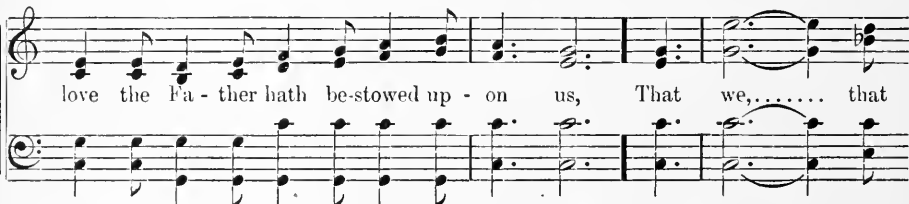


On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
 Ac - cept - ed in the "Well - be - loved," Near to God's heart we lie.
 But when our pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
 More like our ris - en, glo - rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

CHORUS



Be - hold,.... what man - ner of love!..... What man - ner of
 what man - ner of love!



love the Fa - ther hath be - stowed up - on us, That we,..... that



we should be called,..... Should be called the sons of God.
 the sons of God,

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(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the meetings in that City, October, 1883)

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Once more, my soul, thy Sav-iour, thro' the Word, is of - fered full and free;
 2. By grace I will Thy mer - cy now re - ceive, Thy love my heart hath won;
 3. Thou know-est, Lord, how ver - y weak I am, And how I fear to stray;
 4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to - day The grace to join our song;
 5. To all who came, when Thou wast here be-low, And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"

And now, O Lord, I must, I must de - cide; Shall I ac - cept of Thee?
 On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will be - lieve, And trust in Thee a - lone!
 For strength to serve I look to Thee a - lone—The strength Thou must sup - ply!
 And from the heart to glad - ly with us say: "I will to Christ be - long!"
 To them "I will" was ev - er Thy re - ply; We rest up - on it now.

CHORUS, *with promptness and spirit*

I will, I will, I will, I will, God helping me, I will be Thine!
 I will, I will, I will, I will, I will, I will be Thine!

Thy pre - cious blood was shed to pur - chase me— I will be whol - ly Thine!

Some Time We'll Understand

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
 2. We'll catch the bro-ken thread a - gain, And fin - ish what we here be - gan;
 3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
 4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea - ger hand;
 5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un - err - ing hand;

We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
 Heav'n will the mys-ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then, we'll un-der-stand.
 Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
 Why hopes are crushed and cas-tles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
 Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS *A little faster*

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
 doth hold thy hand;

Ad tempo *Cres.* *Ad lib.*
 Though dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.

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H. R. P.

HORATIO R. PALMER

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
 rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear - nest,
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark pas-sions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will - ing to aid - you, He will car - ry you through.

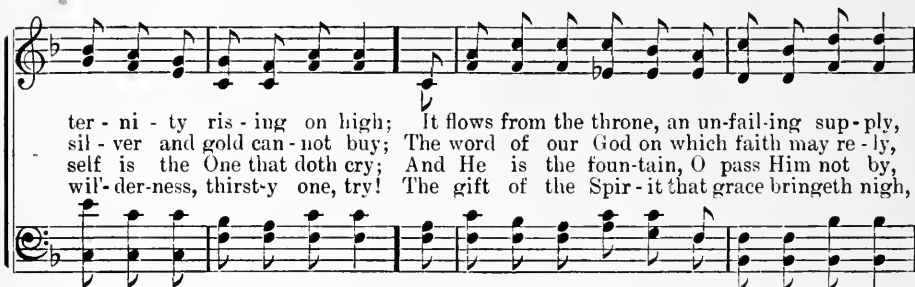
Drink of the Fountain

JAMES M. GRAY

JAMES McGRANAHAN

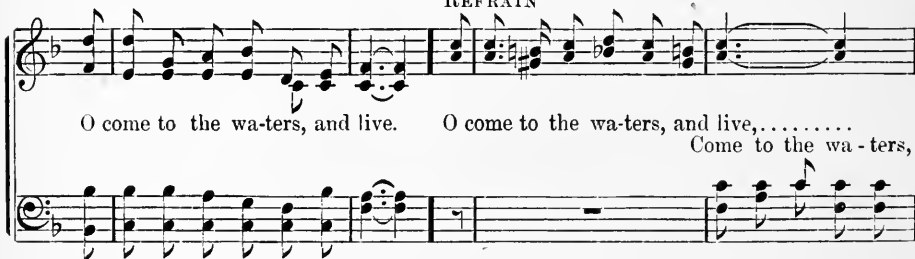


1. O drink of the foun - tain that nev - er runs dry, The spring of e -
 2. O drink of the foun - tain that nev - er runs dry, The prom - is - es
 3. O drink of the foun - tain that nev - er runs dry, The Sav - iour Him -
 4. O drink of the foun - tain that nev - er runs dry, A pool in the

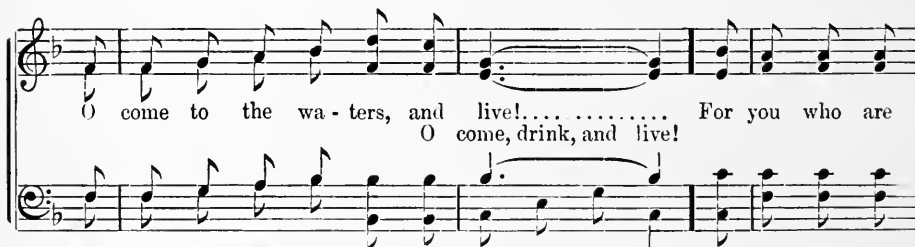


ter - ni - ty ris - ing on high; It flows from the throne, an un-fail - ing sup - ply,
 sil - ver and gold can - not buy; The word of our God on which faith may re - ly,
 self is the One that doth cry; And He is the foun - tain, O pass Him not by,
 wil - der - ness, thirst - y one, try! The gift of the Spir - it that grace bringeth nigh,

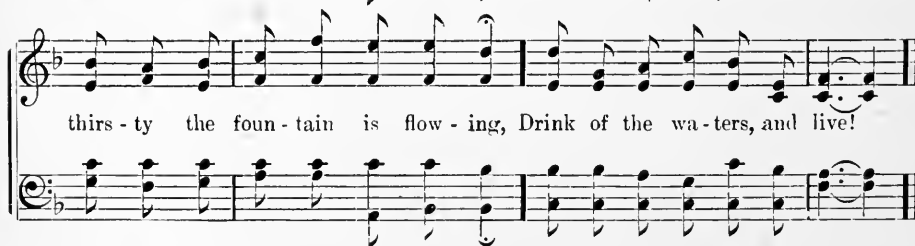
REFRAIN



O come to the wa - ters, and live. O come to the wa - ters, and live,.....
 Come to the wa - ters,



O come to the wa - ters, and live!..... For you who are
 O come, drink, and live!



thirs - ty the foun - tain is flow - ing, Drink of the wa - ters, and live!

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FANNY J. CROSBY

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light; Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight; An-gels, de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove,
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

CHORUS

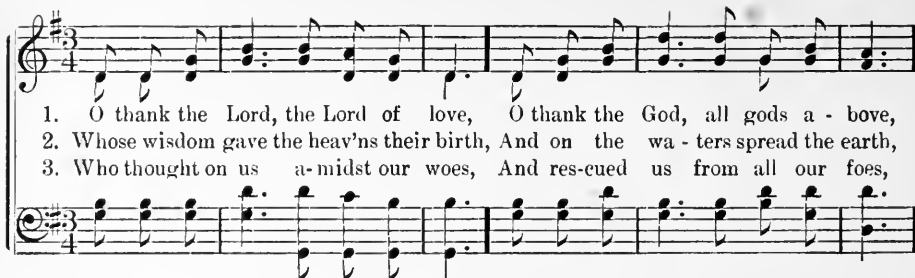
Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. } This is my sto-ry,
 Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

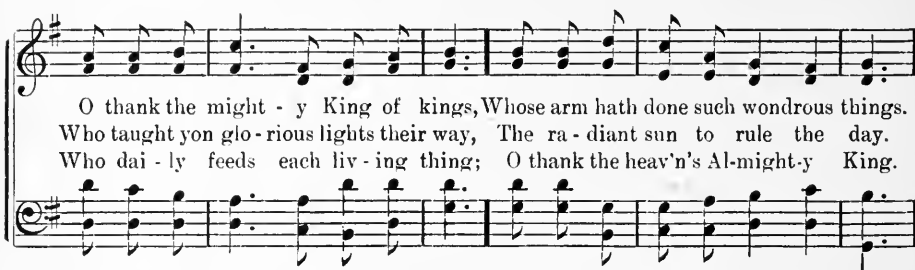
sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

Psalm 136

JAMES McGRANAHAN

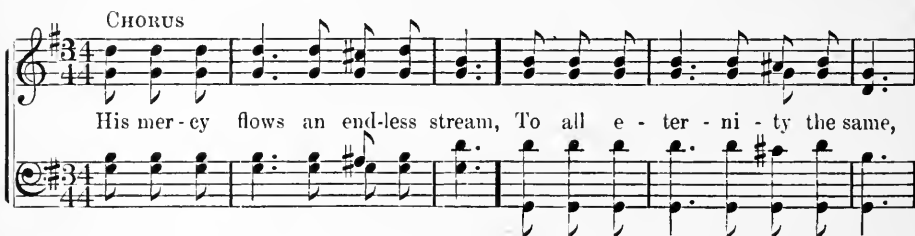


1. O thank the Lord, the Lord of love, O thank the God, all gods a - bove,
 2. Whose wisdom gave the heav'n's their birth, And on the wa - ters spread the earth,
 3. Who thought on us a - midst our woes, And res - cued us from all our foes,




O thank the might - y King of kings, Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.
 Who taught yon glo - rious lights their way, The ra - diant sun to rule the day.
 Who dai - ly feeds each liv - ing thing; O thank the heav'n's Al-might-y King.

CHORUS



His mer - cy flows an end-less stream, To all e - ter - ni - ty the same,



To all e - ter - ni - ty, To all e - ter - ni - ty, To all e - ter - ni - ty the same.

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1 He lives and loves, our Saviour King; 2 His hand is strong, His word endures,
 With joyful lips your tribute bring: His sacrifice our peace secures;
 Repeat His praise, exalt His name, From sin and death He doth redeem,
 Whose grace and truth are still the same. His changeless love be all our theme.

Cho.—His mercy flows an endless stream, 3 Each day reveals His constant love,
 To all eternity the same; With "mercies new" from heaven above;
 To all eternity, to all eternity, Through ages past His word has stood;
 To all eternity the same. Oh, taste and see that He is good.

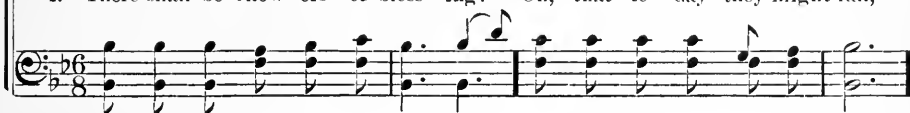
388 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

EL NATHAN

JAMES MCGRANAHAN



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;"—Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

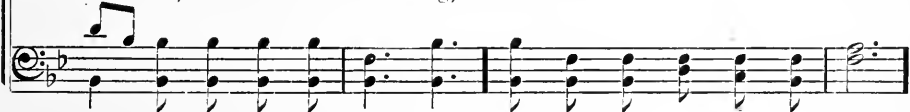


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CHORUS



Show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing,



Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



Mrs. L. SHOREY

JOSEPH D. LITTLE

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
 2. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
 3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well:
 4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
 5. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,

He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I'll glad - ly seek;
 But with what love He lov - eth me My tongue can nev - er tell;
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
 And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh—
 He leads me in the path of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky—
 It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - 'ry rich sup - ply—
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try—
 He bids me tell His won - drous love, And how He came to die—

Rit.
 And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....
 And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.....
 And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.....

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Peace, Peace Is Mine

J. DENHAM SMITH

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. God's al - might - y arms are round me, Peace, peace is mine;
 2. While I hear life's rug - ged bil - lows, Peace, peace is mine;
 3. Ev - 'ry tri - al draws Him near - er, Peace, peace is mine;
 4. Wel - come ev - 'ry ris - ing sun - light, Peace, peace is mine;

Judg - ment scenes need not con - found me, Peace, peace is mine.
 Why sus - pend my harp on wil - lows? Peace, peace is mine.
 All His strokes but make Him dear - er, Peace, peace is mine.
 Near - er home each roll - ing mid - night, Peace, peace is mine.

Je - sus came Him - self and sought me! Sold to Death, He found and bought me!
 I may sing with Christ be - side me, Tho' a thou - sand ills be - tide me;
 Bless I then the hand that smit - eth Gen - tly, and to heal de - light - eth;
 Death and hell can - not ap - pall me; Safe in Christ what - e'er be - fall me;

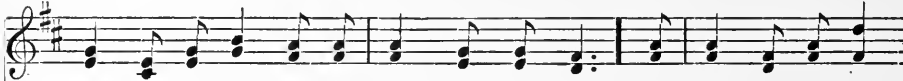
Then my bless - ed free - dom taught me, Peace, peace is mine.
 Safe - ly He hath sworn to guide me, Peace, peace is mine.
 'Till a - gainst my sins He fight - eth, Peace, peace is mine.
 Calm - ly wait I till He call me, Peace, peace is mine.

JAMES M. GRAY

D. B. TOWNER



1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp - tion, No
 2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp - tion, The
 3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp - tion, The
 4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp - tion, The



val - ue on earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross
 guilt on my con-science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross
 ho - ly com-mand-ment for-bade me draw near; The blood of the cross
 way in - to heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross



is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour now
 is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour could
 is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour re -
 is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour re -

CHORUS



mak - eth me whole. I am re - deemed,..... but not with
 on - ly a - tone.
 mov - eth my fear.
 demp - tion hath wrought. I am re-deemed, I am re -

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Mor Silver Mor Gold—Concluded

sil - ver;
deemed, but not with sil - ver; I am bought,..... but not with
I am bought, I am

gold;
bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price—..... the blood of
Bought with a price— the

Je - - sus,
pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Pre - cious price of love un - told.

392

Make Me Willing

M. FRASER

M. A. SEA

1. Will - ing to own Thee Mas - ter and King, Will - ing to of - fer
2. Will - ing to wait for Thy chos - en time, Will - ing to fol - low
3. Will - ing to la - bor, Lord, I would be, Will - ing to suf - fer

Thee ev'rything, Lord, make me willing, O make me willing, My all to bring.
Thy way, not mine, Lord, make me willing, O make me willing, For I am Thine.
all things for Thee, Lord, make me willing, O make me willing, Is all my plea.

Casting All Your Care upon Him

CASAR H. A. MALAN, arr. by J. E. A.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. How sweet, my Sav - iour, to re - pose On Thine al-might - y pow'r!
 2. It is Thy will that I should cast My ev - 'ry care on Thee:
 3. That I should trust Thy lov - ing care, And look to Thee a - lone,
 4. Why should my heart then be dis-tressed By dread of fu - ture ill?

To feel Thy strength up - hold - ing me Through ev - 'ry try - ing hour!
 To Thee re - fer each ris - ing grief, Each new per - plex - i - ty;
 To calm each troub - led thought to rest, In prayer be - fore Thy throne.
 Or why should un - be - liev - ing fear My trem - bling spir - it fill?

CHORUS

Cast - ing all..... your care up - on Him,..... Cast - ing
 all your care, all up - on Him,

all..... your care up - on Him,..... Cast - ing all..... your care up - on
 all your care, all up - on Him, your care

Him,..... For He car - eth, He car - eth for you.
 all up - on Him,

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Leaving It All with Jesus

JAMES M. GRAY

O. F. PUGH

Andante

1. My heart has come to the place of rest, Leav-ing it all with Je - sus;
 2. I've brought the guilt of my wea - ry soul, Leav-ing it all with Je - sus;
 3. I'm walk-ing safe in a path un-known, Leav-ing it all with Je - sus;
 4. O wound-ed soul, here is heav'n-ly balm, Leav-ing it all with Je - sus;

The fear of death doth no more mo - lest, I'm leav-ing it all with Je - sus.
 I've brought not part of it, but the whole, I'm leav-ing it all with Je - sus.
 I find the path with His blessings strown, I'm leav-ing it all with Je - sus.
 Then change thy moan to a joy-ous psalm In leav-ing it all with Je - sus.

REFRAIN

Leav-ing it all with Je - sus, Leav-ing it all with Je - sus;

My peace to - day, as on yes - ter - day, Is leav-ing it all with Je - sus.

Grace, before and after Meat

JOHN CENNICK

LOWELL MASON

1. Be pres-ent at our ta - ble, Lord, Be here and ev - 'ry - where a - dored;
 2. We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food, For life, and health, and ev - 'ry good:

These mer-cies bless, and grant that we May feast in par - a - dise with Thee.
 Let man - na to our souls be giv'n, — The bread of life sent down from heav'n.

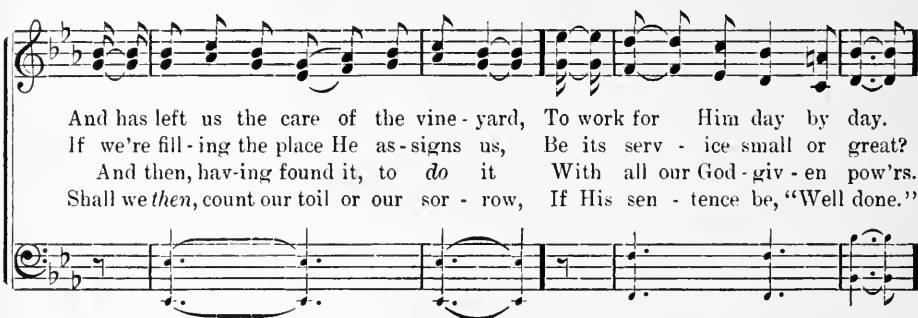
396 There's a Work for Each of Us Now

A. A. A.

JAMES McGRANAHAN



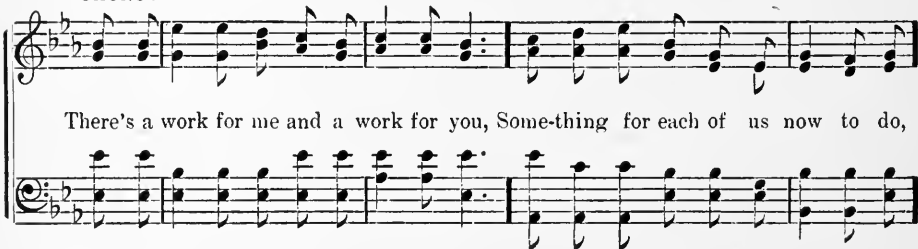
1. Our Mas - ter has tak - en His jour - ney To a coun - try that's far a - way,
 2. In this "lit - tle while," doth it mat - ter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
 3. There's on - ly one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;
 4. Our Mas - ter is com - ing most sure - ly. To reck - on with ev - 'ry one;



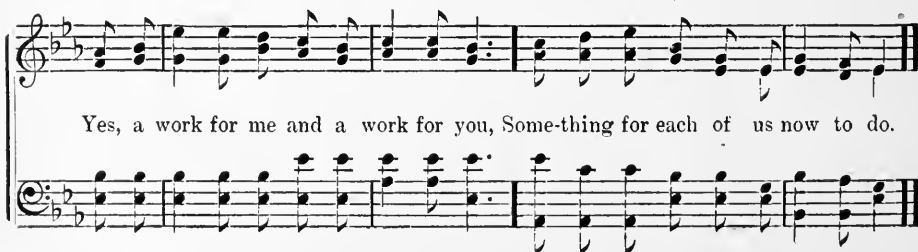
And has left us the care of the vine - yard, To work for Him day by day.
 If we're fill - ing the place He as - signs us, Be its serv - ice small or great?
 And then, hav - ing found it, to do it With all our God - giv - en pow'rs.
 Shall we then, count our toil or our sor - row, If His sen - tence be, "Well done."

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CHORUS



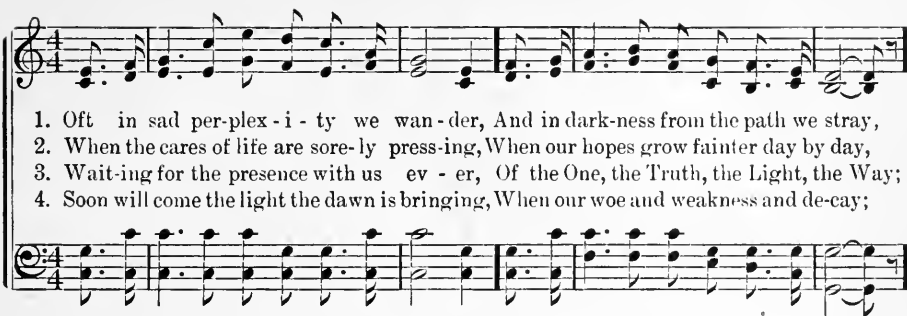
There's a work for me and a work for you, Some-thing for each of us now to do,



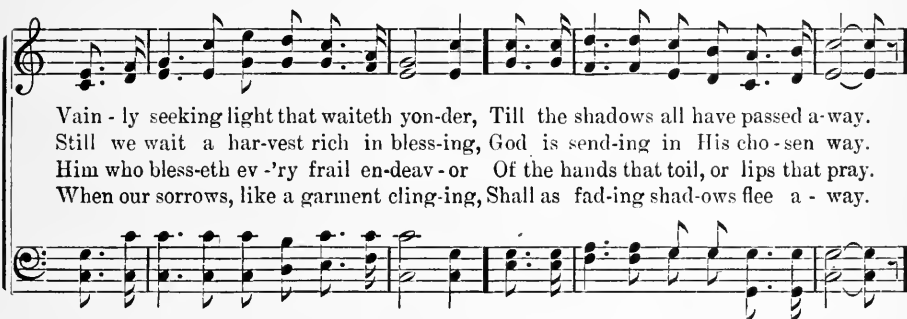
Yes, a work for me and a work for you, Some-thing for each of us now to do.

W. A. C.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY




1. Oft in sad per-plex-i - ty we wan-der, And in dark-ness from the path we stray,
 2. When the cares of life are sore-ly press-ing, When our hopes grow fainter day by day,
 3. Wait-ing for the presence with us ev - er, Of the One, the Truth, the Light, the Way;
 4. Soon will come the light the dawn is bringing, When our woe and weakness and de-cay;



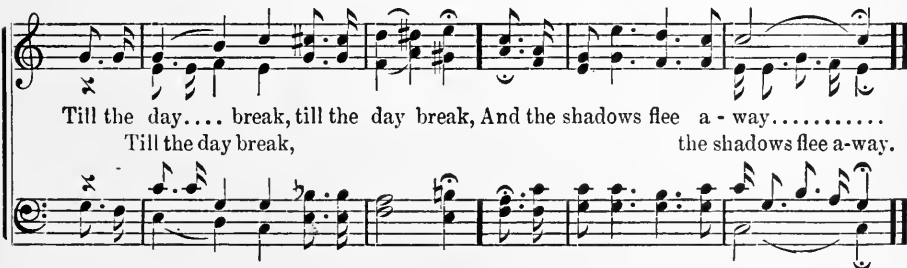
Vain - ly seeking light that waiteth yon-der, Till the shadows all have passed a-way.
 Still we wait a har-vest rich in bless-ing, God is send-ing in His cho-sen way.
 Him who bless-eth ev -'ry frail en-deav-or Of the hands that toil, or lips that pray.
 When our sorrows, like a garment cling-ing, Shall as fad-ing shad-ows flee a - way.

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CHORUS



Till the day break, till the day break, And the shadows flee a - way;.....
 Till the day break, till the day break, flee a-way;



Till the day.... break, till the day break, And the shadows flee a - way.....
 Till the day break, the shadows flee a-way.

The Rock That Is Higher than I

Psalm 61

ROBERT H. WILSON

Moderato

1. Lord, hear my voice, my prayer at - tend, From earth's re - mot - est
 2. In Thee my soul hath shel - ter found, And Thou hast been from
 3. Thou art my God, O God Most High, And ear - ly seek Thy

bound I send My sup - pli - ca - ting cry. When troub - les great o'er -
 foes a - round The tow'r of my de - fence. My home shall Thy pa -
 face will I; My soul doth thirst for Thee. My spir - it thirsts to

Poco rit
 whelm my breast, Then lead me to the Rock to rest That high - er is than I.
 vil - ion be, To cov - ert of Thy wings I'll flee, And find de - liv - er - ance.
 taste Thy grace, My flesh longs in this bar - ren place In which no wa - ters be.

REFRAIN

Tempo

Then lead..... me to the Rock, Then lead..... me to the
 Lead me to the Rock, Lead me to the Rock, Then lead me to the Rock,

Rock, Then lead me to the Rock That is high - er than I.
 Lead me to the Rock,

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Like a River Glorious

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per-fect peace, O - ver all vic -
 2. Hid-den in the hol - low Of His bless-ed hand, Nev - er foe can
 3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall-eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our

to - rious In its bright in-crease; Per-fect, yet it flow - eth
 fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,
 di - al By the Sun of love; We may trust Him sole - ly

Full - er ev - 'ry day; Per-fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
 Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.
 All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly, Find Him whol - ly true.

CHORUS

Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are ful - ly blest,
 ful - ly blest,

Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

Why Not Now

EL NATHAN

C. C. CASE

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
 2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
 3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
 4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

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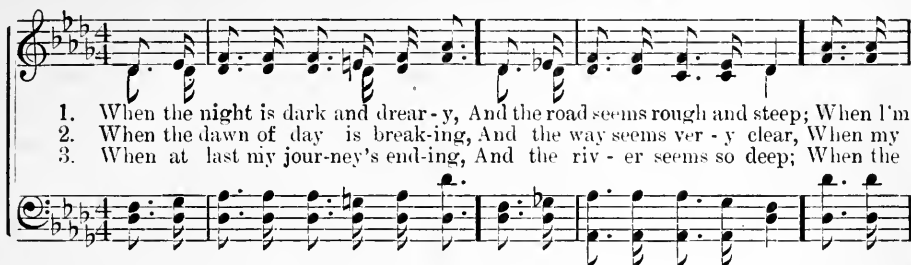
CHORUS

Why not now?... why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? why not now?

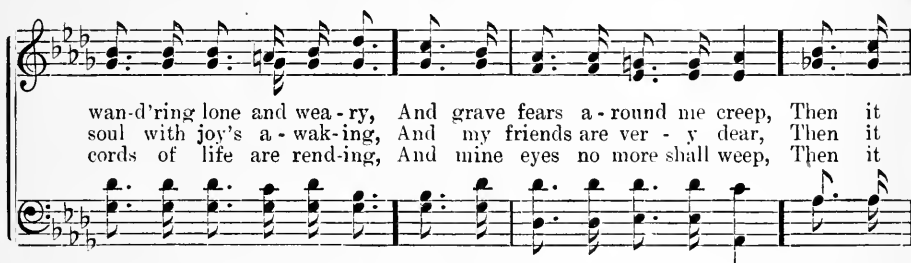
Why not now?... why not now?... Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? why not now?

G. B. M.

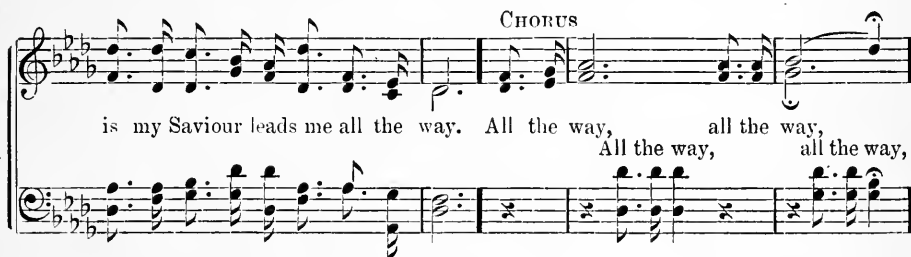
GRACE B. MAXWELL



1. When the night is dark and drear-y, And the road seems rough and steep; When I'm
 2. When the dawn of day is break-ing, And the way seems ver-y clear, When my
 3. When at last my jour-ney's end-ing, And the riv-er seems so deep; When the

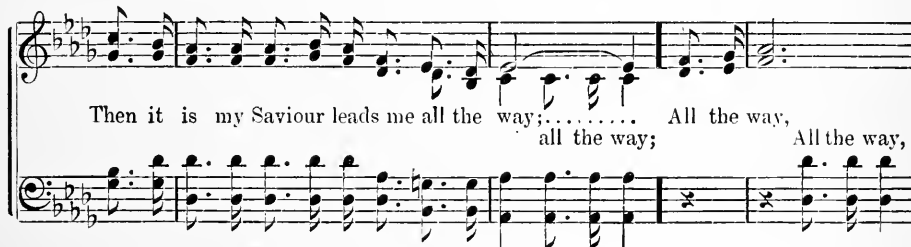


wan-d'ring lone and wea-ry, And grave fears a-round me creep, Then it
 soul with joy's a-wak-ing, And my friends are ver-y dear, Then it
 cords of life are rend-ing, And mine eyes no more shall weep, Then it

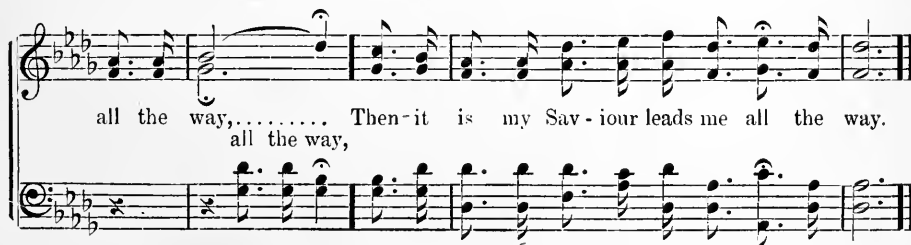


CHORUS

is my Saviour leads me all the way. All the way, all the way,
 All the way, all the way,



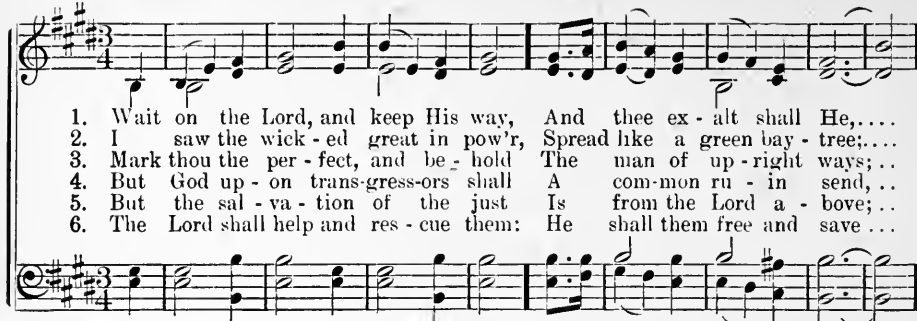
Then it is my Saviour leads me all the way;..... All the way,
 all the way; All the way,



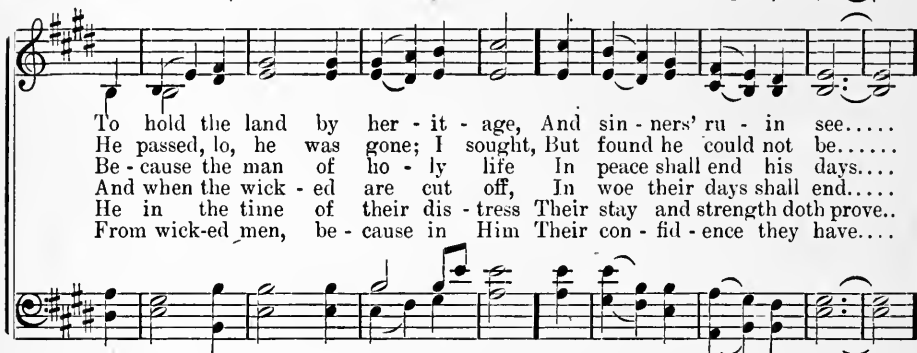
all the way,..... Then it is my Sav-iour leads me all the way.
 all the way,

Psalm 37

L. A. TATE



1. Wait on the Lord, and keep His way, And thee ex - alt shall He,....
 2. I saw the wick - ed great in pow'r, Spread like a green bay - tree;...
 3. Mark thou the per - fect, and be - hold The man of up - right ways;..
 4. But God up - on trans-gress-ors shall A com-mon ru - in send,..
 5. But the sal - va - tion of the just Is from the Lord a - bove;..
 6. The Lord shall help and res - cue them: He shall them free and save...

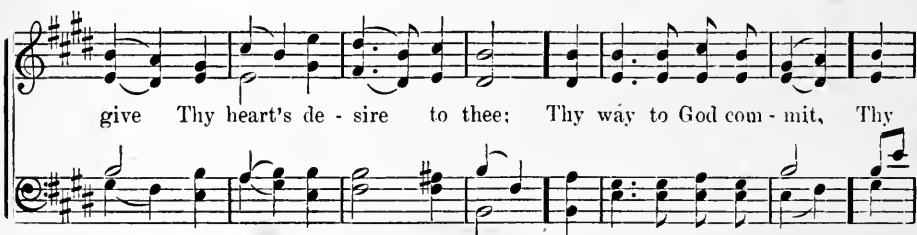


To hold the land by her - it - age, And sin - ners' ru - in see....
 He passed, lo, he was gone; I sought, But found he could not be.....
 Be - cause the man of ho - ly life In peace shall end his days...
 And when the wick - ed are cut off, In woe their days shall end....
 He in the time of their dis - tress Their stay and strength doth prove..
 From wick-ed men, be - cause in Him Their con - fid - ence they have....

CHORUS



De - light thy - self in God, De - light thy - self in God, He'll



give Thy heart's de - sire to thee; Thy way to God com - mit, Thy



way to God com - mit, Him trust, It bring to pass shall He.

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A. J. GORDON

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. O Church of Christ! be - hold at last The prom - ised sign ap - pear—
 2. With gird - ed loins, make haste, make haste, Thy wit - ness to com - plete;
 3. And Thou, O Is - rael, long in dust, A - rise! and come a - way:
 4. The scat - tered sons are gath - ring home, The fig - tree buds a - gain;
 5. Then sing a - loud, O Pil - grim Church, Brief con - flict yet re - mains;

The gos - pel preached in all the world; And lo! the King draws near.
 That Christ may take His throne and bring All na - tions to His feet.
 See how the Sun of Right - eous - ness Sheds forth the beams of day.
 A lit - tle while, and Da - vid's Son On Da - vid's throne shall reign.
 And then Im - man - u - el de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.

CHORUS

He shall reign from sea to sea, When he girds on His conqu'ring sword;

All the ends of the earth shall see The sal - va - tion of our God.

Redeemed

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN



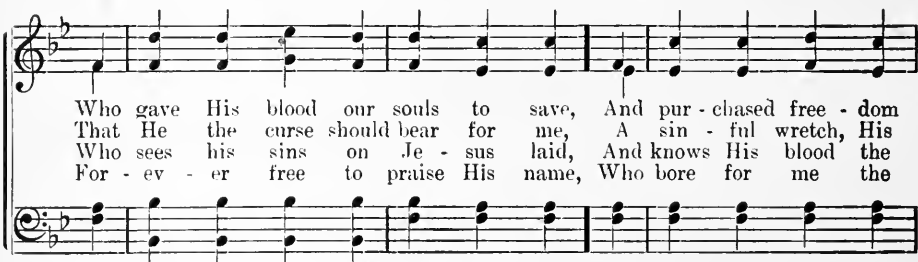
1. "Re-deemed! re-deemed!" Ob, sing the joy - ful strain!
 2. What grace! what grace! That He who calmed the wave,
 3. "Re-deemed! re-deemed!" The word has brought re - pose,
 4. "Re-deemed! re-deemed!" O joy, that I should be

"Re-deemed! re-deemed!"
 What grace! what grace!

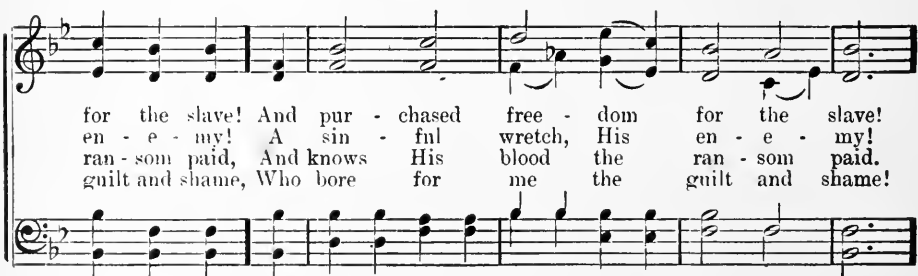


Give praise, give praise and glo - ry to His name;
 Should stoop, my soul, my guilt - y soul to save!
 And joy, and joy that each re - deemed one knows.
 In Christ, in Christ, from sin for - ev - er free!

Give praise, give praise
 Should stoop, my soul,



Who gave His blood our souls to save, And pur - chased free - dom
 That He the curse should bear for me, A sin - ful wretch, His
 Who sees his sins on Je - sus laid, And knows His blood the
 For - ev - er free to praise His name, Who bore for me the



for the slave! And pur - chased free - dom for the slave!
 en - e - my! A sin - ful wretch, His en - e - my!
 ran - som paid, And knows His blood the ran - som paid.
 guilt and shame, Who bore for me the guilt and shame!

And purchased freedom, purchased freedom for the slave!
 A sin - ful wretch, His en - e - my, His en - e - my!
 And knows His blood the ran - som paid, the ran - som paid.
 Who bore for me the guilt and shame, the guilt and shame!

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Redeemed—Concluded

CHORUS

*"Re - deemed, re - deemed" from sin and all its woe! "Re - deemed, re -

deemed," e - ter - nal life to know! "Re - deemed, re - deemed" by

Je - sus' blood, "Re - deemed, re - deemed," oh, praise the Lord!

* The Chorus may be omitted if desired

405

Jesus Calls Us

Cecil F. Alexander

W. H. Jude

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us; by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, make us hear Thy call;

Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us; Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love me more."
 Still He calls in cares and pleas - ures, "That we love Him more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

Return Ye Unto the Lord

R. L. FLETCHER

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. O souls, a - far on the wilds of sin, Re - turn ye un - to the Lord;
 2. In e - vil long you have gone a - stray, Re - turn ye un - to the Lord;
 3. Be - lieve His word and ac - cept His love, Re - turn ye un - to the Lord;
 4. His cleans-ing pow'r, if your heart would know, Re - turn ye un - to the Lord;

The way of life come and en - ter in, Re - turn ye un - to the Lord.
 The voice of mer - cy, O heed to - day, Re - turn ye un - to the Lord.
 He will your bur - den of sin re - move, Re - turn ye un - to the Lord.
 His blood will make you as white as snow, Re - turn ye un - to the Lord.

CHORUS (Isa. 55: 7.)

"Let the wick-ed for-ake His way, and th' unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him re -

turn un - to the Lord, and He will have mer-cy up - on him; let him re - turn
 let him re - turn

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Return Ye Unto the Lord—Concluded

un - to the Lord, and He will have mer - cy up - on him; let him re -
un - to the Lord,

turn let him re - turn un - to our God, for He will a - bun - dant - ly par - don."

407

Give Thanks Unto the Lord

Psalm 136

M. A. SEA

QUARTET OR CHOIR

ALL

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good:
2. O give thanks to the Lord of lords:.....
3. To Him that by wisdom made the heavens:..
4. To Him that made great lights:.....
5. Who remembered us in our low estate:.....
6. Who giveth food to all flesh: } For His mercy en - dur - eth for ev - er:

QUARTET OR CHOIR

ALL

O give thanks unto the God of gods:.....
To Him who alone doeth great wonders:.....
To Him that stretched out the earth above the waters:..
The sun to rule by day: the moon and stars to rule by night:
And hath redeemed us from our enemies:.....
O give thanks unto the God of heaven:..... } For His mercy endureth for ever.

Tell It Out

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, that the Lord is King! Tell it out,
 2. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, that the Sav-iour reigns!
 3. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, Je-sus reigns a-bove! Tell it out,

tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them
 Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them
 tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, that His

shout and sing! Tell it out, tell it out! Tell it
 break their chains! Tell it out, tell it out! Tell it
 name is Love! Tell it out, tell it out! Tell it

out with ad-o-ra-tion, that He shall in-crease, That the
 out a-mong the sin-ners, that He came to save; Tell it
 out a-long the high-ways, and the lanes at home, Let it

might-y King of glo-ry is the King of peace; Tell it out with ju-bi-
 out a-mong the fear-ful, that He walks the wave; Tell it out a-mong the
 ring a-cross the mountains and the o-cean foam; Like the sound of man-y

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Tell It Out—Concluded

la - tion, soon all wars shall cease! Tell it out, tell it out!
 dy - ing, that He burst the grave!
 wa - ters let the glad shout come! tell it out,

409

He Leadeth Me

Psalm 23

ROBERT H. WILSON

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want. He makes me down to lie In pastures green; He
 2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain, And me to walk doth make With - in the paths of
 3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vail, Yet will I fear no ill, For Thou art with me,
 4. A ta - ble Thou hast furnished me In pre - sence of my foes; My head Thou dost with
 5. Goodness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me, And in God's house for -

CHORUS

lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 righteousness, E'en for His own name's sake.
 and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still. } He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me,
 oil a - noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.
 ev - er - more My dwelling - place shall be.

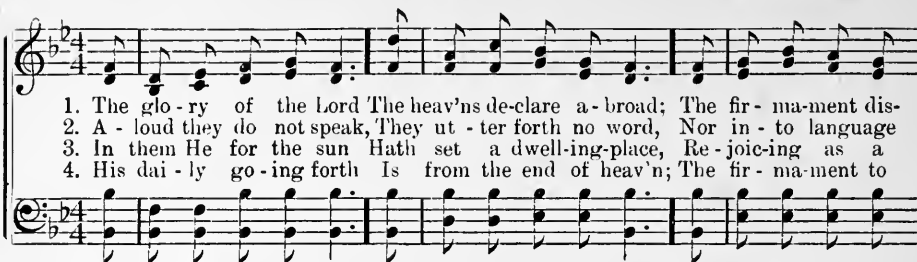
Rit. *A tempo*

In the green pas - tures and by the still wa - ters He lead - eth mè,

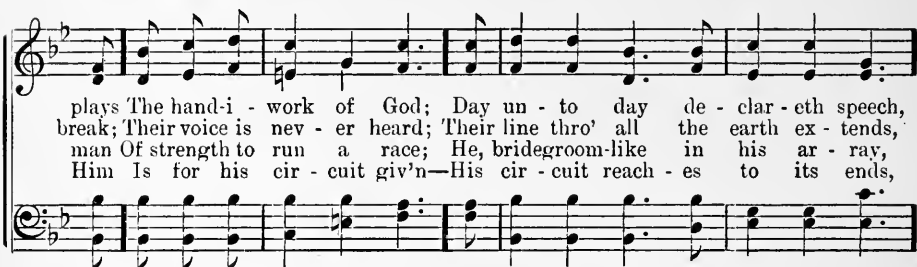
The Glory of the Lord

Psalm 19

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

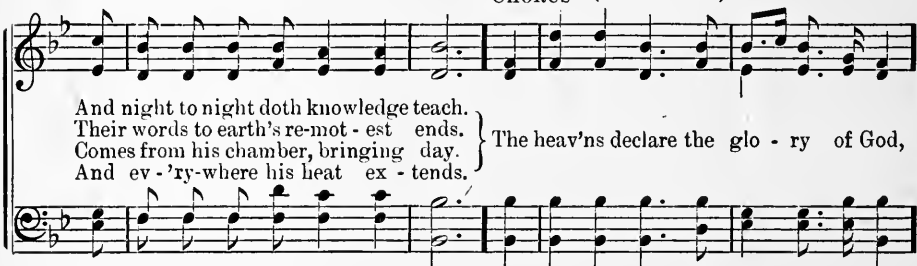


1. The glo - ry of the Lord The heav'n's de - clare a - broad; The fir - ma - ment dis -
 2. A - loud they do not speak, They ut - ter forth no word, Nor in - to language
 3. In them He for the sun Hath set a dwell - ing - place, Re - joic - ing as a
 4. His dai - ly go - ing forth Is from the end of heav'n; The fir - ma - ment to

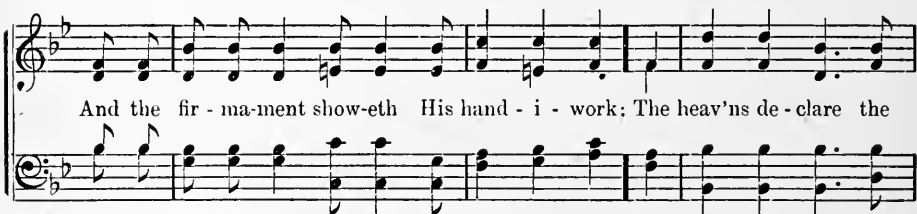


plays The hand - i - work of God; Day un - to day de - clar - eth speech,
 break; Their voice is nev - er heard; Their line thro' all the earth ex - tends,
 man Of strength to run a race; He, bridegroom - like in his ar - ray,
 Him Is for his cir - cuit giv'n - His cir - cuit reach - es to its ends,

CHORUS (Prose Version)



And night to night doth knowledge teach.
 Their words to earth's re - mot - est ends. } The heav'n's declare the glo - ry of God,
 Comes from his chamber, bringing day.
 And ev - 'ry - where his heat ex - tends.



And the fir - ma - ment show - eth His hand - i - work; The heav'n's de - clare the



glo - ry of God, And the fir - ma - ment show - eth His hand - i - work.

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"Go Ye Into All the World"

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Far, far a-way, in hea-then dark-ness dwell-ing, Mil-lions of souls for
 2. See o'er the world wide-o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a-
 3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
 4. God speed the day, when those of ev-'ry na-tion "Glo-ry to God" tri-

ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
 rise and en-ter in! Chris-tians, a-wake! your forc-es, all u-nit-ing,
 ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death ap-pall-ing,
 um-phantly shall sing; Ran-somed, re-deemed, re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion,

CHORUS

Look-ing to Je-sus, minding not the cost?
 Send forth the gos-pel, break the chains of sin. } "All pow'r is giv-en un-to me,
 Life and sal-va-tion there-fore go pro-claim.
 Shout "Hal-le-lu-jah, for the Lord is King!"

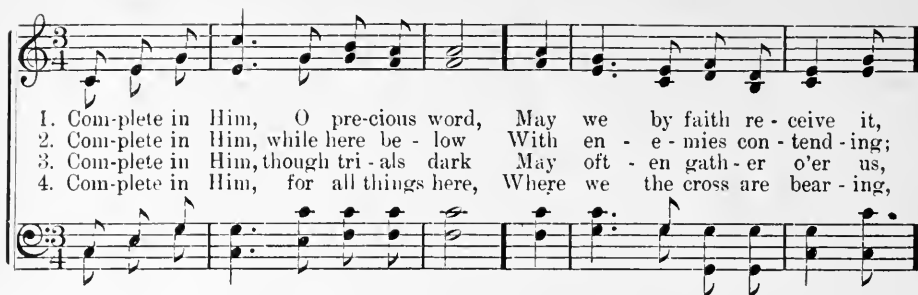
All pow'r is giv-en un-to me, Go ye in-to all the world and

preach the gos-pel, And lo, I am with you al-way."

Complete in Him

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN



1. Com-plete in Him, O pre-cious word, May we by faith re-ceive it,
 2. Com-plete in Him, while here be-low With en-e-mies con-tend-ing;
 3. Com-plete in Him, though tri-als dark May oft-en-gath-er o'er us,
 4. Com-plete in Him, for all things here, Where we the cross are bear-ing,



That all our sins are put a-way, A-lone by Je-sus' mer-it.
 His might-y pow'r we dai-ly find His weak-est child de-fend-ing.
 With faith and love we clasp the hand Of Him who goes be-fore us.
 And soon for aye, com-plete in Him, The crown we shall be wear-ing.

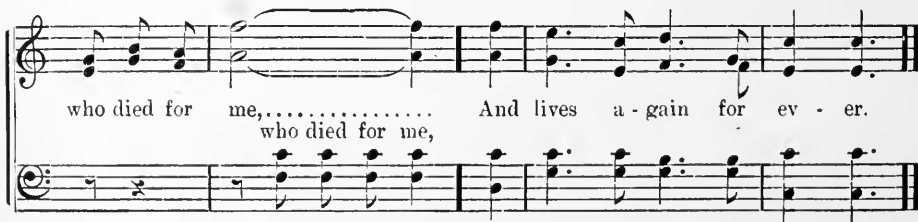
CHORUS



Com-plete..... in Him,..... Who
 Com-plete in Him, com-plete in Him,



came to be my Sav-iour; Com-plete in Him.....
 com-plete in Him



who died for me,..... And lives a-gain for ev-er.
 who died for me,

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Psalm 145

JAMES McGRANAHAN

Not too slow

1. I'll Thee ex - alt, my God, O King; Thy name I will a - dore;
 2. The Lord is great, much to be praised, His great-ness search ex - ceeds.
 3. I of Thy glo - rious maj - es - ty The hon - or will re - cord;
 4. Men of Thine acts the might shall show, Thine acts that dread - ful are;

I'll bless Thee ev - 'ry day, and praise Thy name for ev - er - more.
 Race un - to race shall praise Thy works, And show Thy might - y deeds.
 I'll speak of all Thy might - y works, Which won - drous are, O Lord.
 And I, Thy glo - ry to ad - vance, Thy great - ness will de - clare.

CHORUS (Bible)

"Ev - 'ry day will I bless Thee! Ev - 'ry day will I bless Thee!"

And I will praise, will praise Thy name, For ev - er and ev - er."

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 My Saviour's praises I will sing;
And all His love express
Whose mercies, each returning day,
Proclaim His faithfulness. Cho. | 3 On Thee alone, my Saviour, God,
My steadfast hopes depend;
And to Thy holy will my soul
Submissively would bend. Cho. |
| 2 Redeemed by His almighty power,
My Saviour and my King,
My confidence in Him I place,
To Him my soul would cling. Cho. | 4 Oh, grant Thy Holy Spirit's grace,
And aid my feeble powers,
That gladly I may follow Thee
Through all my future hours. Cho. |

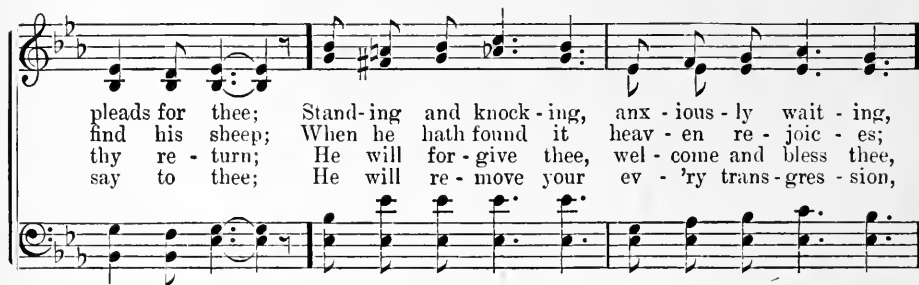
Jesus Tenderly Calling

J. G. FOOTE

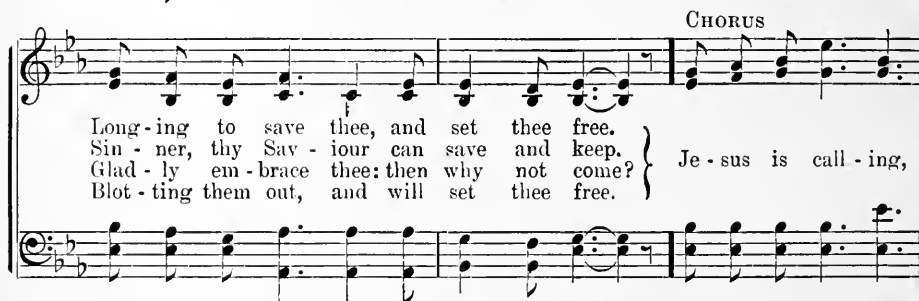
JOHN



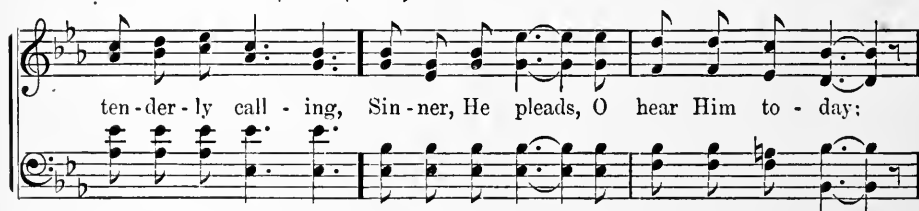
1. Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, thy Sav - iour now
 2. Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus, like the good shep - herd, Out on the des - ert to
 3. Prod - i - gal son, thy Fa - ther is wait - ing, Aux - ious and long - ing for
 4. Chiefest of sin - ners, Je - sus will wel - come, "Be of good cheer," He will



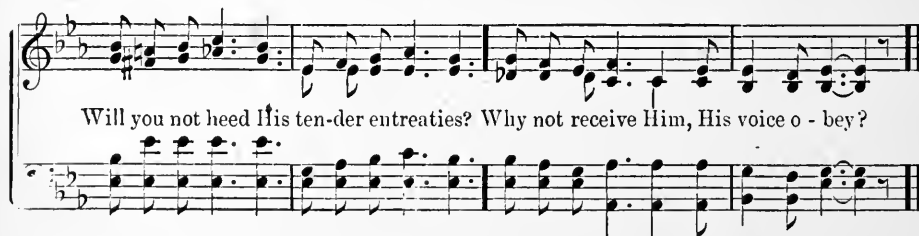
pleads for thee; Stand - ing and knock - ing, anx - ious - ly wait - ing,
 find his sheep; When he hath found it, heav - en re - joic - es;
 thy re - turn; He will for - give thee, wel - come and bless thee,
 say to thee; He will re - move your ev - 'ry trans - gres - sion,



CHORUS
 Long - ing to save thee, and set thee free.
 Sin - ner, thy Sav - iour can save and keep. } Je - sus is call - ing,
 Glad - ly em - brace thee: then why not come?
 Blot - ting them out, and will set thee free.



ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, He pleads, O hear Him to - day;



Will you not heed His ten - der entreaties? Why not receive Him, His voice o - bey?

From "New Hymns" Used by permission

Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON

pp *Very Slow* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for

you and for me; See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don,

m CHORUS

Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home,
 Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home, come home,
 Com - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home,

Cres. *pp* *ppp*

Ye who are wea - ry, come home;.... Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly

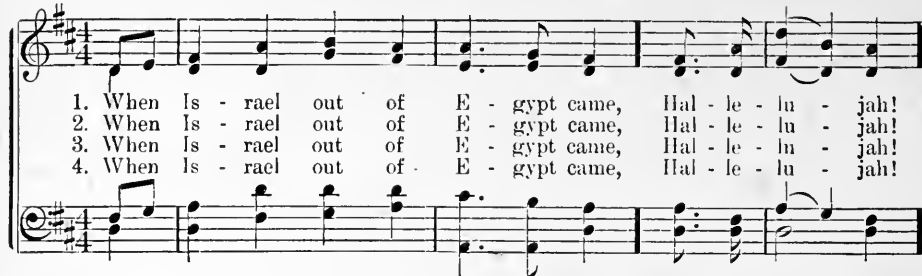
Rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

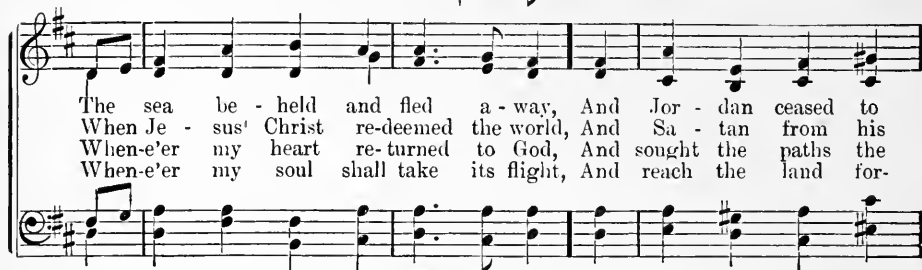
When Israel Out of Egypt Came

JAMES M. GRAY

O. F. PUGH



1. When Is - rael out of E - gypt came, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. When Is - rael out of E - gypt came, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 3. When Is - rael out of E - gypt came, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 4. When Is - rael out of E - gypt came, Hal - le - lu - jah!



The sea be - held and fled a - way, And Jor - dan ceased to
 When Je - sus' Christ re-deemed the world, And Sa - tan from his
 When-e'er my heart re-turned to God, And sought the paths the
 When-e'er my soul shall take its flight, And reach the land for-



Hal - le - lu - jah!
 roll that day, Hal - le - lu - jah! And Jor - dan ceased to roll that day,
 throne was hurled, Hal - le - lu - jah! And Sa - tan from his throne was hurled,
 saints have trod, Hal - le - lu - jah! And sought the paths the saints have trod,
 ev - er bright, Hal - le - lu - jah! And reach the land for-ev - er bright,



Dolce
 The mountains skipped like rams, The lit - tle hills like lambs,
 The an - gels did re - joice, The heav - ens found a voice,
 My guilt was put a - way, And put a - way to stay,
 I then shall know at last The mean - ing of the past,

FULL CHORUS



When Is - rael out of E - gypt came, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

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Why Not Say So?

M. A. WINGATE

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Do you glo - ry in your Lord, Then why not glad - ly say so?
 2. Do you know your sins for - giv'n, Then why not glad - ly say so?
 3. Do you know His sav - ing pow'r, Then why not glad - ly say so?
 4. Do you long for per - fect love, Then why not glad - ly say so?
 Why not say so?

Do you love His ho - ly word, Then why not say so?
 Do you claim a home in heav'n, Then why not say so?
 Do you feel His grace this hour, Then why not say so?
 Do you seek the heights a - bove, Then why not say so?
 Then why not glad - ly say so?

Do you on His name be - lieve, Does your heart His grace re - ceive,
 Do you crown the Sav - iour King, Does His name with - in you ring,
 Do you find His prom - ise true, Does He sweet - ly dwell in you,
 Do you in His love con - fide, Does His will in you a - bide,

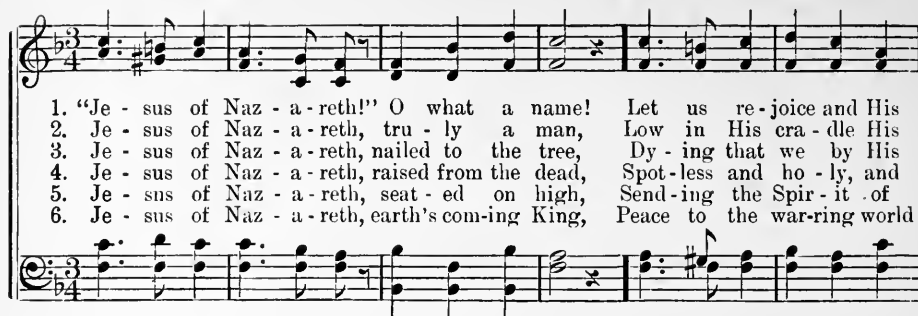
And His care your wants re - lieve, Then why not say so?
 And your heart His prais - es sing, Then why not say so?
 And His strength your own re - new, Then why not say so?
 And His grace in you re - side, Then why not say so?

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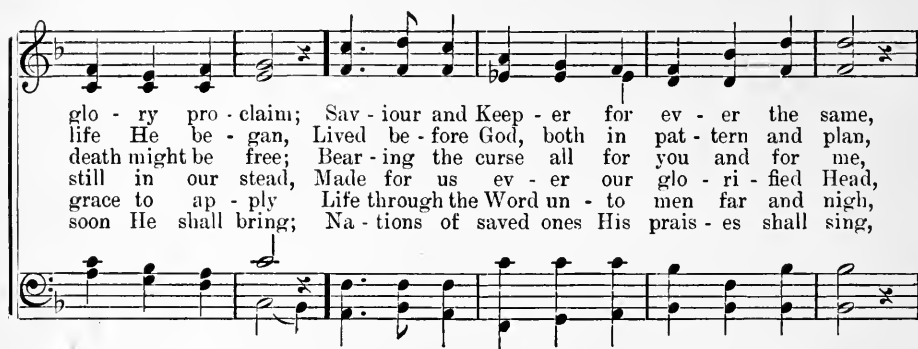
Jesus of Nazareth

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN



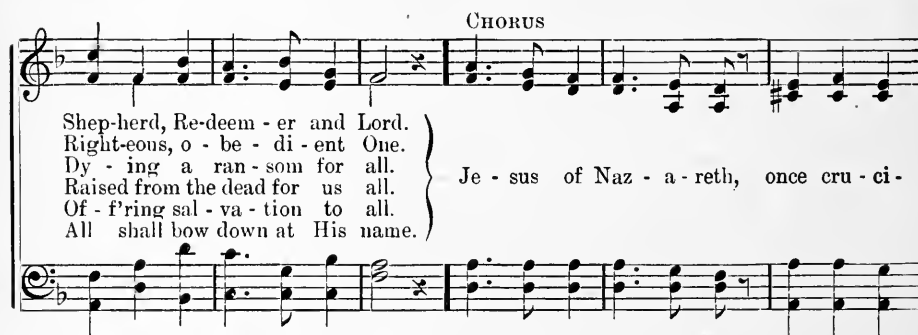
1. "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth!" O what a name! Let us re-joice and His
 2. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, tru - ly a man, Low in His cra - dle His
 3. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, nailed to the tree, Dy - ing that we by His
 4. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, raised from the dead, Spot-less and ho - ly, and
 5. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, seat - ed on high, Send - ing the Spir - it of
 6. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, earth's com - ing King, Peace to the war - ring world



glo - ry pro - claim; Sav - iour and Keep - er for ev - er the same,
 life He be - gan, Lived be - fore God, both in pat - tern and plan,
 death might be free; Bear - ing the curse all for you and for me,
 still in our stead, Made for us ev - er our glo - ri - fied Head,
 grace to ap - ply Life through the Word un - to men far and nigh,
 soon He shall bring; Na - tions of saved ones His prais - es shall sing,

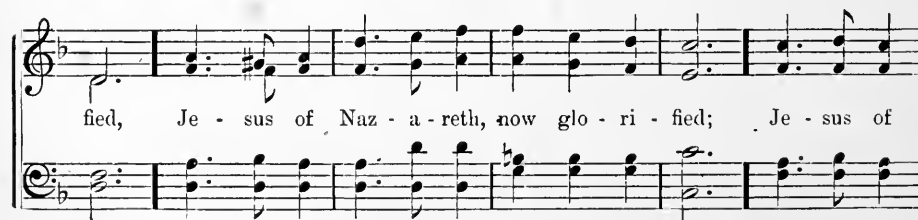
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CHORUS



Shep-herd, Re-deem - er and Lord.
 Right-eous, o - be - di - ent One.
 Dy - ing a ran - som for all.
 Raised from the dead for us all.
 Of - f'ring sal - va - tion to all.
 All shall bow down at His name.

Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, once cru - ci -



fied, Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, now glo - ri - fied; Je - sus of

Jesus of Nazareth—Concluded

Naz - a - reth, throned at God's side, Glo - ry and praise to His name.

420

So Near

J. CLARK

J. J. LOWE

1. So near the cleans - ing foun - tain In this the gos - pel day,
 2. So near the ref - uge cit - y, Then why not en - ter in?
 3. So near the fold of Je - sus, No lon - ger stay out - side;
 4. So near the lov - ing Sav - iour, Why stand in fear and doubt?
 5. So near the ark of safe - ty, A - rise, and en - ter thou!

O guilt - y soul, a - wak - en, And wash thy sins a - way.
 Pass through the o - pen gate - way, And life e - ter - nal win.
 Come find a peace - ful shel - ter Where God's re - deemed a - bide.
 In sim - ple faith ap - proach Him, He will not cast thee out.
 The storm of wrath is burst - ing; O soul, es - cape it now!

CHORUS

Sal - va - tion, peace and par - don The Lord will free - ly give;

The way of life is eas - y, 'Tis on - ly, "Look and live."

I Am the Way

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Like wan-d'ring sheep o'er moun-tains cold, Since all have gone a - stray;
 2. Be - wil-dered oft with doubt and care, To God I fain would go;
 3. To Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life, I come, no more to roam;

To "Life" and peace with - in the fold, How may I find the way?
 While man-y cry, "Lo here! lo there!" The truth how may I know?
 He'll guide me to my "Fa-ther's house," To my e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS

I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the
 I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the

life:.... No man com-eth un-to the Fa-ther but by me.
 truth, and the life:

I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the
 I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the

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I Am the Way—Concluded

life;..... No man com-eth un-to the Fa-ther but by me.”
truth, and the life;

422

Have You Any Room for Jesus

Arr. by W. W. D.

C. C. WILLIAMS

1. Have you an - y room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the Cru - ci - fied,
3. Have you an - y room for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner, will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can en - ter, In your heart for which He died?
Oh, to - day is time ac - cept - ed, To - mor - row you may call in vain.
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's plead-ing cease.

CHORUS

Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Hast - en now, His word o - bey,

Swing the heart's door wide-ly o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

Pass It On

M. FRASER

JAMES MCGRAHAN

Allegretto moderato

1. Pass a - long the in - vi - ta - tion, Who - so - ev - er will may come;
 2. Pass a - long the cup of com - fort That the Lord has giv - en you;
 3. Pass a - long each boon and bless - ing That may come to you thro' life;
 4. Pass a - long the watchword, "Cour-age!" Soon the dark-ness will be o'er;

Pass it on, pass it on, Pass a - long the lov - ing mes - sage
 Oth - er wea - ry, troub - led spir - its
 You may help the wea - ry - heart - ed
 See, al - read - y dawn is break - ing

Un - to ev - 'ry thirst - y one; Pass it on,..... pass it on.
 Need to taste its sweet - ness too; Pass it on,..... pass it on.
 Who are faint a - mid the strife; Pass it on,..... pass it on.
 On the bright ce - les - tial shore; Pass it on,..... pass it on.

CHORUS

Pass a - long the in - vi - ta - tion, Pass a - long the word of God,

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Pass It On—Concluded

Un - til ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion Shall have heard of Christ the Lord, Shall have heard, shall have heard, Shall have heard of Christ the Lord.

424

II Surrender All

J. W. VAN DE VENTER
DUET

W. S. WEEDEN

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow; }
 { Worldly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly Thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it; Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }

CHORUS

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
 I sur - ren - der all,
 All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to Thee;
 Fill me with Thy love and power,
 Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to His name!

The Wonderful Saviour

D. C. CARSON

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. I've found a friend, the best of all, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 2. With - out - cast sin - ners He did eat, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 3. For ns He suf - fered want and shame, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - iour!

He heard my weak but ear - nest call, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 And washed His own dis - ci - ples' feet, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 We're saved thro' faith in His dear name, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - iour!

When lost in sin He heard my cry, To earth He came for me to die;
 Tho' with - out sin, for us He died; On Cal - v'ry's cross was cru - ci - fied;
 No oth - er name for sin - ners giv'n, No oth - er name in earth or heav'n;

And now He's reign - ing up on high, Is this won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 Bur - ied, a - rose, and glo - ri - fied, Was this won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 But all must come, who'd be for - giv'n, To this won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour!

CHORUS

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour! Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour!

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The Wonderful Saviour—Concluded

Of Him I'll sing, and ev-er will cling To this wonderful, wonderful Sav-our!

426

Thy God Reigneth

F. S. SHEPHERD, arr.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Trem-bling soul, be-set by fears, "Thy God reign-eth;"
 2. Join, ye saints, the truth pro-claim, "Thy God reign-eth;"
 3. Church of Christ, a-wake, a-wake! "Thy God reign-eth;"
 "Thy God reign-eth;"

Look a-bove and dry thy tears, "Thy God reign-eth;"
 Shout it forth with glad ac-claim, "Thy God reign-eth;"
 For-ward, then, fresh cour-age take, "Thy God reign-eth;"
 "Thy God reign-eth;"

Tho' thy foes with pow'r as-sail, Naught a-gainst thee shall pre-vail;
 Zi-on, wake, the morn is nigh, See it break from yon-der sky;
 Soon de-scend-ing from His throne, He shall claim thee for His own;

Trust in Him, He'll nev-er fail, "Thy God reign-eth, Thy God reign-eth."
 Loud and clear the watchmen cry: "Thy God reign-eth, Thy God reign-eth."
 Sin shall then be o-ver-thrown, "Thy God reign-eth, Thy God reign-eth."

Be Careful What You Sow

EL NATHAN

C. C. CASE

SOLO OR DUET

1. Be care - ful what you sow, For seed will sure - ly grow;
 2. Be care - ful what you sow, For seed will sure - ly grow;
 3. Be care - ful what you sow, The weed you plant will grow;
 4. Then let us sow good deeds, And not the briars and weeds;

The dew will fall, the rain will splash, The clouds grow dark, the sunshine flash;
 Where it may fall, you can - not know, In sun or shade 'twill sure - ly grow,
 The scat - tered seed from thoughtless hand Must gath - ered be by God's command;
 Then har - vest - time its joys shall bring, And when we reap, our hearts shall sing;

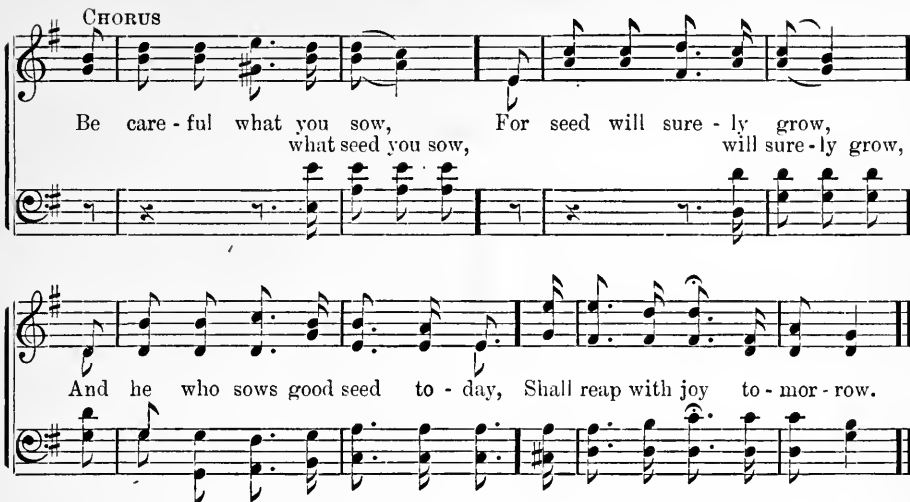
And he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap good seed to - mor - row;
 And he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap good seed to - mor - row;
 And he who sows wild oats to - day, Must reap the crop to - mor - row;
 And he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap good seed to - mor - row;

And he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.
 And he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.
 And he who sows wild oats to - day, Shall reap with tears to - mor - row.
 And he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.

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Be Careful What You Sow—Concluded

CHORUS



Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure-ly grow,
what seed you sow, will sure-ly grow,
And he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap with joy to-mor-row.

428

My Prayer

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS



1. More ho-li-ness give me, More strivings with-in; More pa-tience in
2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-dom from
suf-f'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith in my Sav-iour,
glo-ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor-rows,
earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king-dom,
More sense of His care; More joy in His serv-ice, More pur-pose in prayer.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri-al, More praise for re-lief.
More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho-ly, More, Sav-iour, like Thee.

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN

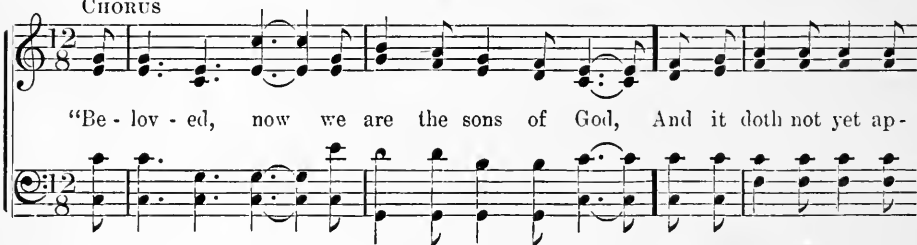


1. Sons of God, be - loved in Je - sus! O the won-drons word of grace;
 2. Bless-ed hope, now bright-ly beam-ing, On our God we soon shall gaze;
 3. By the pow'r of grace transform-ing, We shall then His im - age bear;



In His Son the Fa - ther sees us, And as sons He gives us place.
 And in light ce - les - tial gleam-ing, We shall see our Sav - iour's face.
 Christ His prom-ised word per-form - ing, We shall then His glo - ry share.

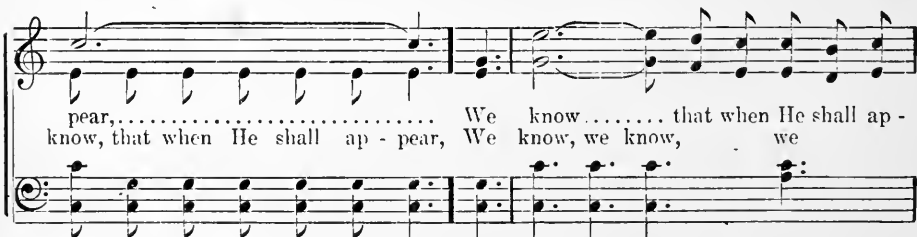
CHORUS



"Be - lov - ed, now we are the sons of God, And it doth not yet ap -



pear what we shall be: But we know..... that when He shall ap -
 But we know, we know, we



pear,..... We know..... that when He shall ap -
 know, that when He shall ap - pear, We know, we know, we

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Beloved, How Are We—Concluded

pear,..... we shall be like Him, we shall be
know that when He shall ap-pear,

like Him, For we shall see.... Him as.... He is,".....

430

Pass Me Not

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,

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CHORUS
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneeling there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wounded, broken spir - it. Save me by Thy grace. } Sav-iour, Sav - iour,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

hear my hum - ble cry, While on others Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. I am think-ing to - day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
 feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

CHORUS

be an-y stars in my crown?
 praise like the sea-billow rolls. } Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown,
 be an-y stars in my crown.

When at eve-ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
 go-eth down?

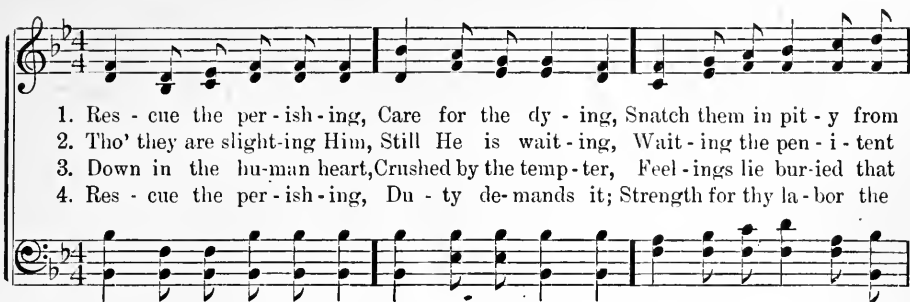
In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
 an-y stars in my crown?

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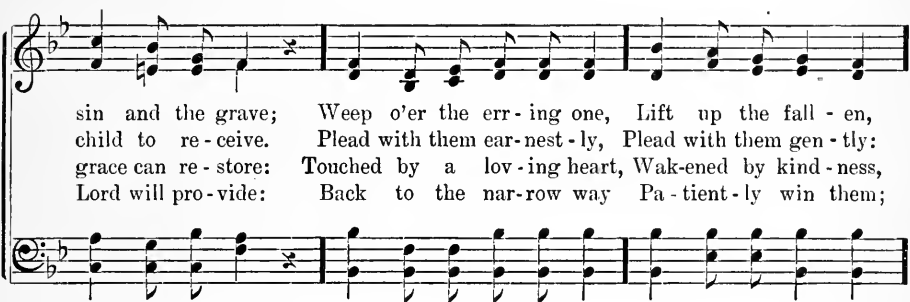
Rescue the Perishing

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM H. DOANE

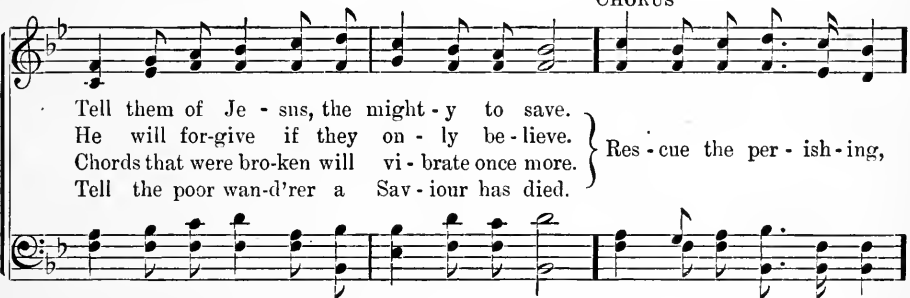


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are slight - ing Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the temp - er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
 grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS



Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Tell the poor wan - d' rer a Sav - iour has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

The Shall Reign for Ever

JULIA H. JOHNSTON

JAMES McGRANAHAN

Moderato

1. Lift up your hearts, lo, the tri-umph is near - ing! Hark! from a - far, how the
 2. Sing al - le - lu - ia! His word fail-eth nev - er, An - gels a - bove the E -
 3. Pow'r and do - min - ion, sal - va - tion and glo - ry, Be un - to Him, for He

"great voic-es" ring; King-doms of earth shall be-hold His ap-pear-ing, All shall a-
 van - gel pro-claim; Hail to the King who is bless-ed for ev - er, Je - sus, Re-
 rules o - ver all; List to the voic - es that her-ald the sto - ry, Na-tions and

CHORUS

dore Him, the Sav-iour and King. }
 deem-er for ev - er the same. } "And there were great voices in heav-en, say - ing:
 kin-dreds be - fore Him shall fall.

Cres. *f*
 The king-doms of this world are be-come the king-dom of our Lord, The

ff *mp* *Cres.*
 king-dom of our Lord and of His Christ; And He shall reign for ev-er and ev-er, And

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He Shall Reign for Ever—Concluded

He shall reign for ev - er, And He shall reign for ev - er and
He shall reign, He shall reign for ev - er and

Adagio

ev - er, And He shall reign for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er."

434

I'll Praise God While I Live

Psalm 16

HENRY A. LEWIS

1. To Thee, O Lord, I fly, And on Thy help de - pend; I said, Thou art my
2. Not un - to Thee my worth, It reach - es not that height, To saints, the no - ble
3. Their sor - rows shall be great That oth - er gods a - dore, Their ver - y names I'll
4. A her - it - age for me Je - ho - vah will re - main; The por - tion of my
5. The lot to me that fell Is beau - ti - ful and fair; The her - it - age in

CHORUS

Lord Most High, To me de - liv - rance send.
ones of earth, With whom is my de - light.
not re - peat, Nor their blood - off - rings pour.
cup is He, My lot He shall main - tain.
which I dwell, None can with it com - pare.

I'll praise God while I live, His counsel

guides me right: My reins to me in - struc - tion give, In sea - sons of the night.

The Crowning Day

EL NATHAN

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world dis-owned,
 2. The heav'n's shall glow with splen - dor, But bright - er far than they
 3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We sin and sigh no more,
 4. Let all that look for, hast - en The com - ing joy - ful day,

By the *man - y* still neg - lect - ed, And by the *few* en-throned,
 The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray;
 Be - hind us all of sor - row, And naught but joy be - fore,
 By ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar - row way;

But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw - ing nigh, For the
 The beau - ty of the Sav - iour Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye, In the
 A joy in our Re - deem - er, As we to Him are nigh, In the
 By gath'ring in the lost ones For whom our Lord did die, For the


CHORUS

crowning day is coming by and by. }
 crowning day that's coming by and by. } Oh, the crowning day is com-ing,
 crowning day that's coming by and by. }
 crowning day that's coming by and by. }


Is com-ing by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow - er,"

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The Crowning Day—Concluded



And "glo - ry" from on high. Oh, the glo - rious sight will glad - den



Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

436

What a friend We have in Jesus

JOSEPH SCRIVEN

CHARLES C. CONVERSE



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?



S *Fine*
 What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
D. S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D. S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D. S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



D. S.
 Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear—
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

437 Behold, I Stand at the Door and Knock

EL NATHAN

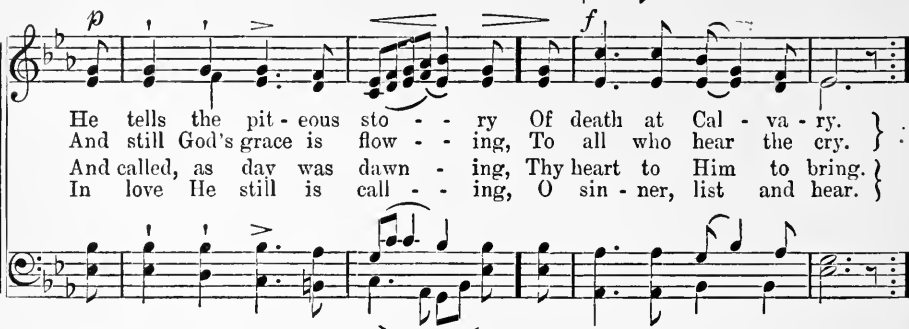
JAMES MCGRANAHAN

p *f*



1. { He stands, the King of glo - - ry, He pleads, O heart, with thee;
The day is swift - ly go - - ing, The night is draw - ing nigh,
2. { He came in ear - ly morn - ing, In life's sweet op - 'ning spring,
And now, when night is fall - - ing, And dull and faint thine ear,

p *f*



He tells the pit - eous sto - - ry Of death at Cal - va - ry. }
And still God's grace is flow - - ing, To all who hear the cry. }
And called, as day was dawn - ing, Thy heart to Him to bring, }
In love He still is call - - ing, O sin - ner, list and hear. }

CHORUS (Rev. 3: 20.)



Be-hold! be-hold! be-hold, I stand, I stand at the door and knock, knock, knock;



If an - y man, an - y man hear my voice And o - pen, and o - pen the door,
and open the door,
And o - - - pen, and open the door,



I will come in to him, I will come in to him, And will sup with him, and

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Behold, I Stand at the Door—Concluded

ff

he...with me,... And will sup with him, and he with me....

438

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

HORATIUS BONAR

JOHN B. DYKES

mf

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me, and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

Cres.

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

p *Cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad,
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

Cres. *f*

I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav'ling days are done. A - MEN.

Hasten Thine Appearing

JAMES M. GRAY

O. F. PUGH

Voices in unison

1. O dear and longed-for Saviour, When wilt Thou come a-gain? The promise of Thy
 2. Ten thousand hearts are waiting, Ten thousand fa - ces turn Up toward the clouds of
 3. Is yon un - earth - ly glo - ry, That steals a-cross the sky, The marsh'ling of Thy

com - ing A-wakes one loud "A - men"! Our hearts so long have wait - ed, Our
 glo - ry, Thy movements to dis - cern. We heark-en for the trump-et, The
 myr - iads, That tells us Thou art nigh? Our hearts beat high, Lord Je - sus, And

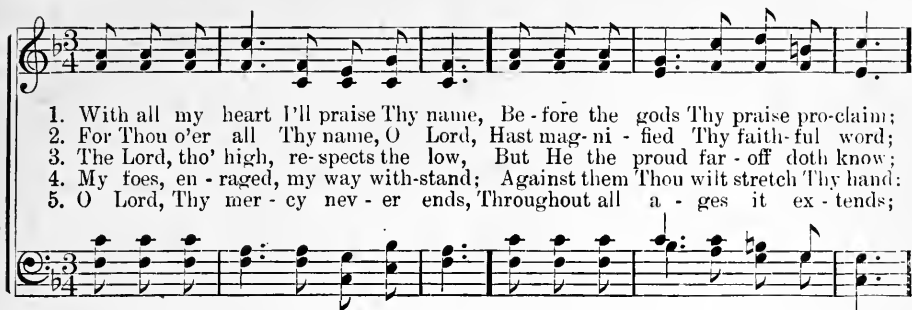
eyes so long have strained! Why tar - ry so, O chariot, Why are thy wheels restrained?
 great arch-an-gel's voice; Break forth, O grand ho - san-nas! Let heav'n and earth rejoice!
 our glad spir - its rise; Di - vide, ye star - ry heav-ens, Re-veal Him to our eyes!

CHORUS

Re - turn, Lord Je - sus, Thy char - iot wheels run slow! O has - ten,
 re - turn,

has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing, Thy glo - ry, Thy glo - ry, glo - ry show!
 has - ten glo - ry,

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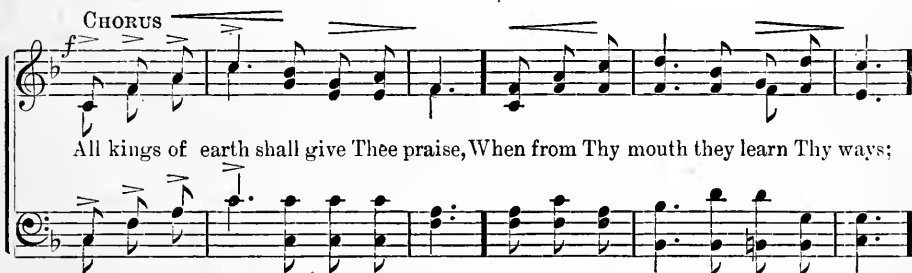


1. With all my heart I'll praise Thy name, Be - fore the gods Thy praise pro-claim;
 2. For Thou o'er all Thy name, O Lord, Hast mag-ni - fied Thy faith-ful word;
 3. The Lord, tho' high, re-spects the low, But He the proud far - off doth know;
 4. My foes, en - raged, my way with-stand; Against them Thou wilt stretch Thy hand;
 5. O Lord, Thy mer - cy nev - er ends, Throughout all a - ges it ex - tends;



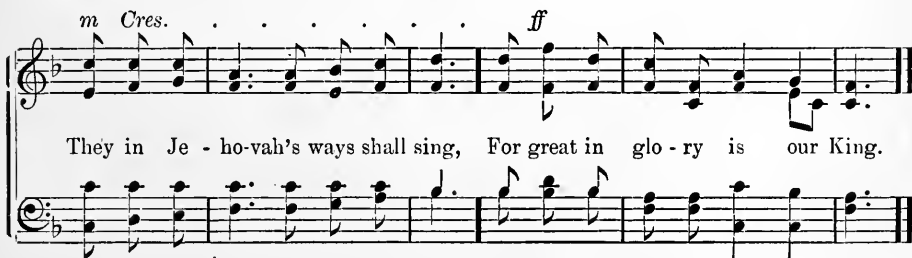
I'll wor-ship in Thy ho - ly place, And praise Thee for Thy truth and grace.
 Thou didst me an - swer when I cried, Thou hast my soul with strength sup-plied.
 Tho' waves of trou - ble round me roll, Thou, Lord, wilt yet re - vive my soul.
 Thine own right hand shall set me free, And per - fect make Thy work for me.
 Then on Thy serv - ant pit - y take, Thine own hands' work do not for - sake.

CHORUS



All kings of earth shall give Thee praise, When from Thy mouth they learn Thy ways;

m Cres. *ff*

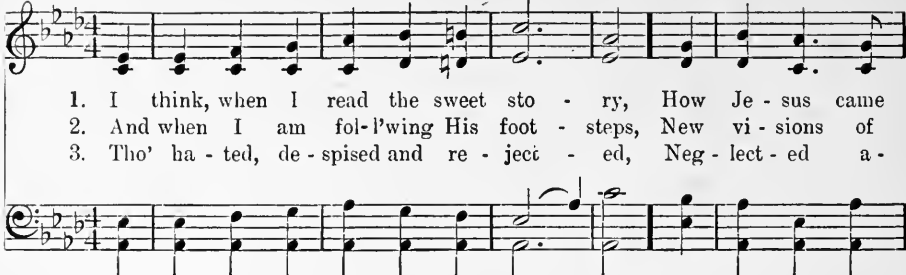


They in Je - ho-vah's ways shall sing, For great in glo - ry is our King.

Wonderful Love

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL



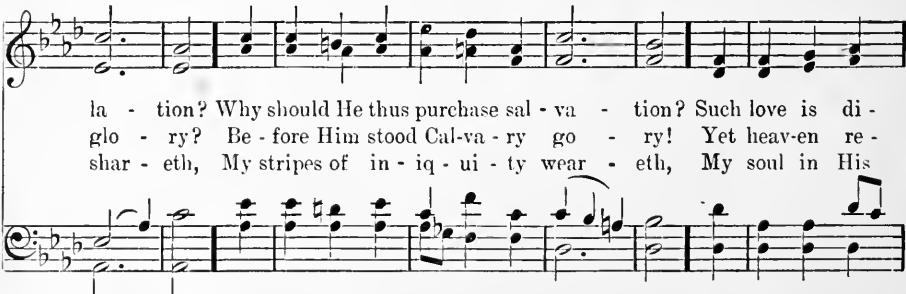
1. I think, when I read the sweet sto - ry, How Je - sus came
 2. And when I am fol-l'wing His foot - steps, New vi - sions of
 3. Tho' ha - ted, de - spised and re - ject - ed, Neg - lect - ed a -



down from His throne,.... To res - cue the per - ish - ing sin - ner,
 beau - ty un - fold,..... Till, lost in the depths of a - maze - ment,
 gain and a - gain,..... He nev - er de - serts or for - sakes me,



To suf - fer and die for His own:..... Why should He as - sume my ob -
 I mar - vel such love to be - hold:..... Why should He re - lin - quish His
 No mat - ter how way - ward I've been:..... My bur - den of sor - row He



la - tion? Why should He thus purchase sal - va - tion? Such love is di -
 glo - ry? Be - fore Him stood Cal - va - ry go - ry! Yet heav - en re -
 shar - eth, My stripes of in - iq - ui - ty wear - eth, My soul in His

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Wonderful Love—Concluded

vine rev - e - la - tion, Un - bound - ed, un - meas - ures un - known....
sounds with the sto - ry Of love that can nev - er be told.....
bos - om He bear - eth, This won - der - ful Sav - iour of men.....

CHORUS

Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should love me, And for my

sins with His life - blood a - tone! Oh, it is won - der - ful,

won - der - ful, won - der - ful! Yet to the world be it

known, He brought me a - gain to His own.....

Hallelujah for the Cross

HORATIUS BONAR, arr.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. The cross it standeth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De - fy - ing
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Its tri - umph
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our sins on

ev - 'ry blast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown,
 let us tell, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The grace of God here shone,
 Je - sus laid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! So round the cross we sing,

Cres. *ff*
 The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o - ver - thrown, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
 Thro' Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
 Of Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!
Cres. *ff*

*SOLO. SOP. OR TENOR, OR DUET.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

SOPRANO AND ALTO

CHO. *mp* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

TENOR AND BASS

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

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Allelujah for the Cross—Concluded

lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,
lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.
Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss.

f FULL CHORUS

* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

Cres. *ff*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

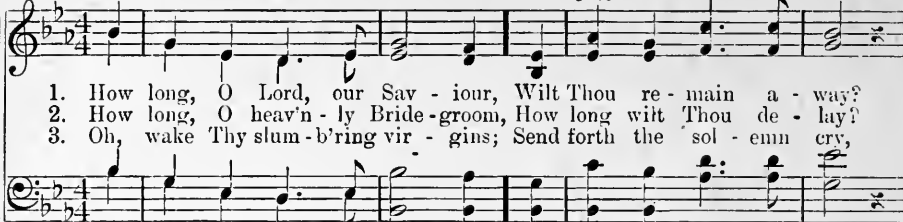
* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

How Long, O Lord?

J. G. DECK

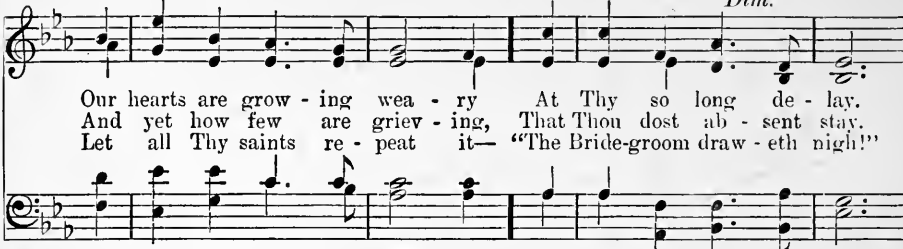
MENDELSSOHN

Cres.

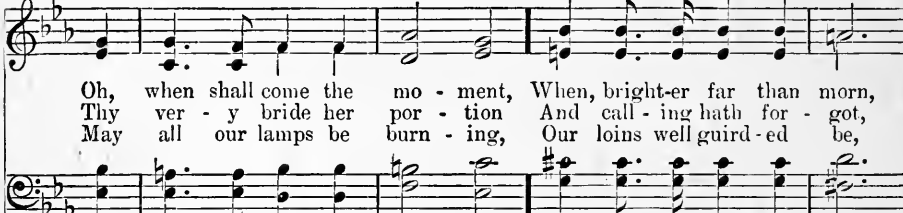


1. How long, O Lord, our Sav - iour, Wilt Thou re - main a - way?
 2. How long, O heav'n - ly Bride-groom, How long wilt Thou de - lay?
 3. Oh, wake Thy slum - b'ring vir - gins; Send forth the sol - emn cry,

Dim.



Our hearts are grow - ing wea - ry At Thy so long de - lay.
 And yet how few are griev - ing, That Thou dost ab - sent stay.
 Let all Thy saints re - peat it— "The Bride-groom draw - eth nigh!"



Oh, when shall come the mo - ment, When, bright-er far than morn,
 Thy ver - y bride her por - tion And call - ing hath for - got,
 May all our lamps be burn - ing, Our loins well guird - ed be,

p



The sun - shine of Thy glo - ry Shall on Thy peo - ple dawn?
 And seeks for ease and glo - ry Where Thou, her Lord, art not;
 Each long - ing heart pre - par - ing With joy Thy face to see;

Shall on Thy peo - ple dawn?

f *Dim.*



The sun-shine of Thy glo - ry Shall on..... Thy peo-ple dawn?
 And seeks for ease and glo - ry Where Thou,..... her Lord, art not.
 Each long-ing heart pre - par - ing With joy..... Thy face to see!
 Shall on Thy peo - ple dawn?

A Song of Heaven

HEERMAN, arr.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

*Maestoso allegretto**Cres.*

1. I go from grief and sigh-ing, The val-ley and the clod, To join the cho-sen
 2. The ar-my of the conqu'rors, A palm in ev-'ry hand; In robes of state and
 3. The Lamb of God has led them Thro' tempest, flood, and fire; The Lamb of God a-
 4. Sal-va-tion, strength, and wisdom, To Him whose works and ways Are wonderful and

f
 peo-ple In the pal-ace halls of God; There sounds no cry of bat-tle A-
 splendor, In rest e-ter-nal stand; Those marriage robes of glo-ry—The
 dorns them in spot-less white at-tire; The Lamb of God pre-sents them, As
 glo-rious: E-ter-nal in His praise! The Lamb who died and liv-eth, Tri-

f *Dim.*
 midst the shad'wing palms, But the mighty song of vic-t'ry, And glo-rious golden psalms.
 righteousness of God— Be bought them for His peo-ple With His most precious blood!
 kings in crowns of light—As priests in God's own tem-ple, To serve Him day and night.
 umphant ev-er-more, The Saviour who redeemed us, For-ev-er we a-dore!

m REFRAIN *Cres.*
 Oh, might-y song of vic-t'ry! Oh, grand and glo-rious psalms!

Rit.
 Oh, peace that fol-lows con-flict, A-midst the shad-ow-ing palms!

Break Thou the Bread of Life

MARY ANN LATHBURY

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
 3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis-

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
 ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee; Then, all my strug - gles o'er,

I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
 All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
 Then, vic - t'ry won, I shall be - hold Thee, Lord, The liv - ing One.

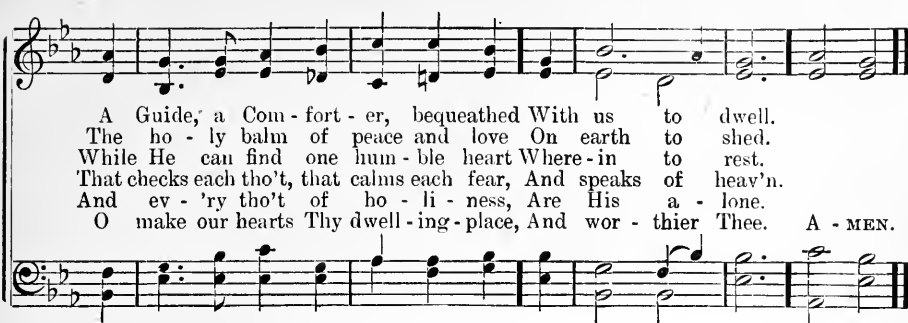
The Holy Ghost

HARRIET AUBER

J. B. DYKES

1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,
 2. He came in sem - blance of a dove, With shel - t'ring wings out - spread,
 3. He came sweet in - fluence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing Guest,
 4. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of ev'n,
 5. And ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos - sess, And ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won,
 6. Spir - it of pur - i - ty and grace, Our weak - ness, pity - ing, see;

The Holy Ghost—Concluded



A Guide; a Com - fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
 The ho - ly balm of peace and love On earth to shed.
 While He can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest.
 That checks each tho't, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.
 And ev - 'ry tho't of ho - li - ness, Are His a - lone.
 O make our hearts Thy dwell - ing - place, And wor - thier Thee. A - MEN.

447

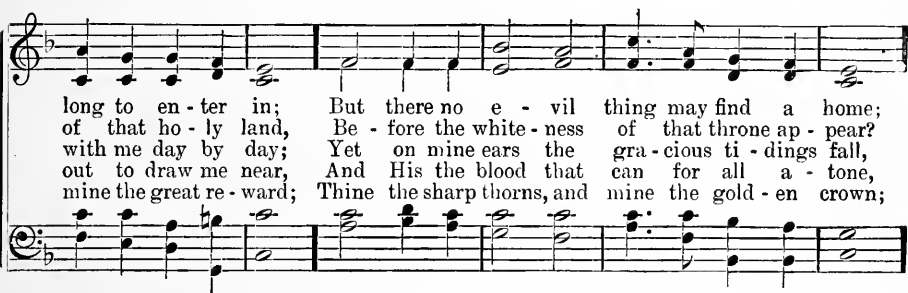
Weary of Earth

SAMUEL J. STONE

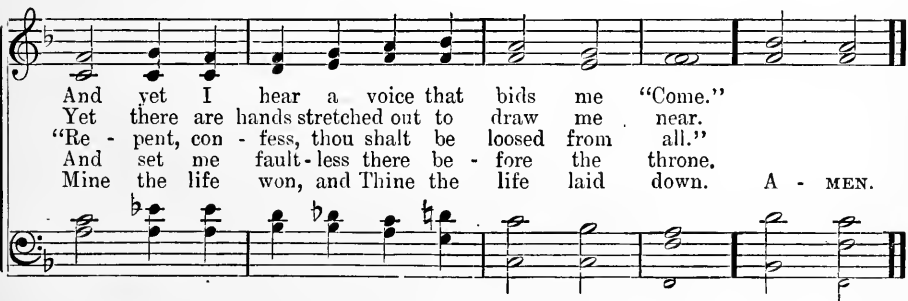
JAMES LANGRAN



1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n and
 2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glo - ry
 3. The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way, E - vil is ev - er
 4. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear; His are the hands stretched
 5. Yea, Thou wilt an - swer for me, righteous Lord, Thine all the mer - its,



long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may find a home;
 of that ho - ly land, Be - fore the white - ness of that throne ap - pear?
 with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra - cious ti - dings fall,
 out to draw me near, And His the blood that can for all a - tone,
 mine the great re - ward; Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the gold - en crown;



And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
 Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
 "Re - pent, con - fess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
 And set me fault - less there be - fore the throne.
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down. A - MEN.

448 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

REGINALD HEBER

J. B. DYKES

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 Mer - ci - ful and Might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

449 Hallelujah, What a Saviour

P. P. B.

Moderato

P. P. BLISS

1. "Man of sor - rows," what a name! For the Son of God who came,
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place con - demned He stood,
 3. Guilt - y, vile, and help - less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin - ished," was His cry,
 5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran - somed home to bring,

Hallelujah, What a Saviour—Concluded

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 "Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

450

I Am Waiting for the Lord

Psalms 130

W. H. YOUNG

1. From the depths do I in - voke Thee; O Je - ho - vah, give an ear;
 2. Lord, if Thou shouldst mark trans-gres-sions, Who be - fore Thee, Lord, shall stand?
 3. For Je - ho - vah I am wait - ing, And my hope is in His word,
 4. For the Lord my soul is wait - ing, More than watchers in the night,

To my voice be Thou at - ten - tive, And my sup - pli - ca - tion hear.
 But with Thee there is for - give - ness, That Thy name may fear command.
 In His word of prom - ise giv - en; Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.
 More than they for morn - ing watch - ing, Watching for the morn - ing light.

CHORUS

I am wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, ev - er wait - ing for the Lord;

I am wait - ing, wait - ing, ev - er wait - ing for the Lord.

Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of life;
 2. Christ, the Bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of life.
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en;
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for ev - er;

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life;..... life.

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I'll Live for Thee

R. E. HUDSON

C. R. DUNBAR

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re - ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—I'll live for Thee, I'll live for Thee, And oh, how glad my soul should be,

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I'll Live for Thee—Concluded

D. C. for Cho.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

That Thou didst give Thy - self for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

453

Give Ye to Jehovah

Psalm 29

H. R. PALMER

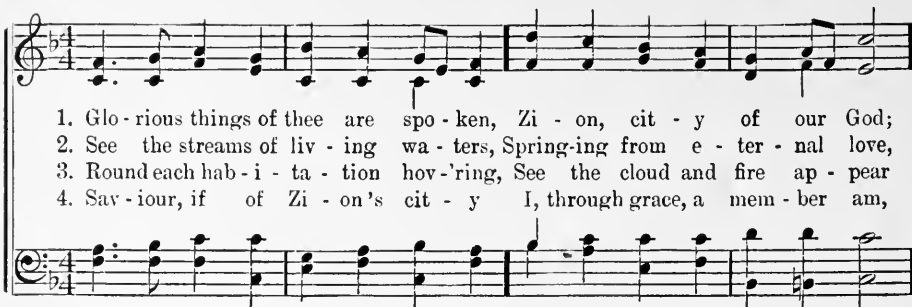
1. Ye sons of the might-y, give ye to Je - ho - vah, O give to Him
 2. The voice of Je - ho - vah comes o - ver the wa - ters; His voice o'er the
 3. The voice of Je - ho - vah is break-ing the ce - dars, The ce-dars which
 4. The voice of Je - ho - vah the burn-ing flame sev - ers, It makes the hinds
 5. Up - on the great wa - ters Je - ho - vah is seat - ed, A King whose do-

hon - or and strength ev - er - more; O give to the name of Je -
 vast and deep o - cean is heard: The God of all glo - ry is
 Leb - a - non's sum - mit a - dorn; Yea, Leb - a - non, Sir - i - on,
 calve, and the for - est lays bare; It shakes the great des - ert, the
 min - ion is nev - er to cease. Je - ho - vah with pow - er will

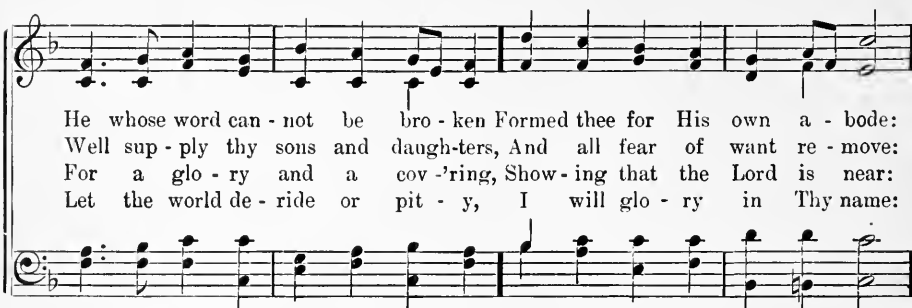
ho - vah due glo - ry, In beau - ty of ho - li - ness bow and a - dore.
 speak-ing in thun - der; How might-y, how aw - ful the voice of the Lord!
 too, He is mak - ing To leap like a calf or a young u - ni-corn.
 des - ert of Ka - desh; All join in His tem - ple His praise to de - clare.
 strengthen His peo - ple, Je - ho - vah will bless all His peo - ple with peace.

JOHN NEWTON

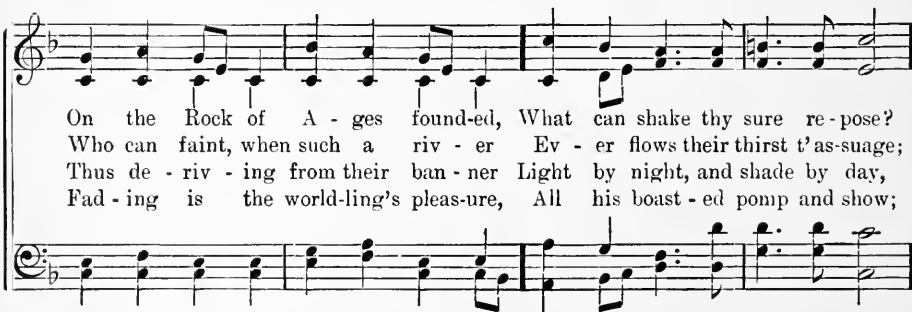
JOSEPH HAYDN



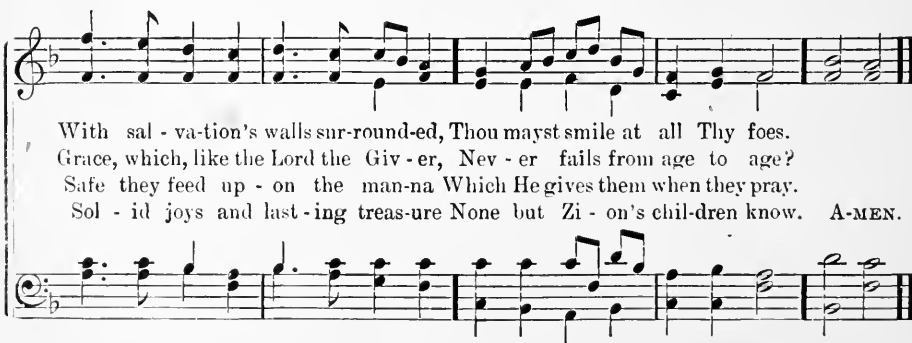
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
 2. See the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov -'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
 4. Sav - iour, if of Zi - on's cit - y I, through grace, a mem - ber am,



He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for His own a - bode:
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move:
 For a glo - ry and a cov -'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near:
 Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy name:



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint, when such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage;
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night, and shade by day,
 Fad - ing is the world-ling's pleas - ure, All his boast - ed pomp and show;



With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all Thy foes.
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
 Safe they feed up - on the man-na Which He gives them when they pray.
 Sol - id joys and last - ing treas - ure None but Zi - on's chil - dren know. A-MEN.

J. ADDISON

J. F. HAYDN

1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue, e -
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the
 3. What tho' in sol - eun si - lence all Move round the dark ter -

the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a spa - cious frame, Their great O -
 won - drous tale; And night - ly, to the list - 'ning earth, Re - peats the
 res - trial ball, — What tho' no re - al voice nor sound A - mid their

rig - i - nal pro - claim: Th' un - wea - ried sun, from day to day,
 sto - ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn,
 ra - diant orbs be found, — In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play; And pub - lish - es to
 And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings
 And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice, For - ev - er sing - ing

ev - 'ry land The work of an al - might - y hand.
 as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
 as they shine, — "The hand that made us is di - vine."

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN

WILLIAM G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up -
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— 'Neath His wings pro-ect-ing
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— When life's per - ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you; God be
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you; God be

CHORUS

with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... Till we
 with you till we meet a - gain!
 with you till we meet a - gain!
 with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet! Till we

meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
 meet a - gain! Till we meet!

meet!..... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

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Responsive Scripture Readings

SELECTION I.

Psalms I; II; IV.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying,

Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress; have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame? how long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?

But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself the Lord will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not; commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.

There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

SELECTION 2.

Psalms XX; XXIII.

THE LORD hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice;

Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: the Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright.

Save, Lord: let the king hear us when we call.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

SELECTION 3.

Psalms XXVI: 8-12; XXVII; XXVIII: 6-9.

LORD, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth.

**Gather not my soul with sinners,
nor my life with bloody men:**

In whose hands is mischief, and
their right hand is full of bribes.

**But as for me, I will walk in mine
integrity: redeem me, and be merciful
unto me.**

My foot standeth in an even place:
in the congregations will I bless
the Lord.

**The Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom shall I fear? the Lord is the
strength of my life; of whom shall I
be afraid?**

When the wicked, even mine enemies
and my foes, came upon me to eat
up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

**Though an host should encamp
against me, my heart shall not fear:
though war should rise against me,
in this will I be confident.**

One thing have I desired of the
Lord, that will I seek after; that I
may dwell in the house of the Lord
all the days of my life, to behold
the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire
in his temple.

**For in the time of trouble he shall
hide me in his pavilion: in the secret
of his tabernacle shall he hide me;
he shall set me up upon a rock.**

And now shall mine head be lifted
up above mine enemies round
about me: therefore will I offer in
his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I
will sing, yea, I will sing praises
unto the Lord.

**Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my
voice: have mercy also upon me,
and answer me.**

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face;
my heart said unto thee, Thy face,
Lord, will I seek.

**Hide not thy face far from me;
put not thy servant away in anger:
thou hast been my help; leave me
not, neither forsake me, O God of
my salvation.**

When my father and my mother
forsake me, then the Lord will take
me up.

**Teach me thy way, O Lord, and
lead me in a plain path, because
of mine enemies.**

Deliver me not over unto the will
of mine enemies: for false witnesses
are risen up against me, and such
as breathe out cruelty.

**I had fainted, unless I had believed
to see the goodness of the Lord
in the land of the living.**

Wait on the Lord: be of good
courage, and he shall strengthen
thine heart; wait, I say, on the
Lord.

**Blessed be the Lord, because he
hath heard the voice of my sup-
plications.**

The Lord is my strength and my
shield; my heart trusted in him,

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him.

The Lord is their strength, and he is the saving strength of his anointed.

Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance: feed them also, and lift them up for ever.

SELECTION 4.

Psalm XXXII.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

SELECTION 5

Psalm XXXIV.

I WILL bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

SELECTION 6

Psalm XXXVII: 1-9, 23-40.

FRET not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

For evildoers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever; but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them; he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

SELECTION 7

Psalms XLII; XLIII.

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why are thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

SELECTION 8

Psalms LI: 1-16.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.

When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory; but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

SELECTION 9

Psalms LXIII; LXV.

O GOD, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

SELECTION 10

Psalms LXVI; LXVII.

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

Sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name.

Come and see the works of God: he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations: let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:

Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

Thou broughtest us into the net;
thou laidst affliction upon our
loins.

Thou hast caused men to ride
over our heads: we went through
fire and through water: but
thou broughtest us out into a
wealthy place.

I will go into thy house with burnt
offerings: I will pay thee my vows,

Which my lips have uttered, and
my mouth hath spoken, when I
was in trouble.

I will offer unto thee burnt sacri-
fices of fatlings, with the incense
of rams: I will offer bullocks with
goats.

Come and hear, all ye that fear
God, and I will declare what he
hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth,
and he was extolled with my
tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart,
the Lord will not hear me:

But verily God hath heard me; he
hath attended to the voice of my
prayer.

Blessed be God, which hath not
turned away my prayer, nor his
mercy from me.

God be merciful unto us, and bless
us; and cause his face to shine upon
us;

That thy way may be known
upon earth, thy saving health
among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God;
let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing
for joy: for thou shalt judge the
people righteously, and govern the
nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God;
let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her in-
crease; and God, even our own
God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the
ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION II

Psalm XC.

LORD, thou hast been our dwell-
ing place in all generations.

Before the mountains were
brought forth, or ever thou hadst
formed the earth and the world,
even from everlasting to ever-
lasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction;
and sayest, Return, ye children of
men.

For a thousand years in thy sight
are but as yesterday when it is
past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a
flood; they are as a sleep: in the
morning they are like grass which
groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and
groweth up; in the evening it is
cut down, and withereth.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION 12

Psalm XCI.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust:

His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:

The young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him:

I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

SELECTION 13

Psalm XCII; CXXV; CXLVII: 1-2.

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish:

It is that they shall be destroyed for ever:

But thou, Lord, art most high for evermore.

For lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for lo, thine enemies shall perish;

All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn: I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

Mine eye also shall see my desire on mine enemies, and mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.

The righteous shall flourish like the palmtree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;

To shew that the Lord is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous; lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity: but peace shall be upon Israel.

Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God: for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

SELECTION 14

Psalm CXIX: 1-24.

BLESSED are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

Deal bountifully with thy servant, that I may live, and keep thy word.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

I am a stranger in the earth: hide not thy commandments from me.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

**My soul breaketh for the longing
that it hath unto thy judgments
at all times.**

Thou hast rebuked the proud that
are cursed, which do err from thy
commandments.

**Remove from me reproach and
contempt; for I have kept thy
testimonies.**

Princes also did sit and speak
against me: but thy servant did
meditate in thy statutes.

**Thy testimonies also are my
delight, and my counsellors.**

SELECTION 15

Psalms CXXI; CXXII; CXXIII.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto
the hills, from whence cometh
my help.

**My help cometh from the Lord,
which made heaven and earth.**

He will not suffer thy foot to be
moved: he that keepeth thee will
not slumber.

**Behold, he that keepeth Israel
shall neither slumber nor sleep.**

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord
is thy shade upon thy right hand.

**The sun shall not smite thee by
day, nor the moon by night.**

The Lord shall preserve thee from
all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

**The Lord shall preserve thy
going out and thy coming in
from this time forth, and even
for evermore.**

I was glad when they said unto
me, Let us go into the house of the
Lord.

**Our feet shall stand within thy
gates, O Jerusalem.**

Jerusalem is builded as a city that
is compact together:

**Whither the tribes go up, the
tribes of the Lord, unto the
testimony of Israel, to give
thanks unto the name of the
Lord.**

For there are set thrones of judg-
ment, the thrones of the house of
David.

**Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
they shall prosper that love thee.**

Peace be within thy walls, and
prosperity within thy palaces.

**For my brethren and compan-
ions' sakes, I will now say, Peace
be within thee.**

Because of the house of the Lord
our God I will seek thy good.

**Unto thee lift I up mine eyes,
O thou that dwellest in the
heavens.**

Behold, as the eyes of servants
look unto the hand of their
masters, and as the eyes of a
maiden unto the hand of her
mistress; so our eyes wait upon the
Lord our God, until that he have
mercy upon us.

**Have mercy upon us, O Lord,
have mercy upon us: for we are
exceedingly filled with contempt.**

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.

SELECTION 16

Psalm CXXXIX: 1-12, 14-24.

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassed my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye bloody men.

For they speak against thee wickedly, and thine enemies take thy name in vain.

Do I not hate them, O Lord, that hate thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?

I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 17

Psalm CXLVII.

PRAISE ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.

The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving: sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem, praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 18

NOW unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: .

And the government shall be upon his shoulder:

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor,

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus:

Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.

For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory,

The glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren.

That he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.

For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham.

Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same;

That through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.

THE BENEDICTUS, Luke I: 68-69.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people,

And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David.

SELECTION 19.

AND it came to pass, that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus: and finding certain disciples, he said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?

And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

Now he which establisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God;

Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts.

Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

And it is the Spirit that bareth witness, because the Spirit is truth.

If we receive the witness of men,
the witness of God is greater,

**For this is the witness of God
which he hath testified of his
Son.**

He that believeth on the Son of
God hath the witness in himself.

**This spake Jesus of the Spirit,
which they that believe on him
should receive;**

For the Holy Ghost was not yet
given, because that Jesus was not
yet glorified.

**Nevertheless I tell you the truth,
It is expedient for you that I go
away;**

For if I go not away, the Com-
forter will not come unto you;

**But if I depart, I will send him
unto you.**

And I will pray the Father, and he
shall give you another Comforter,
that he may abide with you for
ever.

**Even the Spirit of truth; whom
the world cannot receive, because
it seeth him not, neither knoweth
him.**

But ye know him; for he dwelleth
with you, and shall be in you

**And when he is come, he will
reprove the world of sin, and of
righteousness, and of judgment:**

Of sin, because they believe not
on me:

**Of righteousness, because I go
to my Father, and ye see me no
more:**

Of judgment, because the prince
of this world is judged.

**I have yet many things to say
unto you, but ye cannot bear
them now.**

Howbeit when he, the Spirit of
truth, is come, he will guide you
into all truth.

**For he shall not speak of him-
self, but whatsoever he shall
hear, that shall he speak: and
he will show you things to come.**

SELECTION 20

Isaiah LXI; LXII: 1-2.

THE Spirit of the Lord God is
upon me; because the Lord
hath anointed me to preach good
tidings unto the meek;

**He hath sent me to bind up
the broken-hearted, to proclaim
liberty to the captives, and the
opening of the prison to them
that are bound;**

To proclaim the acceptable year
of the Lord, and the day of ven-
geance of our God; to comfort all
that mourn;

**To appoint unto them that mourn
in Zion, to give unto them
beauty for ashes, the oil of joy
for mourning,**

The garment of praise for the
spirit of heaviness; that they
might be called trees of righteous-
ness,

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

The planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations,

And they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowman and your vine-dressers.

But ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord: men shall call you the Ministers of our God:

Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

For your shame ye shall have double; and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion:

Therefore in their land they shall possess the double: everlasting joy shall be unto them.

For I the Lord love judgment, I hate robbery for burnt offering;

And I will direct their work in truth, and I will make an everlasting covenant with them.

And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people:

All that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God.

For he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.

As a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.

For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth;

So the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest,

Until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth,

And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory:

And thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.

SELECTION 21.

Revelation XXII.

AND he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

And I John saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things.

Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.

And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand.

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book:

And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.

He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

INDEX OF PSALMS

PSALM	VERSES	METER	NO.	PSALM	VERSES	METER	NO.
4	1-5, 7	L. M.	313	84	1-8	7s, 6s	308
9	1, 6, 7, 8	L. M.	23	89	1, 9, 12-14	L. M.	21
9	1-8	L. M.	309	90	1, 2, 9, 10, 13	C. M.	166
16	6-10	S. M.	333	91	1-4	L. M.	155
16	1-6	S. M.	434	92	1, 2, 4, 14	C. M.	11
17	5-7	C. M.	329	93	1-5	C. M.	15
19	5-9	C. M.	152	96	1-5	L. M.	262
19	5-9	C. M.	305	96	5-7	C. M.	373
19	1-4	H. M.	410	98	1-4	L. M.	53
22	1-4	C. M.	76	99	1-5	S. M.	1
23	1-5	C. M.	409	100	1-5	L. M.	3
24	4-6	11s	85	103	1-4	C. M.	350
25	1, 3-5	S. M.	145	103	1, 2, 8, 16	8s, 7s	361
29	1-5	12s, 11s	453	119	Part 1st	C. M.	156
30	1-3	7s, 6s	370	119	Part 2d	C. M.	157
37	28-33	C. M.	402	119	Part 22d	C. M.	205
43	1-5	8s, 7s	325	130	1-5	8s, 7s	450
47	1-5	S. M.	357	130	1-5	8s, 7s	30
51	1, 8-10	C. M.	138	136	1-4, 13, 14	L. M.	386
61	1-4, 8	C. M.	129	136			407
{ 61	{ 1, 2 }	C. P. M.	398	138	1-6	L. M.	440
{ 62	{ 1 }			139	1-3, 6	C. M.	134
65	1-8	7s, 6s	19	141	1, 2, 3, 5	L. M.	39
65	1-4	C. M.	149	141	1-4	L. M.	347
67	1-6	7s, 6s	268	142	1, 2, 4, 6	L. M.	121
67	1-4	S. M.	320	143	8-12	C. M.	337
68	19, 20, 32, 34	7s, 6s	269	145	1-4	C. M.	351
72	1, 2, 6, 16-18	C. M.	13	145	1-4	C. M.	413
72	1, 6, 11, 12	L. M.	258	148	1-3, 6	8s, 7s	317
80	14-19	C. M.	194				

METRICAL INDEX

	NUMBER		NUMBER
Ahira, S. M.	250	Manoah, C. M.	167
Alletta, 7s.	123	Martyn, 7s, D.	133
America, 6s, 4s	300	Maitland, C. M.	191
Antioch, C. M.	47	Mendebras, 7s, 6s, D.	280, 18
Ariel, C. P. M.	173	Mercy, 7s.	101
Arlington, C. M.	89	Miles Lane, C. M.	10
Aurelia, 7s, 6s, D.	69	Miriam	222
Autumn, 8s, 7s, D.	71	Missionary Chant, L. M.	249
Avon, C. M.	74, 127	Missionary Hymn, 7s, 6s, D.	261
Azmon, C. M.	174, 218	Mornington, S. M.	20
Beecher, 8s, 7s, D.	226	Naomi, C. M.	239, 192
Belmont, C. M.	150	Nettleton, 8s, 7s, D.	213
Bera, L. M.	110	Now the Day, 6s, 5s.	35
Bethany, 6s, 4s	208	Nuremburg, 7s.	82
Bonar, P. M.	243	Old Hundred, L. M.	3
Boylston, S. M.	240, 124	Olivet, 6s, 4s.	217
Braden, S. M.	181	Olive's Brow, L. M.	62
Bradford, C. M.	234	Olmutz, S. M.	214
Carol, C. M. D.	42	Ortonville, C. M.	94, 209
Christmas, C. M.	247, 44	Paradise, P. M.	298
Come, Ye Disconsolate, 11s, 10s	105	Pax Tecum.	238
Coronation, C. M.	13	Perfect Peace, 10s.	238
Dennis, S. M.	142	Pilot, 7s, 6l.	131
Diademata, S. M. D.	90	Portuguese Hymn	11, 221, 85
Disciple, 8s, 7s, D.	190	Raphael, C. M.	91
Dundee, C. M.	164	Rathburn, 8s, 7s.	48, 73
Duke Street, L. M.	257	Raynolds, 11s, 10s.	212
Ellers, 10s	8	Refuge, 7s, D.	132
Evans, C. M.	59, 146	Rest, S. M.	276
Eventide, 10s	34	Retreat, L. M.	195
Ewing, 7s, 6s, 7s, 6s.	299	Rhine, C. M.	290
Expostulation, 11s.	114	Rockingham, L. M.	49
Faith, C. M.	216	Sabbath, 7, 6l.	16
Federal Street, L. M.	107	Segur, 8s, 7s, 4s.	207
Fountain, C. M.	175	Serenity, C. M.	56
Geer, C. M.	293	Shining Shore, 8s, 7s, P.	289
Gloria Patri, C. M.	9	Siloam, C. M.	135
Greenwood, S. M.	285, 277	Solid Rock, L. M., 6l.	224
Gustavus, C. M.	204	St. Agnes, C. M.	282
Hamburg, L. M.	66	St. Anns, C. M.	244
Happy Day, L. M.	188	St. Christopher, P. M.	75
Heber, C. M.	160	St. Margaret, 7s, 6s.	233
Hebron, L. M.	28, 52	St. Michael, S. M.	231
Hendon, 7s.	185, 198	State Street, S. M.	140, 211
Herald Angels, 7s.	40	Stephanos, P. M.	295
Horton, 7s.	201	Stockwell, 8s, 7s	253, 29
Hursley, L. M.	36	Sudbury, 7s.	80
Italian Hymn, 6s, 4s.	158	Talmar, 8s, 7s.	271, 189
Jewett, 6s, D.	272	Tamworth, 8s, 7s, 4s.	88
Joslin, 8s, 7s.	32	Thacher, S. M.	225
Joyfully, 10s.	296	Theodora, 7s.	81
Kinsman, L. M.	97	To-day, 6s, 4s.	106
Laban, S. M.	246	Toplady, 7s, 6l.	130
Laudes Domini, 6s, 6l.	27	Uxbridge, L. M.	153
Lebanon, S. M. D.	125	Varina, C. M. D.	288
Lenox, H. M.	170	Wakefield, P. M.	275
Lischer, H. M.	24, 77	Ware, L. M.	21
Louvan, L. M.	177	Webb, 7s, 6s, D.	263, 245
Loving Kindness, L. M.	228	Wellesley, 8s, 7s.	230
Lux Benigna, 10s, 4s.	270	Wilbur, C. M.	176
Lyte, 6s, 4s.	232	Woodworth, L. M.	117
Lyons, 10s, 11s.	22	Zion, 8s, 7s, 4.	278, 265

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

Titles in small caps. First lines in Roman.

	NUMBER		NUMBER
Affliction.		Bible, The.	
See Trial,		Walk in the light.....	148
Trust,		How precious is the Book divine	150
Christ's Earthly Life.		The Spirit breathes upon the Word..	151
Aspiration—Holy Desire.		God's law is perfect.....	152
O Lord, we now the path retrace....	58	God in the Gospel of His Son.....	153
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss....	192	I love the sacred book.....	154
I love to steal a while away.....	193	How blest are they	156
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	208	How shall a young man cleanse....	157
We would see Jesus.....	212	How firm a foundation.....	221
My faith looks up to Thee.....	217	Sword of God.....	243
Love divine, all love excelling	226	OH, HOW LOVE I THY LAW.....	305
O living God, for Thee.....	308	Doers of the Word.....	358
Great God, we come before thee....	316	BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.....	445
Christ the fountain (Whiter than		Wonderful words of life.....	451
Snow).....	332	Blood of Christ, The.	
OH, TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.....	334	Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	74
CLEANSE, AND ILLUMINE AND FILL....	355	Arise, my soul, arise.....	170
A CLEAN HEART.....	362	There is a fountain filled with blood.	175
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I..	398	THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.....	369
See Consecration,		NOR SILVER, NOR GOLD.....	391
Holiness.		See Redemption.	
Assurance.		Children.	
O God, our help in ages past	164	Now the day is over	35
Arise, my soul, arise.....	170	By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	135
My Shepherd is the Lord Most High.	177	See Israel's gentle Shepherd.....	136
Complete in Thee.....	178	Yield not to temptation.....	383
My soul complete in Jesus stands....	179	BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SOW.....	427
Let me but hear my Saviour say	180	Christ's Birth.	
Here I can firmly rest.....	181	Hark! the herald angels sing	40
How can a sinner know.....	184	He has come, the Christ of God.....	41
O happy day, that fixed my choice..	188	It came upon the midnight clear....	42
How firm a foundation.....	221	Calm on the listening ear of night...	43
My hope is built on nothing less....	224	While shepherds watched their flocks	44
I hear the words of love.....	231	Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung...	45
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.....	359	Bright was the guiding star	46
BLESSED ASSURANCE.....	385	Joy to the world! the Lord is come..	47
COMPLETE IN HIM.....	412	Hark! what mean those holy voices.	48
See Peace,		Christ's Earthly Life.	
Redemption,		My dear Redeemer, and my Lord....	49
Trust.		How beauteous were the marks divine	50
Atonement.		How sweetly flowed the gospel sound	51
Arise, my soul, arise.....	170	Triumphant entry, The (To Thee be	
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	172	Glory)	52
NOR SILVER, NOR GOLD.....	391	Oh, love, how deep! how broad! how	
See Christ's Sufferings and Death,		high!.....	54
Redemption.		Transfiguration, The (Oh, Wondrous	
Baptism.		Type)	55
See Israel's gentle Shepherd.....	136	What grace, O Lord, and beauty	
"Proclaim," said Christ.....	137	shone	57

	NUMBER		NUMBER
O Lord, we now the path retrace....	58	CHRIST RETURNETH (It May be at	
A pilgrim thro' this lonely world....	61	Morn).....	343
Christ's Sufferings and Death.		BELOVED, NOW ARE WE THE SONS	
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow..	62	OF GOD.....	429
Within the garden's whispering		Our Lord is now rejected.....	435
shade	63	OH, HASTEN THINE APPEARING.....	439
" 'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried	64	HOW LONG, O LORD!.....	443
Jesus, whom angel hosts adore.....	65	See Christ's Reign.	
When I survey the wondrous cross..	66	Christ's Reign.	
From Calvary a cry was heard.....	67	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.	88
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies..	68	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun...	257
O sacred Head, now wounded.....	69	O God, Thy judgments.....	258
Hark! the voice of love and mercy..	72	Now be the gospel banner.....	264
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	74	All nations, clap your hands	357
My God, my God, why hast Thou me	76	HE SHALL REIGN FROM SEA TO SEA..	403
See Atonement,		HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER	433
Redemption.		THE CROWNING DAY.....	435
Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.		See Israel.	
On wings of living light	77	Missions.	
Come every pious heart.....	78	Christ, Life in.	
The happy morn is come.....	79	Yes, for me, for me, He careth.....	31
Christ, the Lord, is risen again.....	80	I bless the Christ of God	183
Jesus Christ is risen to-day.....	81	Let us rejoice in Christ	236
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.....	82	O what a blessed hope	237
Angels! roll the rock away.....	83	Church, The.	
Morning breaks upon the tomb.....	84	Pleasant are thy courts above.....	17
Ye gates, lift up your heads.....	85	O Zion! tune thy voice	25
Sing, O heavens! O earth, rejoice... 86		Now to Thy sacred house	26
Christ is risen, our Lord and King... 87		Proclaim, saith Christ, My wondrous	
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious 88		grace.....	137
The head that once was crowned		THE CHURCH OF GOD IS ONE.....	365
with thorns	89	COME INTO HIS COURTS	373
CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.....	90	Glorious things of thee are spoken... 454	
I know that my Redeemer lives.....	234	Close of Service.	
Low in the grave He lay.....	326	Doxology	4
AT THE GRAVE	342	Once more before we part.....	144
HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN.....	366	GOD BE WITH YOU	456
Christ's Intercession.		See Love, Brotherly.	
Come, let us join our songs of praise 91		Consecration.	
The veil is rent; lo! Jesus stands... 92		A pilgrim thro' this lonely world....	61
O Son of Man, Thyself hast proved.. 193		When I survey the wondrous cross..	66
Arise, my soul, arise... ..	170	O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.....	69
WHAT DID HE DO?.....	367	Alas! and did my Saviour bleed....	74
Christ's Second Coming.		"Take up thy cross," the Saviour	
Joy to the world! the Lord has come 47		said	111
"Till He come," let the words	139	Take my life, and let it be	185
O what a blessed hope.....	237	Saviour, teach me day by day.....	187
I know that my Redeemer lives.....	234	Take my heart, O Father.....	189
My faith shall triumph.....	244	Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	190
Lo! He comes with clouds	278	Must Jesus bear the cross alone....	191
O'er the distant mountains	279	Make me a channel of blessing.....	312
Rejoice, rejoice, believers.....	280	CLEANSE, AND ILLUME AND FILL.....	355
The marriage feast is ready.....	281	The Son of God goeth forth to war..	364
Lo! what a sight appears	282	Every day and hour	371
Light of the pilgrim's heart.....	283	I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO	
Bride of the Lamb, awake	284	GO	376
Come, Lord, and tarry not	285	MAKE ME WILLING	392
The church has waited long.....	286	I SURRENDER ALL.....	424
Ye servants of the Lord.....	287	More holiness give me	428

	NUMBER
I'LL LIVE FOR THEE.....	452
See Aspiration.	
Courage.	
Conquering now, and still to conquer	310
BANNER OF THE CROSS, THE.....	349
The Son of God goes forth to war....	364
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.....	383
THY GOD REIGNETH.....	426
Cross, The.	
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	73
Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	75
Ye saints, your music bring.....	171
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	190
Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	191
HALLELUJAH! FOR THE CROSS.....	442
Death.	
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.....	274
No, no, it is not dying.....	275
Rest for the toiling hand.....	276
It is not death to die.....	277
See Funeral.	
Future Life,	
Heaven,	
Christ's Second Coming.	
Decision.	
God calling yet! shall I not hear....	113
And can I yet delay?.....	126
LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART....	339
I WILL.....	381
WHY NOT NOW?.....	400
Evening.	
Silently the shades of evening.....	29
From the depths do I invoke Thee...	30
Yes, for me, for me He careth.....	31
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	32
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide	34
Now the day is over.....	35
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear..	36
When shades of night around us close	37
Great God! to Thee my evening song	38
O Lord, my God, to Thee I cry.....	39
Faith.	
We may not climb the heavenly steep	56
I need Thee, precious Jesus.....	70
Faith is a very simple thing.....	216
My faith looks up to Thee.....	217
Oh, for a faith that will not shrink..	218
Faith adds new charms.....	219
Lord, I believe.....	220
How firm a foundation.....	221
I lay my sins on Jesus.....	222
I saw the cross of Jesus.....	223
Have faith in God.....	322
HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.....	360
VERILY, VERILY.....	368
SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND.....	382
See Assurance,	
Peace,	
Trust.	

	NUMBER
Funeral.	
Abide with me.....	34
Lead, kindly light.....	270
SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND.....	382
See Death,	
Future Life,	
Heaven,	
Trial,	
Christ's Second Coming.	
Future Life, The.	
Oh, where shall rest be found?.....	240
And is there, Lord, a rest?.....	241
HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.....	360
SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND.....	382
TILL THE DAY BREAK.....	397
WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?.....	431
See Heaven,	
Christ's Second Coming.	
God's Holiness.	
EXALT YE THE LORD.....	1
SING UNTO THE LORD.....	370
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD GOD AL-	
MIGHTY.....	448
God's Love.	
Yes, for me, for me He careth.....	31
Jesus wept! those tears are over....	71
Love divine, all love excelling.....	226
God is wisdom, God is love.....	227
His loving kindness, oh, how great..	228
Thy loving kindness, Lord, I sing....	229
There's a wideness in God's mercy..	230
O love that will not let me go.....	233
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.....	359
O MY SOUL, BLESS THOU JEHOVAH...	361
GOD'S FATHERHOOD.....	363
FEAR THOU NOT.....	374
BEHOLD! WHAT LOVE.....	380
HIS MERCY FLOWS.....	386
O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD.....	407
See Love of Jesus.	
God's Power.	
Sovereign of worlds, display' Thy	
power.....	260
ABLE TO SAVE.....	304
THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.....	369
O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD.....	407
GIVE YE TO JEHOVAH.....	453
The spacious firmament on high.....	455
Grace.	
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned...	209
Amazing grace, how sweet the	
sound.....	210
O bless the Lord! my soul.....	211
Grace! 'tis a charming sound.....	214
Behold! what wondrous grace.....	215
SAVING GRACE (O golden day).....	319
See God's Love,	
Redemption,	
Salvation.	

	NUMBER		NUMBER
Guidance.		CLEANSE, AND ILLUME AND FILL	355
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us	33	WAITING FOR THE PROMISE	356
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	131	Holy Spirit, dwell in me	377
O Lord, Thou hast searched me	134	THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING	388
To Thee I lift my soul	145	I SURRENDER ALL	424
God moves in a mysterious way	165	Hope.	
To Thy pastures fair and large	199	What cheering words	182
GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH	207	My hope is built on nothing less	224
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE	208	Give to the winds thy fears	225
Lead, kindly light	270	O love that will not let me go	233
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	405, 271	My days are gliding swiftly by	289
LEAD AND GUIDE ME	325	When I can read my title clear	292
SHOW ME THE WAY, MY SHEPHERD	330	ON THEE MY HOPES REPOSE	337
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD	359	BEHOLD! WHAT LOVE	380
SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND	382	TILL THE DAY BREAK	397
ALL THE WAY	401	THY GOD REIGNETH	426
HE LEADETH ME	409	THE CROWNING DAY	435
See Trust.		See Assurance,	
Heaven.		Faith,	
There is a land of pure delight	288	Christ's Second Coming.	
THE SHINING SHORE	289	Instruction.	
Jerusalem, my happy home	290	To Thee I lift my soul	145
O mother dear, Jerusalem	291	Walk in the light	148
When I can read my title clear	292	Where shall wisdom be found?	307
There is a fold whence none can stray	293	I AM THE WAY	421
Art thou weary, art thou languid	295	BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE	445
Joyfully, joyfully onward I move	296	Invitation and Pleading.	
Happy the spirit	297	Bright was the guiding star	46
O paradise! O paradise!	298	How sweetly flowed the gospel	
Jerusalem the golden	299	sound	51
O golden day when light shall break	319	Come, ye disconsolate	105
SOME DAY	344	To-day the Saviour calls	106
A SONG OF HEAVEN	444	Behold! a stranger's at the door	107
See Future Life.		Come, sinners, to the gospel feast	112
Holiness.		God calling yet, shall I not hear?	113
O Lord, Thou hast me searched and		Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye	114
known	134	Delay not, delay not	115
CLEANSE, AND ILLUME AND FILL	355	Acquaint thyself quickly	116
A CLEAN HEART	362	With tearful eyes I look around	118
EVERY DAY AND HOUR	371	Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	405, 271
More holiness give me	428	Art thou weary, art thou languid	295
BELOVED, NOW ARE WE	429	LIKE AS A FATHER	336
See Aspiration,		THE ONE I LOVE BEST	338
Consecration.		LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART	339
Holy Spirit.		RETURN TO THY SAVIOUR TO-DAY	354
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove	94	WHAT DID HE DO?	367
Spirit divine! attend our prayer	95	ARISE AND SHINE	375
Our blest Redeemer, ere He		COME UNTO ME AND REST	379
breathed	96, 446	OH, DRINK OF THE FOUNTAIN	384
Come, O Creator, Spirit blest	97	WHY NOT NOW?	400
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly		RETURN YE UNTO THE LORD	406
dove	98	JESUS TENDERLY CALLING	415
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay	99	SOFTLY AND TENDERLY	416
Eternal Spirit, we confess	100	SO NEAR	420
Holy Ghost, with light divine	101	HAVE YOU ANY ROOM FOR JESUS?	422
Gracious Spirit, love divine	102	BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND	
Holy Spirit, gently come	104	KNOCK	437
REVIVE THY WORK	315	WEARY OF EARTH	447
FILL ME NOW	323	See Warning.	

	NUMBER		NUMBER
Israel.		I FIND THEE SO PRECIOUS.....	372
Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung....	45	MY LORD AND I.....	388
Come, let us sing unto the Lord.....	98	JESUS OF NAZARETH.....	419
On the mountain top appearing.....	265	THE WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.....	425
SEE FROM ZION'S MOUNTAIN.....	267	OH, HASTEN THINE APPEARING.....	439
I WILL JOY.....	309	HALLELUJAH! WHAT A SAVIOUR.....	449
ALL NATIONS, CLAP YOUR HANDS.....	357	See Praising Jesus,	
HE SHALL REIGN FROM SEA TO SEA....	403	Redemption.	
GREAT IN GLORY IS OUR KING.....	440	Love of Jesus, The.	
See Christ's Reign.		Jesus wept! those tears are over	71
Joy.		I was a wandering sheep.....	125
My God, the spring of all my joy....	168	WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS..	436
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	172	WONDERFUL LOVE.....	441
Ask me what great thing I know....	186	See Christ's Sufferings,	
Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice	188	God's Love.	
I WILL JOY.....	309	Missions (Home and Foreign).	
PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE.....	333	And though our bodies part.....	143
WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.....	346	Laborers of Christ, arise.....	250
BLESSED ASSURANCE.....	385	Cast thy bread upon the waters.....	255
DELIGHT IN GOD.....	402	He that goeth forth and weepeth....	253
TELL IT OUT! TELL IT OUT!.....	408	Father, hear the prayer.....	254
I'LL PRAISE GOD WHILE I LIVE.....	434	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun...	257
Lord's Day, The.		O God, Thy judgments.....	258
Safely through another week	16	Look from Thy sphere	259
O day of rest and gladness	18	Sovereign of worlds, display Thy	
This is the day of light	20	power.....	260
Welcome, delightful morn.....	24	From Greenland's icy mountains....	261
See Church,		Oh, sing a new song	262
Evening.		The morning light is breaking	263
Morning.		Now be the gospel banner.....	264
Worship.		On the mountain top appearing	265
Lord's Supper, The.		O'er the gloomy hills	266
"TILL HE COME".....	139	See from Zion's mountain	267
Jesus invites his saints	140	O God, show mercy.....	268
Jesus, we thus obey.....	141	BANNER OF THE CROSS, THE.....	349
Love, Brotherly.		CLEANSE, AND ILLUME AND FILL....	355
What grace, O Lord, and beauty		The Son of God goes forth to war ...	364
shone	57	I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.	376
Blest be the tie	142	THERE'S A WORK FOR EACH OF US....	396
And though our bodies part.....	143	HE SHALL REIGN FROM SEA TO SEA....	403
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	146	TELL IT OUT! TELL IT OUT!.....	408
Lord, Thou on earth didst love.....	147	GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.....	411
Around one common Saviour.....	324	PASS IT ON	423
THE CHURCH OF GOD IS ONE.....	365	See Christ's Reign,	
I'LL PRAISE GOD WHILE I LIVE.....	434	Consecration,	
GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET		Service,	
AGAIN.....	456	Warfare,	
Love for Jesus.		Witnessing for Christ.	
There is a name I love to hear.....	60	Morning.	
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	160	When morning gilds the skies.....	27
Jesus, I love Thy charming name....	163	God of the morning at whose voice..	28
Oh, could I speak the matchless		See Lord's Day,	
worth	173	Praise,	
Jesus, the very thought of Thee....	176	Worship.	
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned...	209	National.	
Jesus, Thy name I love	232	See Patriotic.	
O love that will not let me go.....	233	Obedience.	
THE ONE I LOVE BEST.....	338	See Aspiration,	
MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE	352	Consecration.	

	NUMBER
Patriotic—National.	
Lord, while for all mankind we	
pray	239
My country, 'tis of thee	300
Our land with mercies crowned	301
God bless our native land	302
Swell the anthem	306
ALL NATIONS, CLAP YOUR HANDS	357
Peace—Rest.	
In the cross of Christ I glory	73
Here I can firmly rest	181
I hear the words of love	231
Give me a heart of repose	235
Peace, perfect peace	238
CALM ME, MY GOD	242
FEAR THOU NOT	374
PEACE, PEACE IS MINE	390
CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM	393
Like a river glorious	399
LEAVING IT ALL WITH JESUS	394
See Assurance,	
Faith,	
Trust.	
Power.	
See God's Power,	
Holy Spirit.	
Praise (General).	
Ye servants of God, your Master pro-	
claim	22
Lord, Thee I'll praise with all my	
heart	23
O Zion! tune thy voice	25
Come, Thou Almighty King	158
Glory to God on high	159
O God, our help in ages past	164
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly	
theme	167
My God, the spring of all my joy	168
When all Thy mercies, O my God	169
Ye saints, your music bring	171
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	174
Ask me what great thing I know	186
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	213
Oh, sing a new song	262
Blest be the Lord	269
Swell the anthem	306
I WILL JOY	309
Great God, we come before Thee	316
HALLELUJAH! PRAISE JEHOVAH	317
LET PEOPLE PRAISE THEE, LORD	320
Glory to God the Father	340
BLESS THE LORD	350
ALL NATIONS, CLAP YOUR HANDS	357
SING UNTO THE LORD	370
Grace before and after meat	395
EVERY DAY WILL I BLESS THEE	413
WHEN ISRAEL OUT OF EGYPT CAME	417
See Praising Jesus,	
Worship.	

	NUMBER
Praising Jesus.	
To Him who for our sins was slain ..	5
All hail the power of Jesus' name ..	10
O for a thousand tongues to sing ..	14
May Jesus Christ be praised	27
To our Redeemer's glorious name ..	161
Jesus, delightful, charming name ..	162
Sing of Jesus	321
LET US CROWN HIM	327
See Love for Jesus,	
Redemption.	
Prayer.	
O Lord, my God, to Thee I cry	39
From every stormy wind that blows ..	195
What various hindrances we meet ..	196
My God, is any hour so sweet	197
Lord, we come before Thee now	198
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	200
Stealing from the world away	201
They who seek the throne of grace ..	202
Lord, I cannot let Thee go	203
There is an eye that never sleeps ..	204
Oh, let my earnest prayer	205
Teach us how to pray	206
The hour of prayer	311
NO TIME TO PRAY	335
QUIET HOUR, THE	345
Shut in with God alone	345
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS ..	436
See Aspiration.	
Redemption.	
Rock of ages, cleft for me	130
Arise, my soul, arise	170
Ye saints, your music bring	171
There is a fountain filled with blood ..	175
THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD	369
NOR SILVER, NOR GOLD	391
REDEEMED! REDEEMED!	404
See Atonement,	
Faith,	
Christ's Sufferings.	
Repentance.	
With broken heart and contrite sigh ..	117
Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive ..	119
Just as I am, without one plea	120
To God my earnest voice I raise	121
A broken heart, my God, my King ..	122
Depth of mercy! can there be	123
Did Christ o'er sinners weep?	124
I was a wandering sheep	125
O Thou, whose tender mercy hears ..	127
O Thou, from whom all goodness	
flows	128
In Thy great loving kindness, Lord ..	138
O God of hosts, we Thee beseech	194
O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING	331
O Jesus, I need Thee	353
PASS ME NOT	430
WEARY OF EARTH	347

	NUMBER
I AM WAITING FOR THE LORD.....	450
Resurrection.	
O what a blessed hope.....	237
My faith shall triumph.....	244
See Future Life,	
Heaven,	
Christ's Second Coming.	
Revival.	
Revive Thy work, O Lord.....	315
THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESS-	
ING.....	388
See Holy Spirit.	
Salvation.	
Proclaim, saith Christ, My wondrous	
grace.....	137
ABLE TO SAVE.....	304
FILLED WITH GLORY.....	348
WHAT DID HE DO?.....	367
VERILY, VERILY.....	368
Complete in Him.....	412
WHEN ISRAEL OUT OF EGYPT CAME..	417
SO NEAR.....	420
I AM THE WAY.....	421
I heard the voice of Jesus say . . .	438
See Invitation,	
Redemption.	
Seeking Christ.	
We would see Jesus.....	312
O Jesus, I need Thee.....	353
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I..	398
PASS ME NOT.....	430
WEARY OF EARTH.....	447
Service.	
Awake! my soul.....	247
Go, labor on, spend and be spent . . .	249
Laborers of Christ, arise.....	250
Arise! ye saints, arise.....	251
Make haste, O man, to live.....	252
He that goeth forth and weepeth....	253
Father, hear the prayer.....	254
Cast thy bread upon the waters.....	255
All unseen the Master walketh.....	256
MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF BLESSING...	312
SAVED TO SERVE.....	318
WAITING FOR THE PROMISE.....	356
I'll go where you want me to go....	376
THERE'S A WORK FOR EACH OF US...	396
PASS IT ON.....	423
WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?.....	431
Rescue the perishing.....	432
THE CROWNING DAY.....	435
See Consecration,	
Missions,	
Warfare.	
Temperance.	
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.....	383
Rescue the perishing.....	432
See Salvation,	
Warning.	

Trial.	
Come, ye disconsolate.....	105
O Thou, from Whom all goodness	
flows.....	128
Lead, kindly light.....	270
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....	271
My Jesus, as Thou wilt.....	272
Pilgrims in this vale.....	273
See Faith,	
Guidance,	
Peace,	
Trust.	
Trust.	
O God, give ear unto my cry.....	129
Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	130
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	131
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	132
The man who once has found.....	155
God moves in a mysterious way....	165
Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling	
place.....	166
MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.....	272
I left it all with Jesus.....	328
UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.	329
KEEP CLOSE TO JESUS.....	341
The Lord is my Shepherd.....	359
Yield not to temptation.....	383
CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM..	393
ALL THE WAY.....	401
DELIGHT IN GOD.....	402
MY SAVIOUR'S PRAISES I WILL SING..	414
See Assurance,	
Guidance.	
Warfare.	
Sword of God.....	243
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	245
My soul, be on thy guard.....	246
Conquering now and still to conquer	310
See Courage,	
Service,	
Witnessing.	
Warning.	
Behold! a stranger's at the door....	107
Say, sinner, hath a voice within . . .	108
Haste, traveler, haste.....	109
Why will ye waste on trifling cares.	110
Sinner, turn, why will ye die?.....	133
My soul, be on thy guard.....	246
DOERS OF THE WORD.....	358
WHEN THE HARVEST IS PAST.....	378
HAVE YOU ANY ROOM FOR JESUS?....	422
BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SOW.....	427
See Invitation.	
Witnessing for Christ.	
I heard the voice of Jesus say . . .	59, 438
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	245
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord...	248
WHY NOT SAY SO?.....	418
See Courage,	

	NUMBER		NUMBER
See Service,		Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.....	209
Warfare.		Sing unto the Lord	370
Worship.		O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD.....	407
EXALT YE THE LORD.....	1	The glory of the Lord.....	410
The Lord's prayer	2	GREAT IN GLORY IS OUR KING.....	440
Old Hundred	3	HOLY, HOLY, HOLY	448
THEE WE WORSHIP.....	6	Give ye to Jehovah	453
GLORIA PATRI	7, 9	The spacious firmament on high	455
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet	8	See Aspiration,	
To render thanks unto the Lord.....	11	Church,	
Come ye that love the Saviour's name	12	Close of Service,	
O Lord, Thy judgments give the King	13	Evening,	
Praise waits for Thee in Zion.....	19	God's Holiness, Love, Power,	
My song shall evermore record.....	21	Lord's Day,	
Praise waits for Thee	149	Morning,	
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.....	158	Praise.	

GENERAL INDEX

	PAGE
ABLE to save.	304
Abide with me.	34
A broken heart, my God, my King.	122
A clean heart.	362
Acquaint thyself quickly.	116
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.	74
All hail the power of Jesus' name.	10, 327
All nations, clap your hands.	357
All people that on earth do dwell.	3
All the way.	401
All to Jesus I surrender.	424
All unseen the master walketh.	256
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound.	210
And can I yet delay.	126
And is there, Lord, a rest.	241
And though our bodies part.	143
Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung.	45
Angels! roll the rock away.	83
A pilgrim through this lonely world.	61
Arise and shine.	375
Arise, my soul, arise.	170
Arise, ye saints, arise.	251
Around one common Saviour.	324
Art thou weary, art thou languid.	295
Ask ye what great thing I know.	186
Asleep in Jesus.	274
A song of heaven.	444
At the grave where Christ lay sleeping.	342
Austrian hymn.	454
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.	228
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.	247
BE CAREFUL what you sow.	427
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme.	167
Behold, a stranger at the door.	107
Behold, I stand at the door and knock.	437
Behold, what love.	380
Behold, what wondrous grace.	215
Beloved, now are we.	429
Beneath the cross of Jesus.	75
Be present at our table, Lord.	395
Blessed assurance.	385
Bless the Lord.	350
Blest be the Lord Jehovah.	269
Blest be the tie that binds.	142
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.	172
Break Thou the bread of life.	445
Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake.	284
Bright was the guiding star that led.	46
Brother, art thou worn and weary.	379
By cool Siloam's shady rill.	135
By what means shall a young man learn.	157

	PAGE
CALM me, my God, and keep me calm.	242
Calm on the listening ear of night.	43
Casting all your care upon Him.	393
Cast thy bread upon the waters.	255
Cleanse, and illumine and Fill.	355
Christ arose.	326
Christ the fountain.	332
Christ is risen, our Lord, and King.	87
Christ the Lord is risen again.	80
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.	82
Christ returneth.	343
Come, every pious heart.	78
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove.	98
Come, holy Spirit, heavenly dove.	94
Come into His courts.	373
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.	174
Come, let us join our songs of praise.	91
Come, let us sing unto the Lord.	53
Come, Lord, and tarry not.	285
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.	200
Come, O Creator, Spirit blest.	97
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast.	112
Come, Thou Almighty King.	158
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.	213
Come unto Me, and rest.	379
Come, we that love the Lord.	346
Come, ye disconsolate.	105
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name.	12
Complete in Him.	412
Complete in Thee, no work of mine.	178
Conquering now and still to conquer.	310
Creation.	455
Crown Him with many crowns.	90
DELAY not, delay not.	115
Delight in God.	402
Depths of mercy! can there be.	123
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.	124
Doers of the Word.	358
Do you glory in your Lord.	418
ETERNAL Spirit, we confess.	100
Every day and hour.	371
Every day will I bless Thee.	413
Exalt ye the Lord.	1
FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss.	219
Faith is a very simple thing.	216
Far, far away, in heathen darkness.	411
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet.	8
Father, hear the prayer we offer.	254
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.	192

	PAGE		PAGE
Fear thou not	374	He has come! the Christ of God.....	41
Filled with glory	348	He is not here, but is risen.....	366
Fill me now	328	He leadeth me.....	409
For God so loved! oh, wondrous theme	340	He lives, and loves.....	387
Fountain of purity, opened for sin	332	He shall reign forever.....	433
From Calvary a cry was heard	67	He shall reign from sea to sea.....	403
From every stormy wind.....	195	He stands, the King of glory.....	437
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	261	He that goeth forth with weeping.....	253
From the depths do I invoke Thee.....	30, 450	Here I can firmly rest.....	181
GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us.....	33	His mercy flows	386
Give me a heart of calm repose.....	235	Hold up my goings.....	329
Give to the winds thy fears	225	Holy Ghost, with light divine.....	101
Give ye to Jehovah	458	Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.....	448
Gloria Patri	9	Holy Spirit dwell in me.....	377
Glorious things of Thee are spoken	454	Hover o'er me	323
Glory be to God on high	6	How beauteous were the marks divine. .	50
Glory be to the Father.....	7, 9	How blest are they whose lives are pure	156
Glory to God on high	159	How can a sinner know.....	184
Glory to God the Father	340	How firm a foundation.....	221
God be with you	456	How long, O Lord, our Saviour	443
God bless our native land	302	How precious is the book divine.....	150
God calling yet.....	113	How sweetly flowed the gospel sound..	51
God is love, His mercy brightens.....	227	How sweet, how heavenly is the sight. .	146
God in the gospel of His Son	153	How sweet, my Saviour, to repose.....	393
God's almighty arms are round me.....	390	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds..	160
God's law is perfect, and converts.....	152	Holy Spirit! gently come	104
God moves in a mysterious way.....	165	Holy Spirit, truth divine.....	103
God of my righteousness reply	313	I AM the way	421
God of the morning, at whose voice....	28	I am thinking to-day of that beautiful	
God's Fatherhood.....	363	land.....	431
God so loved the world, when in dark-		I am waiting for the Lord.....	450
ness.....	304	I bless the Christ of God.....	183
Going forth at Christ's command	318	I find Thee so precious.....	372
Go, labor on; spend and be spent.....	249	If you are tired of the load of your sin.	339
Good will and peace	324	I go from grief and sighing.....	444
Go ye into all the world	411	I have a Friend so precious.....	389
Grace before and after meat	395	I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	59, 438
Grace! 'tis a charming sound	214	I hear the words of love	231
Gracious Spirit, love divine.....	102	I know that my Redeemer lives.....	234, 314
Great God! to Thee my evening song	38	I lay my sins on Jesus	222
Great God, we come before Thee.....	316	I left it all with Jesus.....	328
Great honor is before His face	373	I love the sacred book of God	154
Great in glory is our King	440	I love to steal a while away.....	193
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	207	I'll go where you want me to go.....	376
HALLELUJAH, for the cross.....	442	I'll live for Thee.....	452
Hallelujah, praise Jehovah.....	317	I'll praise God while I live	333, 434
Hallelujah, what a Saviour	449	I'll Thee exalt, my God, O King.....	351, 413
Happy the spirit released from its clay	297	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	248
Hark! hark, my soul!	360	I need Thee, precious Jesus	70
Hark! the herald angels sing.....	40	Infinite God, how great Thou art.....	363
Hark! the voice of love and mercy....	72	In the cross of Christ I glory.....	73
Hark! what mean those holy voices....	48	In Thy great loving kindness, Lord....	138
Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes		I saw the cross of Jesus.....	223
on	109	I surrender all.....	424
Have faith in God	322	Is your life a channel of blessing.....	312
Have you any room for Jesus	422	It came upon the midnight clear.....	42
He dies! the friend of sinners.....	68	It is not death to die.....	277
		It may be at morn	343

	PAGE		PAGE
It may not be on the mountain's height	376	Lord, Thou on earth did'st love Thine	
I think, when I read the sweet story...	441	own.....	147
I've found a Friend, the best of all...	425	Lord, we come before Thee now.....	198
I was a wandering sheep.....	125	Lord, while for all mankind we pray..	239
I will joy.....	309	Love divine, all love excelling.....	226
		Low in the grave He lay.....	326
JEHOVAH reigns, and clothed is He..	15		
Jehovah reigns supreme.....	1	MAN of sorrows, what a name.....	449
Jerusalem, my happy home.....	290	Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	209
Jerusalem, the golden.....	299	Make haste, O man, to live.....	252
Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult....	271, 405	Make me a channel of blessing.....	312
Jesus Christ is risen to-day.....	81	Make me willing.....	392
Jesus, delightful, charming name.....	162	More holiness give me.....	428
Jesus, I love Thy charming name.....	163	Morning breaks upon the tomb.....	84
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	190	Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	191
Jesus invites His saints.....	140	My country! 'tis of thee.....	300
Jesus is calling, tenderly calling.....	415	My days are gliding swiftly by.....	289
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	132	My dear Redeemer, and my Lord.....	49
Jesus of Nazareth.....	419	My faith looks up to Thee.....	217
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	131	My faith shall triumph o'er the grave..	244
Jesus shall reign.....	257	My God, is any hour so sweet.....	197
Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	176	My God, the spring of all my joys....	168
Jesus, Thy name I love.....	232	My God, my God, why hast thou me ..	76
Jesus wept! those tears are over.....	71	My heart has come to the place of rest..	394
Jesus, we thus obey.....	141	My hope is built on nothing less.....	224
Jesus, whom angel hosts adore.....	65	My Jesus, as Thou wilt.....	272
Joyfully, joyfully onward I move.....	296	My Jesus, I love Thee.....	352
Joy to the world.....	47	My life, my love, I give to Thee.....	452
Just as I am.....	120	My Lord and I.....	389
		My Saviour's praises I will sing.....	414
KEEP close to Jesus.....	341	My Shepherd is the Lord most high ..	177
		My song shall evermore record.....	21
LABORERS of Christ, arise.....	250	My soul, be on thy guard.....	246
Lead and guide us.....	325	My soul complete in Jesus stands.....	179
Lead, kindly light.....	270		
Leaving it all with Jesus.....	394	NEARER, my God, to Thee.....	208
Let Jesus come into your heart.....	339	No hour so dear in all the day.....	311
Let me but hear my Saviour say.....	180	No, no, it is not dying.....	275
Let people praise Thee, Lord.....	320	No time to pray.....	335
Let us crown Him.....	327	Nor silver, nor gold hath obtained.....	391
Let us rejoice in Christ the Lord.....	226	Not now, but in the coming years.....	382
Lift up your hearts.....	433	Now be the gospel banner.....	264
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart ..	283	Now the day is over.....	35
Like a river glorious.....	399	Now, to thy sacred house.....	26
Like as a father He pities.....	336		
Like wandering sheep.....	421	O BLESS the Lord, my soul.....	211
Lo, He comes, with clouds descending..	278	O Christian traveler, fear no more....	374
Lo! what a glorious sight.....	282	O church of Christ, behold at last.....	403
Look from Thy sphere of endless day..	259	O could I speak the matchless worth..	172
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious... 88		O day of awful story.....	366
Lord, bless and pity us.....	320	O day of rest and gladness.....	18
Lord God of hosts, how lovely.....	308	O dear and longed-for Saviour.....	439
Lord, hear my voice, my prayer attend	398	O drink of the fountain.....	384
Lord, I believe, Thy power I own.....	220	O'er the distant mountains.....	279
Lord! I cannot let Thee go.....	203	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.....	266
Lord, Thee I'll praise with all my		O for a faith that will not shrink.....	218
heart.....	23, 309	O for the pearly gates of heaven.....	294
Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling		O for a thousand tongues to sing.....	14
place.....	166	Oft in sad perplexity we wander.....	397

	PAGE		PAGE
O give thanks unto the Lord.....	407	O wondrous type, O vision fair.....	55
O God, give ear unto my cry.....	129	O Zion! tune thy voice.....	25
O God of hosts, we Thee beseech.....	194		
O God, our help in ages past.....	164	PASS along the invitation.....	423
O God, Thy judgments give the King.....	258	Pass it on.....	423
O God, to us show mercy.....	268	Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.....	430
O golden day, when light shall break..	319	Peace, peace is mine.....	390
O happy day that fixed my choice.....	188	Peace, perfect peace!.....	238
O hasten Thine appearing.....	439	Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow.....	273
O Holy Ghost! arise.....	355	Pleasant are Thy courts above.....	17
O how love I Thy law.....	305	Pleasures forevermore.....	333
O I left it all with Jesus.....	328	Praise God from whom all blessings	
O living God, for Thee.....	308	flow.....	4
O love, how deep! how broad! how		Praise waits for Thee in Zion.....	19
high!.....	54	Praise waits for Thee in Zion, Lord....	149
On Thee my hopes repose.....	337	Proclaim, saith Christ.....	137
O to be more like Jesus.....	334		
O Jesus, I need Thee.....	353	REDEEMED! Redeemed!.....	404
O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	331	Rejoice, rejoice, believers.....	280
O let my earnest prayer and cry.....	205	Rescue the perishing.....	432
O listen to our wondrous story.....	367	Rest for the toiling hand.....	276
O Lord, my God, to Thee I cry.....	39, 347	Return to thy Saviour to-day.....	354
O Lord, thou hast me searched and		Return ye unto the Lord.....	406
known.....	134	Revive Thy work, O Lord.....	315
O Lord, Thy judgments give the King..	13	Righteous Judge, from foes defend me.	325
O Lord, we now the path retrace.....	58	Rock of ages.....	130
O love that wilt not let me go.....	233		
O mother dear, Jerusalem.....	291	SAFELY through another week.....	16
O my soul, bless thou Jehovah.....	361	Saved to serve.....	318
Once more before we part.....	144	Saving grace.....	319
Once more, my soul.....	381	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing..	32
Once more we come, God's word to hear	358	Saviour, more than life to me.....	371
One thing I of the Lord desire.....	362	Saviour, teach me, day by day.....	187
On the mountain top appearing.....	265	Say, sinner, hath a voice within.....	108
On wings of living light.....	77	Search me, O God.....	134
O Paradise! O Paradise!.....	298	See from Zion's sacred mountain.....	267
O Sacred Head, now wounded.....	69	See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands...	136
O sing a new song to the Lord.....	262	Set, Lord, a watch.....	347
O Son of Man, Thyself hast proved....	93	Show me the way, my Shepherd.....	330
O souls, afar on the wilds of sin.....	406	Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive....	119
O thank the Lord, the Lord of love....	386	Shut in with God alone.....	345
O the one I love best of all.....	338	Silently the shades of evening.....	29
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows	128	Sing hallelujah! praise the Lord.....	303
O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord...	350	Sing, O heavens! O earth, rejoice....	86
O Thou, whose tender mercy hears....	127	Sing of Jesus, sing forever.....	321
O turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will		Sing them over again to me.....	451
ye die.....	114	Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His.	370
O what a blessed hope is ours.....	237	Sinners, turn, why will ye die.....	133
O what a Saviour.....	368	Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling...	416
O what are the pleasures that silver		Some day 'twill all be over.....	344
can buy?.....	372	Sometime we'll understand.....	382
O where shall rest be found.....	240	So near the cleansing fountain.....	420
O who will show us any good.....	313	Sons of God, beloved in Jesus.....	429
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed 96,	446	Sovereign of worlds, display Thy power	260
Our Father which art in heaven.....	2	Spirit divine, attend our prayer.....	95
Our land, with mercies crowned.....	301	Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	245
Our Lord is now rejected.....	435	Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay.....	99
Our Master has taken His journey.....	396	Stealing from the world away.....	201
Out of darkness into light.....	375	Sun of my soul.....	36

	PAGE
Swell the anthem, raise the song.....	306
Sword of God.....	243
TAKE my heart, O Father, take it....	189
Take my life, and let it be.....	185
"Take up thy cross," the Saviour said.	111
Tell it out among the heathen.....	408
The church of God is one.....	365
The banner of the cross.....	349
The church has waited long.....	286
The crowning day.....	435
The cross it standeth fast.....	442
Thee we worship.....	6
The glory of the Lord.....	410
The happy morn has come.....	79
The head that once was crowned.....	89
The Holy Ghost.....	446
The hour of prayer.....	311
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know.....	359
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want	409
The Lord's prayer.....	2
The man who once has found abode ..	155
The marriage feast is ready.....	281
The morning light is breaking.....	263
The one I love best.....	338
The quiet hour.....	345
There is a fold whence none can stray.	293
There is power in the blood.....	369
The Son of God goes forth to war.....	364
The spacious firmament on high.....	455
The Spirit breathes upon the Word....	151
The veil is rent.....	92
There is a fountain filled with blood..	175
There is a land of pure delight.....	288
There is a name I love to hear.....	60
There is an eye that never sleeps.....	204
There is wisdom that gold cannot buy.	307
There shall be showers of blessing.....	388
There's a royal banner.....	349
There's a wideness in God's mercy ..	230
The wonderful Saviour.....	425
This is the day of light.....	20
Thy God reigneth.....	426
Thy loving kindness, Lord, I sing.....	229
They who seek the throne of grace....	202
Till He come.....	139
Till the day break.....	397
'Tis finished! so the Saviour cried.....	64
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow....	62
To-day the Saviour calls.....	106
To God my earnest voice I raise.....	121
To Him who for our sins was slain.....	5
To our Redeemer's glorious name.....	161
To render thanks unto the Lord.....	11
To Thee be glory, honor, praise.....	52
To Thee I lift my soul.....	145
To Thee, O Lord, I fly.....	434
To Thy pastures fair and large.....	199

	PAGE
Trembling soul, beset by fears.....	426
UNDER the shadow of Thy wings.....	329
VERILY, verily.....	367
Victory through grace.....	310
WALK in the light, so shalt thou know	148
Wait on the Lord and keep His way...	402
Waiting for the promise.....	356
Weary of earth and laden with sin....	447
We bow our knees unto the Father.....	356
We may not climb the heavenly steep	56
We would see Jesus.....	212
Welcome, delightful morn.....	24
We're marching to Zion.....	346
What cheering words are these.....	182
What a friend we have in Jesus.....	436
What did He do?.....	367
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shown	57
What various hindrances we meet... ..	196
When all Thy mercies, O my God.....	169
When cold our hearts and far from Thee.....	206
When I can read my title clear.....	292
When Israel out of Egypt came.....	417
When I survey the wondrous cross....	66
When morning gilds the skies.....	27
When morning lights the eastern skies	337
When shades of night around us close.	37
When the harvest is past.....	378
When the night is dark and dreary....	401
When you start for the land.....	341
Where shall wisdom be found.....	307
Where the winds of death are blowing	348
While shepherds watched their flocks..	44
While we pray and while we plead....	400
Whittle.....	5
Why not now.....	400
Why not say so?.....	418
Why will ye waste on trifling cares...	110
Will there be any stars.....	431
Will you heed the divine invitation ..	354
Willing to own Thee Master and King.	392
With all my heart I'll praise Thy name	440
With broken heart and contrite sigh ..	117
With tearful eyes I look around.....	118
Within the garden's whispering shade.	63
Wonderful love.....	441
Wonderful words of life.....	451
Would you be free from your burden of sin.....	369
YE GATES, lift your heads.....	85
Ye saints, your music bring.....	171
Ye servants of God.....	92
Ye servants of the Lord.....	287
Ye sons of the mighty.....	453
Yes, for me, for me He careth.....	31
Yield not to temptation.....	383

